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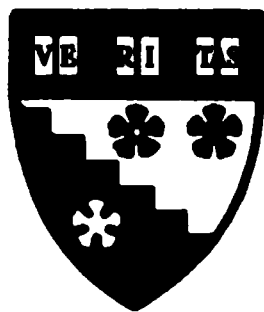
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Columbus Series

# FIFTH READING BOOK

BY

W. T. VLYMEN, PH.D.

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Columbus Series

# FIFTH READING BOOK

BY  
W. T. VLYMEN, PH.D.

NEW YORK  
SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS  
42 BARCLAY STREET

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## PREFACE

It is hoped that the selections in the Fifth Reading Book of the Columbus Series will commend themselves to both teachers and pupils. While it has been the aim to make the lessons of high literary value, matter that would be too difficult for students of this grade of advancement has been avoided. Properly very many of the authors are Catholic, but other sources have not been overlooked. It is believed that the grading and the matter will be found satisfactory.

Notes, explaining obscure meanings or giving necessary information, will be found at the foot of the page. It was not the intention to make the notes contain all that every teacher would deem advisable. Much is left to the individual teacher—the only one who can fully understand the varying needs of each particular class; but it is hoped that the notes will be useful and suggestive.

At the beginning of most lessons will be found a portrait of the author and a brief sketch of his life. The portraits should arouse a personal interest in the writer which will aid in giving vivacity to the lessons, while the biographies should serve to assist in placing the author in literature and to give an outline of information which will have an effect on the general culture of the student.

At some stage of the pupils' growth it is necessary to present complete literary wholes. School Readers

have been criticised as giving to children literary scraps. While the experience of teachers still commends readers to childhood it is unquestionably true that the readers should lead to the study of literature. Pupils of a fifth reader grade should be capable of grasping some of the masterpieces of writing. For this reason the Columbus Fifth Reading Book contains a number of selections that are complete and of greater length than the ordinary reader gives. Teachers will find this feature of great value in the transition from short lessons to the study of literature in general. The matter of these longer selections and their value in arousing and satisfying the imagination will commend them to teachers who know by experience the difficulties which pupils encounter when, without due preparation, they are cast upon the wide sea of literature.

Literary interest, if aroused by this reader, will extend beyond the matter here presented.

Properly understood, to teach pupils to read is to teach pupils to study. The aim and object of both reading and study is to get the thought, to hold the thought, and to express the thought. To get the thought is to understand the meaning which the author wants to convey; to hold the thought is to form a mental image or picture of whatever is expressed and to keep it before the mind until the image is complete in all its parts; to express the thought is to convey to another the ideas which are in our own mind; and these are the necessary things to be done in the study of all subjects. To teach reading correctly is to induce proper habits of study.

# CONTENTS

LESSON		PAGE
I.	THE CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS <i>Rev. A. G. Knight, S.J.</i>	9
II.	THE TOYS . . . . . <i>Coventry Patmore</i>	11
III.	ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD <i>Thomas Gray</i>	13
IV.	THE ISLE OF SAINTS AND SCHOLARS . . . <i>P. W. Joyce</i>	19
V.	ANCIENT IRISH SCRIBES AND BOOKS . . . " "	22
VI.	THE SABOTS OF LITTLE WOLFF . . . <i>François Coppée</i>	27
VII.	KING ROBERT OF SICILY . . . . . <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	34
VIII.	" " " " . . . . . " "	39
IX.	THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT . . . <i>Thomas Campion</i>	43
X.	THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN . . . <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	45
XI.	" " " " . . . . . " "	52
XII.	" " " " . . . . . " "	57
XIII.	THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER . . . <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	66
XIV.	" " " " " " . . . " "	78
XV.	" " " " " " . . . " "	86
XVI.	THE MOCK TURTLE'S EDUCATION . . . <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	96
XVII.	PARADISE AND THE PERI . . . <i>Thomas Moore</i>	100
XVIII.	" " " " . . . . . " "	106
XIX.	AMONG THE SHOALS . . . <i>James Fenimore Cooper</i>	114
XX.	" " " . . . . . " " "	119
XXI.	THE BAREFOOT BOY . . . <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	126
XXII.	IN A CONVENT CHAPEL . . . <i>James Clarence Mangan</i>	130
XXIII.	DESCRIPTION OF A GARDEN . . . <i>Lady Montagu</i>	131
XXIV.	SPRING FLOWERS . . . <i>Denis Florence MacCarthy</i>	133
XXV.	DIRECTIONS FOR READING . . . <i>Brother Azarias</i>	137
XXVI.	NIGHT . . . . . <i>William Habington</i>	141
XXVII.	THE JOY OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE . . . <i>Thomas à Kempis</i>	143
XXVIII.	EVANGELINE . . . . . <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	145
XXIX.	DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS <i>Miguel de Cervantes</i>	151
XXX.	OLD IRONSIDES . . . . . <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	157
XXXI.	RIP VAN WINKLE . . . . . <i>Washington Irving</i>	159
XXXII.	" " " . . . . . " "	166
XXXIII.	" " " . . . . . " "	173
XXXIV.	" " " . . . . . " "	179



## 7

LESSON		PAGE
LXXVI.	GEORGE WASHINGTON . . . . .	<i>George Bancroft</i> 363
LXXVII.	ON HIS BLINDNESS . . . . .	<i>John Milton</i> 367
LXXVIII.	THE HURRICANE . . . . .	<i>John James Audubon</i> 369
LXXIX.	THE WAY TO WEALTH . . . . .	<i>Benjamin Franklin</i> 374
LXXX.	COUNSELS . . . . .	<i>François de Fénelon</i> 379
LXXXI.	THE DEAR BARGAIN . . . . .	<i>Richard Crashaw</i> 383
LXXXII.	THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG . . . . .	<i>Charles Lamb</i> 386
LXXXIII.	THE ACADIANS . . . . .	<i>George Bancroft</i> 391
LXXXIV.	" " . . . . .	" " 396
LXXXV.	THE HOLY GRAIL . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 405
LXXXVI.	" " " . . . . .	" " 414
LXXXVII.	" " " . . . . .	" " 420
LXXXVIII.	THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS . . . . .	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 425
LXXXIX.	DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE . . . . .	<i>Thomas Jefferson</i> 426
XC.	THE SONG OF DAVID . . . . .	<i>Christopher Smart</i> 432
XCI.	SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS . . . . .	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> 433
XCII.	OF STUDIES . . . . .	<i>Francis Bacon</i> 436
XCIII.	IMMORTALITY . . . . .	<i>Orestes A. Brownson</i> 439
XCIV.	CHARLEMAGNE . . . . .	441
XCV.	THE VISION OF MIRZA . . . . .	<i>James Addison</i> 449
XCVI.	THE OLD MASTERS . . . . .	<i>Kenelm Henry Digby</i> 456
XCVII.	DIES IRÆ . . . . .	<i>Rev. Edward Caswell</i> 460
XCVIII.	THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS . . . . .	<i>Cardinal Newman</i> 464
XCIX.	" " " " . . . . .	" " 472
C.	" " " " . . . . .	" " 481
CI.	" " " " . . . . .	" " 489
CII.	THE ARCHERY CONTEST . . . . .	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 503
CIII.	THANKFULNESS . . . . .	<i>Adelaide Anne Procter</i> 511

# LIST OF AUTHORS

	PAGE		PAGE
ADDISON, JOSEPH . . . .	449	IRVING, WASHINGTON . . . .	159
AUDUBON, JOHN JAMES . . . .	369	JEFFERSON, THOMAS . . . .	426
AUGUSTINE, ST. . . . .	156	JONSON, BEN . . . . .	308
AUSTIN, JOHN . . . . .	463	JOYCE, P. W. . . . .	19, 22
AZARIAS, BROTHER. . . . .	137	KEATS, JOHN . . . . .	284, 373
BACON, FRANCIS . . . . .	436	KEMPIS, THOMAS A . . . .	143, 197
BANCROFT, GEORGE . . . .	363, 391	KEON, MILES GERALD . . . .	261
BLAKE, WILLIAM . . . . .	241	KNIGHT, A. G. . . . .	9
BROWNSON, ORESTES A. . . .	439	LAMB, CHARLES . . . . .	386
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN . . .	217	LINCOLN, ABRAHAM . . . .	95, 433
BURNS, ROBERT . . . . .	224	LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. . .	145, 356
BYRON, LORD . . . . .	316	LYTTON, EDWARD BULWER . .	404
CAMPBELL, THOMAS . . . . .	291	MACCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE .	133
CAMPION, THOMAS . . . . .	33, 43	MANGAN, JAMES C. . . . .	130
CARROLL, LEWIS . . . . .	96	MILES, GEORGE HENRY . . . .	309
CASWELL, EDWARD . . . . .	460	MILTON, JOHN . . . . .	367
CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE . . . .	151	MONTAGU, LADY . . . . .	131
CHOATE, RUFUS . . . . .	448	MONTALEMBERT, COUNT DE . .	226
CIBBER, COLLEY . . . . .	194	MONTGOMERY, JAMES . . . .	360
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR . .	66	MOORE, THOMAS . . . . .	100, 425
COLLINS, WILLIAM . . . . .	366	NEWMAN, CARDINAL . . . .	216, 315, 464
COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE . . .	114	O'HARA, THEODORE . . . . .	201
COPPÉE, FRANÇOIS . . . . .	27	PATMORE, COVENTRY . . . .	11
COWPER, WILLIAM . . . . .	219	PLUTARCH . . . . .	242
CRASHAW, RICHARD . . . . .	383	POE, EDGAR ALLAN . . . . .	186
DAVIS, THOMAS . . . . .	257	PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE . .	294, 511
DICKENS, CHARLES . . . . .	285	RUSKIN, JOHN . . . . .	322
DIGBY, KENELM HENRY . . . .	456	SCOTT, SIR WALTER . . . .	321, 503
DOMETT, ALFRED . . . . .	195	SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM . . . .	140, 249, 319, 368
DRYDEN, JOHN . . . . .	361, 438	SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE . . .	290, 304
FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM . .	236	SHIRLEY, JAMES . . . . .	235
FÉNELON, FRANÇOIS DE . . . .	379	SMART, CHRISTOPHER . . . .	432
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN . . . . .	374	SOCRATES . . . . .	223
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER . . . . .	311	SOUTHWELL, ROBERT . . . .	293
GRAY, THOMAS . . . . .	13	STEWART, AGNES M. . . . .	237
HABINGTON, WILLIAM . . . . .	141	SWIFT, JONATHAN . . . . .	205
HARTE, FRANCIS BRET . . . . .	320	TENNYSON, ALFRED . . . . .	200, 405
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL . . . .	26, 45	THACKERAY, WILLIAM M. . . .	158
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL . . .	198, 382	THOREAU, HENRY DAVID . . .	277
HOOD, THOMAS . . . . .	281	WHITTIER, JOHN G. . . . .	126
HUC, ABBÉ . . . . .	296	WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM . . . .	125, 184, 303
HUNT, LEIGH . . . . .	34, 39		



# FIFTH READING BOOK

## I

### THE CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS

REV. A. G. KNIGHT, S. J.

Columbus certainly bears from all a high character. About his general honesty of purpose and deep sense of religion there has never been a doubt since the petty jealousies of personal ill-will were hushed in death. Prescott says, "The finger of the historian will find it difficult to point to a single blemish in his moral character. His correspondence breathes the sentiment of devoted loyalty to his sovereigns. His conduct habitually displayed the utmost solicitude for the interests of his followers. He expended his last maravedi in restoring his unfortunate crew to their native land. His dealings were regulated by the nicest principles of honor and justice. His last communication (from the Indies) to his sovereigns remonstrates against the use of violent measures in order to extract gold from the natives, as a thing equally scandalous and impolitic. The grand object to which he dedicated himself seemed to expand his whole soul, and raised it above the petty shifts and artifices by which great ends are sometimes sought to be compassed. There are some men in whom

---

**Prescott:** American historian (1796-1859).

**maravedi:** a small copper Spanish coin.

rare virtues have been closely allied, if not to positive vice, to degrading weakness. Columbus's character presents no such humiliating incongruity. Whether we contemplate it in its public or private relations, in all its features it wears the same noble aspect. It was in perfect harmony with the grandeur of his plans and their results, more stupendous than those which Heaven has permitted any other mortal to achieve."

What Washington Irving says of him at one stage of his life (about 1470) has a deep meaning for his Catholic readers, more particularly considering that it expresses the outcome of what might have been supposed, in the disappointing absence of all details, to have been almost the wild, boisterous life of a modified buccaneer. "He was moderate and simple in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and of an amiableness and suavity in domestic life that strongly attached his household to his person. His temper was naturally irritable, but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Throughout his life he was noted for a strict attention to the offices of religion, observing rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the Church; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm with which his whole character was strongly tinctured."

That Columbus was a man of blameless life, a fervent Christian, careful to keep his soul in the state of grace, and habitually acting upon very high motives

in the service of God and the increase of the Church—in other words that he was a saint in a less strict sense of the word, seems to be fairly certified by careful research. Whether he was a saint in that highest sense which is meant when we speak of formal canonization must ultimately depend upon the intervention of Heaven.

## II

## THE TOYS

COVENTRY PATMORE

COVENTRY PATMORE (born in England in 1823 ; died there in 1896) was educated privately, owing much in knowledge of literature to the teachings of his father. Though his father was a free-thinker, Coventry early embraced Christianity. In 1864 he became a Roman Catholic. His best known long poem is "The Angel in the House," which has charming pictures of English scenery and household life. Our selection is from his volume "The Unknown Eros," which contains many poems peculiarly original and powerful, but whose meaning it is not always easy to grasp.

COVENTRY PATMORE

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes  
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
 Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,  
 I struck him, and dismiss'd

With hard words and unkiss'd;  
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.  
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And, I with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, within his reach,  
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with  
careful art,  
To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I pray'd  
To God, I wept, and said:  
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,  
And Thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commanded good,  
Then, fatherly not less  
Than I whom Thou hast molded from the clay,  
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,  
“ I will be sorry for their childishness.”

III

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

THOMAS GRAY was born in London in 1716. At Eton he became intimate with Horace Walpole, with whom he afterward traveled in Italy. He refused the poet-laureateship, but secured the professorship of history at Cambridge. His best known work is the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Every American school-boy knows what Wolfe said after repeating the ninth stanza of the elegy to the officers about him, on the eve of the battle before Quebec: "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec." Other poems are "Ode on a Distant

THOMAS GRAY

Prospect of Eton College," "The Progress of Poetry," and "The Bard." He wrote also some Essays and Letters. He died in 1771.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

---

**curfew:** In olden times it was ordered that a bell should be rung every evening, as a signal that all the people should go into their houses and shut the doors.

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

---

**storied urn:** an urn on which a story is carved.

**animated:** lifelike.

**provoke:** call forth.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

---

**Hampden:** an English country gentleman. He refused to pay an illegal tax imposed by Charles I. He was the first cousin of Oliver Cromwell.

**Oliver Cromwell:** Lord Protector of England during the Commonwealth.

**Milton:** the author of "Paradise Lost."



breas Their name, their years spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
d. That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonor'd Dead  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove;  
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,  
Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree;  
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

“ The next, with dirges due in sad array  
Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne—  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

#### THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;  
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,  
Heav’n did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to Mis’ry (all he had), a tear,  
He gained from Heaven (’twas all he wish’d) a  
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

**IV****THE ISLE OF SAINTS AND SCHOLARS****Religion and Learning in Ancient Ireland**

P. W. JOYCE

As soon as St. Patrick had entered on his mission in Ireland, he began to found monasteries, which continued to spread through every part of the country for hundreds of years after his time. Though religion was their main object, these establishments were among the chief means of spreading general enlightenment among the people. Almost every monastery had a school or college attached, at the head of which was some man who was a great scholar and teacher. The teachers were generally monks: but many learned laymen were also employed. Some colleges had very large numbers of students: for instance, we are told that there were three thousand in each of the two colleges of Clonard and Bangor; and many others might be named, which, though not so large, had yet several hundred students in each.

In these monasteries and their schools all was life and activity. The monks were always busily employed; some at tillage on the farm round the monastery—plowing, digging, sowing, reaping — some teaching, others writing books. The duty of a few was to attend to travelers, to wash their feet and prepare supper and bed for them: for strangers who called at the monastery were always received with welcome,

and got lodging, food, and attendance from the monks, all free. Others of the inmates, again, employed themselves in cooking, or carpentry, or smithwork, or making clothes, for the use of the community. Besides all this they had their devotions to attend to, at certain times, both night and day, throughout the year. As for the students, they had to mind their own simple household concerns, and each day when these were finished they had plenty of employment in their studies; for the professors kept them hard at work.

There were also great numbers of schools not held in monasteries, conducted by laymen, some for general learning, such as history, poetry, grammar, Latin, Greek, Irish, the sciences, etc.; and some for teaching and training young men for professions, such as law and medicine. And these schools helped greatly to spread learning, though they were not so well known outside Ireland as the monastic schools.

The Irish professors were so famed for their learning, and the colleges were so excellent, that students came to them from every country of Europe: but more from Great Britain than elsewhere. The Irish were very much pleased to receive these foreign students; and were so generous that they supplied them with food, gave them the manuscript books they wanted to learn from, and taught them, too, all free of charge. Ireland was in those times the most learned country in Europe, so that it was known by the name of the Island of Saints and Scholars.

But the Irish scholars and missionaries did not confine themselves to their own country. Great numbers

of them went abroad—to Britain and elsewhere—to teach and to preach the Gospel to the people. The professors from Ireland were held in such estimation that they were employed to teach in most of the schools and colleges of Great Britain and the Continent.

The Northern Picts of Scotland were converted by St. Columkille and his monks from Iona: and a large proportion of the people of England became Christians through the preaching of Irish monks before the arrival of St. Augustin.

The Irish missionaries who went to the Continent, in their eagerness to spread knowledge and religion, penetrated to all parts of Europe: they even found their way to Iceland. Few people have any idea of the trials and dangers they encountered. Most of them were persons in good positions, who might have lived in plenty and comfort at home. They knew well, when setting out, that they were leaving country and friends probably forever: for of those that went very few ever returned. Once on the Continent, they had to make their way, poor and friendless, through people whose language they did not understand, and who were in many places ten times more rude and dangerous in those ages than the inhabitants of the British Islands: and we know, as a matter of history, that many were killed on the way. Then these earnest men had, of course, to learn the language of the people among whom they took up their abode: for until they did this they had to employ an interpreter, which was a very troublesome and slow way of preaching. But the noble-hearted missionaries went forth to do their

work; and no labors, hardships, or dangers could turn them from their purpose.

More than three hundred years ago the great English poet, Edmund Spenser, lived some time in Ireland, and made himself very well acquainted with its history. He knew what kind of country it was in past ages; so that in one of his poems he speaks of the time

“ When Ireland flourished in fame  
Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the rest  
Of all that beare the British Islands’ name.”

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V

ANCIENT IRISH SCRIBES AND BOOKS

P. W. JOYCE

In old times all books were hand written, printing being a late invention. There were persons called Scribes, many of whom made writing the chief business of their lives. From constant practice they became very expert; and the penmanship of many of them was extremely beautiful and highly ornamented, much more so than any writing executed by the very best penmen of the present day.

In Ireland most of these scribes were monks, inmates of monasteries; but many were laymen. These good and industrious men wrote into their books all the learning of every kind that they could collect; so that although the work of writing was slow, the number of books rapidly increased; and very often libraries grew

up, especially in the monasteries. The leaves of these books were not paper like those of our books, but parchment or vellum, which was generally made from sheepskin, but often from the skins of other animals.

Sometimes the scribes wrote down what had never been written before, that is, matters composed at the time, or preserved in memory: but more commonly they copied from other volumes. If an old book began to be worn, ragged, or dim with age, so as to be hard to make out and read, some scribe was sure to copy it, so as to have a new book easy to read and well bound. Most of the books written out in this manner related to Ireland; and the language of these was almost always Irish. For in those times the Irish language was spoken by all the people of Ireland.

A favorite occupation was copying portions of the Holy Scriptures, nearly always in the Latin language; and in this good work some monks spent nearly all their time, in order to multiply copies of the sacred books. Some of the greatest saints of the ancient Irish Church employed themselves in copying the Gospels and other portions of the Bible, whenever they could get the opportunity.

Copies of the Scriptures, and also prayer books, were generally ornamented in the most beautiful way: for those accomplished and devoted old scribes loved to beautify the sacred writings. Many of the lovely books they wrote are still preserved, of which the most splendid is the Book of Kells, now kept in the Library of Trinity College in Dublin. It is a copy of the Four Gospels, and the language is Latin, though the letters

are Irish. It was written by an Irish scribe eleven or twelve hundred years ago, but who he was is not known.

There is no old book in any part of the world so skillfully ornamented as this. The capital letters are very large—one of them fills an entire page—and are illuminated, that is, painted in brilliant colors; and after the lapse of so many centuries the colors are still very fresh though not so bright as when they were first laid on.

In this Book of Kells, and in others like it, the capitals are ornamented in every part with a kind of interlaced work, all done with the pen, in which bands and ribbons are carved and plaited and woven in the most wonderful way. These plaits and folds are so small and so close together that one must sometimes use a magnifying glass in order to see them plainly; in one space, the size of a half penny, in a page of a splendid old volume, called the Book of Armagh, the ribbons appear woven in and out more than three hundred times. The Irish used this sort of ornamentation also in metal work and stone work.

Very often large volumes were kept, in which were written compositions of all kinds, both prose and poetry, such as were thought worth preserving, copied from older books, and written in one after another, till the volume was filled.

Of all these old books of mixed composition, the largest that remains to us is the Book of Leinster, which is kept in Trinity College, in Dublin. It is an immense volume, all in the Irish language, written more than seven hundred and fifty years ago; and many of



the pages are now almost black with age and very hard to make out. It contains a great number of pieces, some in prose and some in verse and nearly all of them about Ireland—histories, accounts of battles and sieges, lives and adventures of great men, with many tales and stories of things that happened in that country in far-distant ages.

The Book of the Dun Cow is preserved in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. It is fifty years older than the Book of Leinster, but not so large; and it, also, contains a great number of tales, adventures, and histories, nearly all relating to Ireland, and all written in the Irish language. Its name was derived from the following circumstance: St. Kieran of Clonmacnoise had a favorite brown cow, whose skin when she died he caused to be turned into parchment, of which a book was made. But this old book no longer exists: it was lost ages ago; and the present “Book of the Dun Cow” is only a copy of it.

Three other great Irish books kept in Dublin are the Book of Lecan (Leckan), the Yellow Book of Lecan, and the Book of Ballemote. These contain much the same kind of matter as the Book of Leinster—with pieces very different however—but they are not nearly so old. The Speckled Book, which is also in Dublin, is nearly as large as the Book of Leinster, but not so old. It is mostly on religious matters, and contains a great number of lives of saints, hymns, sermons, portions of the Scriptures, and other such pieces. All these books are written with the greatest care, and in the most beautiful penmanship.

The six old books described above have been lately printed, in such a way that the print resembles exactly the writing of the old books themselves. The printed volumes are now to be found in libraries in several parts of Ireland, as well as in England and on the Continent; so that those desirous of studying them need not go to Dublin, as people had to do formerly.

Many people are now eagerly studying these books; and men often go to Ireland from France, Germany, Norway and Sweden, Russia, and other countries, in order to learn the Irish language so as to be able to read them. But this requires much study, even from those who know the Irish of the present day; for the language of those books is old and difficult.

In many National and Intermediate schools in Ireland, the Irish language is now taught; and no doubt some of the pupils who attend the Irish classes will continue their studies after they leave school, till they come to be able to read the old books.

A great many old Irish tales and histories have been printed and translated, and some of them are very beautiful and instructive.

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Every individual has a place to fill in the world and is important in some respects whether he chooses to be so or not.

HAWTHORNE

## VI

## THE SABOTS OF LITTLE WOLFF

## A Christmas Story

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, a Parisian, is a distinguished dramatist and poet. His art is at its best in the *conte*, or short story, whether in prose or in verse. It is generally the lowly and the neglected whom he describes; and always with a simplicity and sympathy unmingled with maudlin sentimentality. He is an active and outspoken Catholic. He was born in 1842. In 1884 he was elected a member of the French Academy. He has published four volumes of plays.

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

Once upon a time—it was so long ago that the whole world has forgotten the date—in a city in the north of Europe—whose name is so difficult to pronounce that nobody remembers it—once upon a time there was a little boy of seven, named Wolff, an orphan in charge of an old aunt who was hard and avaricious, who only embraced him on New-Year's Day, and who breathed a sigh of regret every time that she gave him a porringer of soup.

But the poor little chap was naturally so good that

he loved the old woman just the same, although she frightened him very much, and he could never see without trembling the great wart, ornamented with four gray hairs, which she had on the end of her nose.

As the aunt of Wolff was known through all the village to have a house and an old stocking full of gold, she did not dare to send her nephew to the school for the poor. But she so schemed to obtain a reduction of the price with the schoolmaster whose school little Wolff attended, that the bad teacher, vexed at having a scholar so badly dressed and who paid so poorly, punished him very often and unjustly, and even stirred his fellow-pupils against him, all sons of well-to-do men, who made the orphan their scapegoat.

The poor little fellow was therefore as miserable as the stones in the street, and hid himself in out-of-the-way corners to cry when Christmas came.

The night before Christmas the schoolmaster was to take all of his pupils to the midnight mass, and bring them back to their homes.

Now, as the winter was very severe that year, and as for several days a great quantity of snow had fallen, the scholars came to the rendezvous warmly wrapped and bundled up, with fur caps pulled down over their ears, double and triple jackets, knitted gloves and mittens, and good thick boots with strong soles. Only little Wolff came shivering in the clothes that he wore week-days and Sundays, and with nothing on his feet but coarse Strasbourg socks and heavy sabots, or wooden shoes.

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**sabots:** wooden shoes worn by peasants in some parts of Europe.

His thoughtless comrades made a thousand jests over his sad looks and his peasant's dress. But the orphan was so occupied in blowing on his fingers, and suffered so much from the chilblains, that he took no notice of them; and the troops of boys, with the master at the head, started for the church.

It was fine in the church, which was resplendent with wax candles; and some of the scholars, excited by the pleasant warmth, profited by the noise of the organ and the singing to talk to each other in a low voice. They boasted of the fine suppers that were waiting for them at home. The son of the burgo-master had seen, before he went out, a monstrous goose that the truffles marked with black spots like a leopard. At the house of the first citizen there was a little fir-tree in a wooden box, from whose branches hung oranges, sweetmeats, and toys. And the cook of the first citizen had pinned behind her back the two strings of her cap, as she only did on her days of inspiration when she was sure of succeeding with her famous sugar-candy. And then the scholars spoke, too, of what the Christ-child would bring to them, of what he would put in their shoes, which they would, of course, be very careful to leave in the chimney before going to bed. And the eyes of those little chaps, lively as a parcel of mice, sparkled in advance with the joy of seeing in their imagination pink paper bags of

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**burgomaster:** mayor of the district.

**truffles:** a fungus that grows in the earth. It is used for flavoring and it is highly esteemed. Pigs are trained to scent it in the ground and to root it up with their snouts.

burnt almonds, lead soldiers drawn up in battalions in their boxes, menageries smelling of varnished wood, and magnificent jumping-jacks covered with purple and bells.

Little Wolff knew very well by experience that his old miserly aunt would send him supperless to bed. But in the simplicity of his soul, and knowing that he had been all the year as good and as industrious as possible, he hoped that the Christ-child would not forget him, and he, too, looked eagerly forward by-and-by to putting his wooden shoes in the ashes of the fire-place.

The midnight mass concluded, the faithful went away, anxious for supper, and the band of scholars, walking two by two after their teacher, left the church.

Now, under the porch, sitting on a stone seat under a Gothic niche, a child was sleeping—a child covered by a robe of white linen, and whose feet were bare, notwithstanding the cold. He was not a beggar, for his robe was new and nice, and near him on the ground were seen, lying in a cloth, a square, a hatchet, a pair of compasses, and the other tools of a carpenter's apprentice. Under the light of the stars, his face, with its closed eyes, bore an expression of divine sweetness, and his long locks of golden hair seemed like an aureole about his head. But the child's feet, blue in the cold of that December night, were sad to see.

The scholars, so well clothed and shod for the winter, passed heedlessly before the unknown child.

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**Gothic niche:** a nook with a pointed arch.  
**aureole:** a halo.

But little Wolff, coming the last out of the church, stopped, full of compassion, before the beautiful sleeping infant.

“ Alas! ” said the orphan to himself, “ it is too bad: this poor little one going barefoot in such bad weather. But what is worse than all, he has not to-night even a boot or a wooden shoe to leave before him while he sleeps, so that the Christ-child could put something there to comfort him in his misery.”

And, carried away by the goodness of his heart, little Wolff took off the wooden shoe from his right foot, and laid it in front of the sleeping child; and then, as best he could, limping along on his poor blistered foot and dragging his sock through the snow, he went back to his aunt's.

“ Look at the worthless fellow! ” cried his aunt, full of anger at his return without one of his shoes. “ What have you done with your wooden shoe, little wretch? ”

Little Wolff did not know how to deceive, and although he was shaking with terror at seeing the gray hairs bristle up on the nose of the angry woman, he tried to stammer out some account of his adventure.

But the old woman burst into a frightful peal of laughter.

“ Ah, monsieur takes off his shoes for beggars! Ah, monsieur gives away his wooden shoe to a barefoot! That is something new for example! Ah! well, since that is so, I am going to put the wooden shoe which you have left in the chimney, and I promise you the Christ-child will leave there to-night something to

whip you with in the morning. And you shall pass the day to-morrow on dry bread and water. We will see if next time you give away your shoes to the first vagabond that comes.”

And the wicked woman, after having given the poor boy a couple of slaps, made him climb up to his bed in the attic. Grieved to the heart, the child went to bed in the dark, and soon went to sleep on his pillow steeped with tears.

But on the morrow morning, when the old woman, awakened by the cold and shaken by her cough, went down stairs—oh, wonderful sight!—she saw the great chimney full of beautiful playthings, and sacks of magnificent candies, and all sorts of good things; and before all these splendid things the right shoe, that her nephew had given to the little waif, stood by the side of the left shoe, that she herself had put there that very night, and where she meant to put a birch rod.

And as little Wolff, running down to learn the meaning of his aunt’s exclamation, stood in artless ecstasy before all these splendid Christmas presents, suddenly there were loud cries of laughter out-of-doors. The old woman and the little boy went out to know what it all meant, and saw all the neighbors gathered around the public fountain. What had happened? Oh, something very amusing and very extraordinary. The children of all the rich people of the village, those whose parents had wished to surprise them by the most beautiful gifts, had found only rods in their shoes.

Then the orphan and the old woman, thinking of all the beautiful things that were in their chimney, were



full of amazement. But presently they saw the *curé* coming with wonder in his face. Above the seat, placed near the door of the church, at the same place where in the evening a child, clad in a white robe, and with feet bare notwithstanding the cold, had rested his sleeping head, the priest had just seen a circle of gold incrustated with precious stones.

And they all crossed themselves devoutly, comprehending that the beautiful sleeping child, near whom were the carpenter's tools, was Jesus of Nazareth in person, become for an hour such as he was when he worked in his parents' house, and they bowed themselves before that miracle that the good God had seen fit to work, to reward the faith and charity of a child.

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Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,  
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,  
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my  
troubled breast.

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to  
rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,  
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapor dims our  
eyes;

Glory then the sun sublimes, whose beams the blessed  
only see.

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to  
Thee!

CAMPION.

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*curé*: priest.

## VII

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

LEIGH HUNT

## PART I

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859) was born near London. His verse is carefully and gracefully written. His prose writings are voluminous. Among his most interesting works are the poem, "Story of Rimini"; the volume of essays, "Wishing-Cap Papers"; and his "Autobiography." He was an essayist and a critic.

He taught the appreciation of every-day joys and blessings. He preached the companionship of books and the pleasures of friendly intercourse.

LEIGH HUNT

King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban and of the Emperor Valemond, was a prince of great courage and renown, but of a temper so proud and impatient that he did not choose to bend his knee to Heaven itself, but would sit twirling his beard, and looking with something worse than indifference round about him, during the gravest services of the Church.

One day, while he was present at Vespers, his attention was excited by some words in the "Magnificat,"

in consequence of a sudden dropping of the choristers' voices. Being far too great and warlike a prince to know anything about Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning; and being told that the words meant, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble," he observed that men like himself were not so easily put down, much less supplanted by poor creatures whom people call "humble."

The chaplain, doubtless out of pure astonishment and horror, made no reply; and his majesty, partly from the heat of the weather, and partly to relieve himself from the rest of the service, fell asleep.

After some lapse of time, the royal "sitter in the seat of the scornful," owing, as he thought, to the sound of the organ, but in reality to a great droning fly in his ear, woke up in more than his usual state of impatience; and he was preparing to vent it, when to his astonishment he perceived the church empty. Every soul was gone, excepting a deaf old woman who was turning up the cushions.

He addressed her to no purpose. He spoke louder and louder, and was proceeding, as well as rage and amazement would let him, to try if he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him, when, suddenly catching sight of his face, the old woman uttered a cry of "Thieves!" and shuffling away, closed the door behind her.

King Robert looked at the door in silence, then round about him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap, the very jewels from his fingers.

“Thieves, verily!” thought the king, turning white from shame and rage. “Here is conspiracy—open rebellion! Horses shall tear them all to pieces. What, ho, there! Open the door! Open the door for the king!”

“For the constable, you mean,” said a voice through the key-hole. “You’re a pretty fellow!”

The king said nothing.

“Thinking to escape in the king’s name,” said the voice, “after hiding to plunder his closet. We’ve got you.”

Still the king said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another gibe at his prisoner.

“I see you there,” said he, “by the big lamp, grinning like a rat in a trap.”

The only answer King Robert made was to dash his enormous foot against the door, and burst it open. The sexton, who felt as if a house had given him a blow in the face, fainted away; and the king, as far as his sense of dignity allowed him, hurried to his palace, which was close by.

“Well,” said the porter, “what do you want?”

“Stand aside, fellow!” roared the king, pushing back the door with the same gigantic foot.

“Seize him!” cried the porter.

“On your lives!” cried the king. “Look at me, fellow! Who am I?”

“A madman and a fool; that’s what you are!” cried the porter. “Hold him fast!”

In came the guards, with an officer at their head,

who had just been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the looking-glass in his hand.

“ Captain Francavilla,” said the king, “ is the world run mad? or what is it? Your rebels pretend not even to know me! Go before me, sir, to my rooms! ” And, as he spoke, the king shook off his assailants, as a lion does curs, and moved onward.

Captain Francavilla put his finger gently before the king to stop him; and then, looking with a sort of staring indifference in his face, said in a very mincing tone, “ Some madman.”

King Robert tore the looking-glass from the captain’s hands, and looked himself in the face. *It was not his own face.*

“ Here is witchcraft! ” exclaimed the King Robert. “ I am changed.” And, for the first time in his life, a sensation of fear came upon him, but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained.

“ Bring him in—bring him in! ” now exclaimed other voices, the news having got to the royal apartments; “ the king wants to see him.”

King Robert was brought in; and there, amidst roars of laughter, he found himself face to face with another King Robert, seated on his throne, and as like his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

“ Hideous impostor! ” exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

The court, at the word “ hideous,” roared with greater laughter than before; for the king, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man; and there

was a strong feeling, at present, that he had never in his life looked so well.

Robert, when half way to the throne, felt as if a palsy had smitten him. He stopped, and essayed to vent his rage, but could not speak.

The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared it, for he was of great courage.

It was an Angel. But the Angel was not going to disclose himself yet, not for a long time.

“Since thou art royal-mad,” said the new sovereign, “and in truth a very king of idiots, thou shalt be crowned and sceptered, and be my fool. Fetch the cap and bauble, and let the King of Fools have his coronation.”

Robert felt that he must submit.

While the attendants were shaving his head, fixing the cap, and jeeringly dignifying him with the bauble-scepter, he was racking his brain for schemes of vengeance. What exasperated him most of all, next to the shaving, was to observe that those who had flattered him most when a king were the loudest in their contempt now that he was the court fool.

At length the king ordered the fool to be taken away in order to sup with the dogs. Robert was stupefied; but he found himself hungry against his will, and gnawed the bones which had been cast away by his nobles.

## VIII

*KING ROBERT OF SICILY*

## PART II

The proud King Robert of Sicily lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners, and, without the power to resent it, subjected to every indignity which his quondam favorites could heap on him. For the new monarch seemed unjust to him only. He had all the humiliations, without any of the privileges, of the cap and bells, and was the dullest fool ever heard of.

All the notice the king took of him consisted in his asking, now and then, in full court, when everything was silent, "Well, fool, art thou still a king?" Robert for some weeks loudly answered that he was; but, finding that the answer was but a signal for a roar of laughter, he converted his speech into the silent dignity of a haughty and royal attitude; till, observing that the laughter was greater at this dumb show, he ingeniously adopted a manner which expressed neither defiance nor acquiescence, and the Angel for some time let him alone.

Meantime, everybody but the unhappy Robert blessed the new, or, as they supposed him, the altered king; for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light; the poor had plenty; work was reasonable. Half the day throughout Sicily was given to industry, and half to healthy and intellectual enjoyment; and the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tenderest, the gayest and most studious

people in the world. Wherever the king went, he was loaded with benedictions; and the fool heard them and wondered. And thus, for the space of time we have mentioned, he lived wondering, and sullen, and hating, and hated, and despised.

At the expiration of these two years, or nearly so, the king announced his intention of paying a visit to his brother the Pope and his brother the Emperor, the latter agreeing to come to Rome for the purpose. He went accordingly with a great train, all clad in the most magnificent garments but the fool, who was arrayed in fox-tails, and put side by side with an ape dressed like himself. The people poured out of their houses, and fields, and vineyards, all struggling to get a sight of the king's face, and to bless it; the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasants' wives holding up their rosy children, which last sight seemed particularly to delight the sovereign.

The fool, bewildered, came after the court pages, by the side of his ape, exciting shouts of laughter; though some persons were a little astonished to think how a monarch so kind and considerate to all the rest of the world should be so hard upon a sorry fool. But it was told them that this fool was the most perverse and insolent of men toward the prince himself; and then, although their wonder hardly ceased, it was full of indignation against the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with every kind of scorn and abuse. The proud King Robert seemed the only blot and disgrace upon the island.

The fool had still a hope that, when his Holiness saw



him, the magician's arts would be at an end. The good man, however, beheld him without the least recognition; so did the Emperor; and when he saw them both gazing with unfeigned admiration at the exalted beauty of his former altered self, and not with the old faces of pretended good will and secret dislike, a sense of awe and humility for the first time fell gently upon him. Instead of getting as far as possible from his companion the ape, he approached him closer and closer, partly that he might shroud himself under the very shadow of his insignificance, partly from a feeling of absolute sympathy, and a desire to possess, if not one friend in the world, at least one associate who was not an enemy.

It happened that day, that it was the same day on which, two years before, Robert had scorned the words in the "Magnificat." Vespers were performed before the sovereigns; the music and the soft voices fell softer as they came to the words; and Robert again heard, with far different feelings, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble." Tears gushed into his eyes, and, to the astonishment of the court, the late brutal fool was seen with his hands clasped upon his bosom in prayer, and the water pouring down his face in floods of penitence.

Holier feelings than usual had pervaded all hearts that day. The king's favorite chaplain had preached from the text which declares charity to be greater than faith or hope. The Emperor began to think mankind really brothers. In short, Rome felt that day like angel-governed Sicily.

When the service was over, the unknown King Robert's behavior was reported to the unsuspected King-Angel, who had seen it but said nothing. The sacred interloper announced his intention of giving the fool his discharge; and he sent for him accordingly, having first dismissed every other person. King Robert came in his fool's-cap and bells, and stood humbly at a distance before the strange great charitable Unknown, looking on the floor and blushing. He had the ape by the hand, who had long courted his good will, and who, having now obtained it, clung to his human friend in a way that, to a Roman, might have seemed ridiculous, but to the Angel was affecting.

“Art thou still a king?” said the Angel, putting the old question, but without the word “fool.”

“I am a fool,” said King Robert, “and no king.”

“What wouldst thou, Robert?” returned the Angel in a mild voice.

King Robert trembled from head to foot, and said, “Even what thou wouldst, O mighty and good stranger, whom I know not how to name,—hardly to look at!”

The stranger laid his hand on the shoulder of King Robert, who felt an inexpressible calm suddenly diffuse itself over his being. He knelt down, and clasped his hands to thank him.

“Not to me,” interrupted the Angel, in a grave but sweet voice; and kneeling down by the side of Robert, he said, as if in church, “Let us pray.”

King Robert prayed, and the Angel prayed, and after a few moments the king looked up, and the Angel

was gone; and then the king knew that it was an Angel indeed.

And his own likeness returned to King Robert, but never an atom of his pride; and after a blessed reign, he died, disclosing this history to his weeping nobles, and requesting that it might be recorded in the Sicilian Annals.

## IX

## THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

THOMAS CAMPION

The date of the birth of THOMAS CAMPION is unknown. Toward the end of Elizabeth's reign we hear of him as a popular physician in London. He was buried at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, on March 1, 1620. He wrote many delightful lyrics.

The man of life upright,  
Whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds,  
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days  
In harmless joys are spent,  
Whom hopes - can not delude,  
Nor sorrow, discontent:

That man needs neither towers  
Nor armor for defense,  
Nor secret vaults to fly  
From thunder's violence:

He only can behold  
With unaffrighted eyes  
The horrors of the deep  
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares  
That fate or fortune brings,  
He makes the heaven his book,  
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,  
His wealth a well-spent age,  
The earth his sober inn,  
And quiet pilgrimage.

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So, when back mine eye,  
Pilgrim-like, I cast,  
What fearful ways I spy,  
Which, blinded, I securely past!  
But now heaven hath drawn  
From my brows that night;  
As when the day doth dawn,  
So clears my long-imprisoned sight.

CAMPION.

## X

**THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN**

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

## PART I

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, one of America's best authors of fiction, was born on Independence Day, 1804. His writings are finished in style and reveal a rare insight into the humble things of life. The scene of many of his stories is laid in New England; such as "The House of The Seven Gables," "Twice Told Tales," and "The Scarlet Letter." He died May 24, 1864, and he is buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Massachusetts. Near him are buried Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Long, long ago, when this old world was in its tender infancy, there was a child, named Epimetheus, who never had father or mother; and that he might not be lonely, another child, fatherless and motherless like himself, was sent from a far country, to live with him, and be his playfellow and helpmate. Her name was Pandora.

The first thing that Pandora saw, when she entered the cottage where Epimetheus dwelt, was a great box.

And almost the first question which she put to him, after crossing the threshold, was this,—

“ Epimetheus, what have you in that box? ”

“ My dear little Pandora,” answered Epimetheus, “ that is a secret, and you must be kind enough not to ask any questions about it. The box was left here to be kept safely, and I do not myself know what it contains.”

“ But who gave it to you? ” asked Pandora. “ And where did it come from? ”

“ That is a secret, too,” replied Epimetheus.

“ How provoking! ” exclaimed Pandora, pouting her lip. “ I wish the great ugly box were out of the way! ”

“ Oh, come, don’t think of it any more,” cried Epimetheus. “ Let us run out of doors, and have some nice play with the other children.”

It is thousands of years since Epimetheus and Pandora were alive; and the world nowadays is a very different sort of thing from what it was in their time. Then, everybody was a child. There needed no fathers and mothers to take care of the children; because there was no danger, nor trouble of any kind, and no clothes to be mended, and there was always plenty to eat and drink. Whenever a child wanted his dinner, he found it growing on a tree; and, if he looked at the tree in the morning, he could see the expanding blossom of that night’s supper; or, at eventide, he saw the tender bud of to-morrow’s breakfast. It was a very pleasant life indeed. No labor to be done, no tasks to be studied, nothing but sports and dances, and sweet voices of children talking, or caroling like birds, or

gushing out in merry laughter, throughout the live-long day.

What was most wonderful of all, the children never quarreled among themselves; neither had they any crying fits; nor, since time first began, had a single one of these little mortals ever gone apart into a corner and sulked. Oh, what a good time was that to be alive in! The truth is, those ugly little winged monsters, called Troubles, which are now almost as numerous as mosquitoes, had never yet been seen on the earth. It is probable that the very greatest disquietude which a child had ever experienced was Pandora's vexation at not being able to discover the secret of the mysterious box.

This was at first only the faint shadow of a Trouble; but, every day, it grew more and more substantial, until, before a great while, the cottage of Epimetheus and Pandora was less sunshiny than those of the other children.

“ Whence can the box have come? ” Pandora continually kept saying to herself and to Epimetheus. “ And what in the world can be inside of it? ”

“ Always talking about this box! ” said Epimetheus at last; for he had grown extremely tired of the subject. “ I wish, dear Pandora, you would try to talk of something else. Come, let us go and gather some ripe figs, and eat them under the trees, for our supper. And I know a vine that has the sweetest and juiciest grapes you ever tasted. ”

“ Always talking about grapes and figs! ” cried Pandora, pettishly.

“ Well, then,” said Epimetheus, who was a very good-tempered child, like a multitude of children in those days, “ let us run out and have a merry time with our playmates.”

“ I am tired of merry times, and don’t care if I never have any more! ” answered our pettish little Pandora. “ And, besides, I never do have any. This ugly box! I am so taken up with thinking about it all the time. I insist upon your telling me what is inside of it.”

“ As I have already said, fifty times over, I do not know! ” replied Epimetheus, getting a little vexed. “ How, then, can I tell you what is inside? ”

“ You might open it,” said Pandora, looking sideways at Epimetheus, “ and we could see for ourselves.”

“ Pandora, what are you thinking of? ” exclaimed Epimetheus.

And his face expressed so much horror at the idea of looking into the box, which had been confided to him on the condition of his never opening it, that Pandora thought it best not to suggest it any more. Still, however, she could not help thinking and talking about the box.

“ At least,” she said, “ you can tell me how it came here.”

“ It was left at the door,” replied Epimetheus, “ just before you came, by a person who looked very smiling and intelligent, and who could hardly forbear laughing as he put it down. He was dressed in an odd kind of cloak, and had on a cap that seemed to be made



partly of feathers, so that it looked almost as if it had wings."

"What sort of a staff had he?" asked Pandora.

"Oh, the most curious staff you ever saw!" cried Epimetheus. "It was like two serpents twisting around a stick, and was carved so naturally that I at first thought the serpents were alive."

"I know him," said Pandora, thoughtfully. "Nobody else has such a staff. It was Quicksilver; and he brought me hither, as well as the box. No doubt he intended it for me; and, most probably, it contains pretty dresses for me to wear, or toys for you and me to play with, or something very nice for us both to eat!"

"Perhaps so," answered Epimetheus, turning away. "But until Quicksilver comes back and tells us so, we have neither of us any right to lift the lid of the box."

"What a dull boy he is!" muttered Pandora, as Epimetheus left the cottage. "I do wish he had a little more enterprise!"

For the first time since her arrival, Epimetheus had gone out without asking Pandora to accompany him. He went to gather figs and grapes by himself, or to seek whatever amusement he could find, in other society than his little playfellow's. He was tired to death of hearing about the box, and heartily wished that Quicksilver, or whatever was the messenger's name, had left it at some other child's door, where Pandora would never have set eyes on it. So perseveringly she did babble about this one thing! The box, the box, and nothing but the box! It seemed as if the box were

bewitched, and as if the cottage were not big enough to hold it, without Pandora's continually stumbling over it, and making Epimetheus stumble over it likewise, and bruising all four of their shins.

Well, it was really hard that poor Epimetheus should have a box in his ears from morning till night; especially as the little people of the earth were so unaccustomed to vexations, in those happy days, that they knew not how to deal with them. Thus, a small vexation made as great a disturbance then as a far bigger one would in our own times.

After Epimetheus was gone, Pandora stood gazing at the box. She had called it ugly above a hundred times; but, in spite of all she had said against it, it was positively a very handsome article of furniture, and would have been quite an ornament to any room in which it should be placed. It was made of a beautiful kind of wood, with dark and rich veins spreading over its surface, which was so highly polished that little Pandora could see her face in it. As the child had no other looking-glass, it is odd that she did not value the box merely on this account.

The edges and corners of the box were carved with most wonderful skill. Around the margin there were figures of graceful men and women, and the prettiest children ever seen reclining or sporting amid a profusion of flowers and foliage; and these various objects were so exquisitely represented, and were wrought together in such harmony, that flowers, foliage, and human beings seemed to combine into a wreath of mingled beauty. But here and there, peeping forth

from behind the carved foliage, Pandora once or twice fancied that she saw a face not so lovely, or something or other that was disagreeable, and which stole the beauty out of all the rest. Nevertheless, on looking more closely, and touching the spot with her finger, she could discover nothing of the kind. Some face, that was really beautiful, had been made to look ugly by her catching a sideways glimpse of it.

The most beautiful face of all was done in what is called high relief, in the center of the lid. There was nothing else, save the dark, smooth richness of the polished wood, and this one face in the center, with a garland of flowers about its brow. Pandora had looked at this face a great many times, and imagined that the mouth could smile if it liked, or be grave when it chose, the same as any living mouth. The features, indeed, all wore a very lively and rather mischievous expression, which looked almost as if it needs must burst out of the carved lips, and utter itself in words.

Had the mouth spoken, it would probably have said something like this:

“ Do not be afraid, Pandora! What harm can there be in opening the box? Never mind that poor, simple Epimetheus! You are wiser than he, and have ten times as much spirit. Open the box, and see if you do not find something very pretty! ”

The box, I had almost forgotten to say, was fastened, not by a lock, nor by any other such contrivance, but by a very intricate knot of gold cord. There appeared to be no end to this knot, and no beginning. Never was a knot so cunningly twisted, nor with so many ins and

outs, which roguishly defied the skillfullest fingers to disentagle them. And yet, by the very difficulty that there was in it, Pandora was the more tempted to examine the knot, and just see how it was made. Twice or three times, already, she had stooped over the box, and taken the knot between her thumb and forefinger, but without positively trying to undo it.

“ I really believe,” said she to herself, “ that I begin to see how it was done. Nay, perhaps, I could tie it up again, after my undoing it. There would be no harm in that, surely. Even Epimetheus would not blame me for that. I need not open the box, and should not, of course, without the foolish boy’s consent, even if the knot were untied.”

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## XI

### THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN

#### PART II

It might have been better for Pandora if she had had a little work to do, or anything to employ her mind upon, so as not to be so constantly thinking of this one subject. But children led so easy a life, before any Troubles came into the world, that they had really a great deal too much leisure. They could not be forever playing at hide-and-seek among the flower-shrubs, or at blind-man’s-buff with garlands over their eyes, or at whatever other games had been found out, while Mother Earth was in her babyhood. When life is all sport, toil is the real play. There was absolutely noth-

ing to do. A little sweeping and dusting about the cottage, I suppose, and the gathering of fresh flowers (which were only too abundant everywhere), and arranging them in vases—and poor little Pandora's day's work was over. And then, for the rest of the day, there was the box!

After all, I am not quite sure that the box was not a blessing to her in its way. It supplied her with such a variety of ideas to think of, and to talk about, whenever she had anybody to listen! When she was in good-humor, she could admire the bright polish of its sides, and the rich border of beautiful faces and foliage that ran all round it. Or, if she chanced to be ill-tempered, she could give it a push, or kick it with her naughty little foot. And many a kick did the box—but it was a mischievous box, as we shall see, and deserved all it got—many a kick did it receive. But, certain it is, if it had not been for the box, our active-minded little Pandora would not have known half so well how to spend her time as she now did.

For it was really an endless employment to guess what was inside. What could it be, indeed? Just imagine, my little hearers, how busy your wits would be, if there were a great box in the house, which, as you might have reason to suppose, contained something new or pretty for your Christmas or New Year's gifts. Do you think that you would be less curious than Pandora? If you were left alone with the box, might you not feel tempted to lift the lid? But you would not do it. Oh, fie! No! Only, if you thought there were toys in it, it would be so very hard to let slip an opportunity

of taking just one peep! I know not whether Pandora expected any toys; for none had yet begun to be made, probably, in those days, when the world itself was one great plaything for the children that dwelt upon it. But Pandora was convinced that there was something very beautiful and valuable in the box, and therefore she felt just as anxious to take a peep as any of these little girls, here around me, would have felt. And, possibly, a little more so; but of that I am not quite so certain.

And this particular day, however, which we have so long been talking about, her curiosity grew so much greater than it usually was, that, at last, she approached the box. She was more than half determined to open it, if she could. Ah, naughty Pandora!

First, however, she tried to lift it. It was heavy; quite too heavy for the slender strength of a child like Pandora. She raised one end of the box a few inches from the floor, and let it fall again, with a pretty loud thump. A moment afterwards, she almost fancied that she heard something stir inside of the box. She applied her ear as closely as possible, and listened. Positively, there did seem to be a kind of stifled murmur within! Or was it merely the singing in Pandora's ears? Or could it be the beating of her heart? The child could not quite satisfy herself whether she had heard anything or no. But, at all events, her curiosity was stronger than ever.

As she drew back her head, her eyes fell upon the knot of gold cord.

“It must have been a very ingenious person who

tied this knot," said Pandora to herself. "But I think I could untie it nevertheless. I am resolved, at least, to find the two ends of the cord."

So she took the golden knot in her fingers, and pried into its intricacies as sharply as she could. Almost without intending it, or quite knowing what she was about, she was soon busily engaged in attempting to undo it. Meanwhile the bright sunshine came through the open window; as did likewise the merry voices of the children, playing at a distance, and perhaps the voice of Epimetheus among them. Pandora stopped to listen. What a beautiful day it was! Would it not be wiser if she were to let the troublesome knot alone, and think no more about the box, but run and join her little playfellows, and be happy?

All this time, however, her fingers were half unconsciously busy with the knot; and happening to glance at the flower-wreathed face on the lid of the enchanted box, she seemed to perceive it slyly grinning at her.

"That face looks very mischievous," thought Pandora. "I wonder whether it smiles because I am doing wrong! I have the greatest mind in the world to run away!"

But just then, by the merest accident, she gave the knot a kind of twist which produced a wonderful result. The gold cord untied itself, as if by magic, and left the box without a fastening.

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew!" said Pandora. "What will Epimetheus say? And how can I possibly tie it up again?"

She made one or two attempts to restore the knot, but soon found it quite beyond her skill. It had disentangled itself so suddenly that she could not in the least remember how the strings had been doubled into one another; and when she tried to recollect the shape and appearance of the knot, it seemed to have gone entirely out of her mind. Nothing was to be done, therefore, but to let the box remain as it was until Epimetheus should come in.

“But,” said Pandora, “when he finds the knot untied, he will know that I have done it. How shall I make him believe that I have not looked into the box?”

And then the thought came into her naughty little heart, that, since she would be suspected of having looked into the box, she might just as well do it at once. Oh, very naughty and very foolish Pandora! You should have thought only of doing what was right, and of leaving undone what was wrong, and not of what your playfellow Epimetheus would have said or believed. And so perhaps she might, if the enchanted face on the lid of the box had not looked so bewitchingly persuasive at her, and if she had not seemed to hear, more distinctly than before, the murmur of small voices within. She could not tell whether it was fancy or no, but there was quite a little tumult of whispers in her ear—or else it was her curiosity that whispered—

“Let us out, dear Pandora—pray let us out! We will be such nice pretty playfellows for you! Only let us out!”

“What can it be?” thought Pandora. “Is there



something alive in the box? Well!—yes!—I am resolved to take just one peep! Only one peep; and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever! There cannot possibly be any harm in just one little peep! ”

But it is now time for us to see what Epimetheus was doing.

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## XII

### THE PARADISE OF CHILDREN

#### PART III

This was the first time since his little playmate had come to dwell with him, that he had attempted to enjoy any pleasure in which she did not partake. But nothing went right; nor was he nearly so happy as on other days. He could not find a sweet grape or a ripe fig (if Epimetheus had a fault, it was a little too much fondness for figs); or, if ripe at all, they were over-ripe, and so sweet as to be cloying. There was no mirth in his heart, such as usually made his voice gush out, of its own accord, and swell the merriment of his companions. In short, he grew so uneasy and discontented, that the other children could not imagine what was the matter with Epimetheus. Neither did he himself know what ailed him, any better than they did. For you must recollect that, at the time we are speaking of, it was everybody's nature, and constant habit, to be happy. The world had not yet learned to be otherwise. Not a single soul or body, since these chil-

dren were first sent to enjoy themselves on the beautiful earth, had ever been sick or out of sorts.

At length, discovering that, somehow or other, he put a stop to all the play, Epimetheus judged it best to go back to Pandora, who was in a humor better suited to his own. But, with a hope of giving her pleasure, he gathered some flowers, and made them into a wreath, which he meant to put upon her head. The flowers were very lovely—roses, and lilies, and orange-blossoms, and a great many more, which left a trail of fragrance behind, as Epimetheus carried them along; and the wreath was put together with as much skill as could be reasonably expected of a boy. The fingers of little girls, it has always appeared to me, are the fittest to twine flower-wreaths; but boys could do it, in those days, rather better than they can now.

And here I must mention that a great black cloud had been gathering in the sky, for some time past, although it had not yet overspread the sun. But, just as Epimetheus reached the cottage door, this cloud began to intercept the sunshine, and thus to make a sudden and sad obscurity.

He entered softly, for he meant, if possible, to steal behind Pandora, and fling the wreath of flowers over her head, before she should be aware of his approach. But, as it happened, there was no need of his treading so very lightly. He might have trod as heavily as he pleased—as heavily as a grown man—as heavily, I was going to say, as an elephant—without much probability of Pandora's hearing his footsteps. She was too intent upon her purpose. At the moment of his enter-

ing the cottage, the naughty child had put her head to the lid, and was on the point of opening the mysterious box.

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark and dismal; for the black cloud had now swept quite over the sun, and seemed to have buried it alive. There had for a little while past been a low growling and muttering, which all at once broke into a heavy peal of thunder.

But Pandora, heeding nothing of all this, lifted the lid nearly upright, and looked inside. It seemed as if a sudden swarm of winged creatures brushed past her, taking flight out of the box, while, at the same instant, she heard the voice of Epimetheus with a lamentable tone, as if he were in pain.

“ Oh, I am stung! ” cried he. “ I am stung! Naughty Pandora! why have you opened this wicked box? ”

Pandora let fall the lid, and, starting up, looked about her, to see what had befallen Epimetheus. The thunder-cloud had so darkened the room that she could not very clearly discern what was in it. But she heard a disagreeable buzzing, as if a great many huge flies, or gigantic mosquitoes, or those insects which we call June-bugs, and pinching-dogs, were darting about. And, as her eyes grew more accustomed to the imperfect light, she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes with bat's wings, looking abominably spiteful, and armed with terribly long stings in their tails. It was one of these that had stung Epimetheus. Nor was it a great while before Pandora herself began to scream, in no

less pain and affright than her playfellow, and making a vast deal more hubbub about it. An odious little monster had settled on her forehead, and would have stung her I know not how deeply, if Epimetheus had not run and brushed it away.

Now, if you wish to know what these ugly things might be, which had made their escape out of the box, I must tell you that they were the whole family of earthly Troubles. There were evil Passions; there were a great many species of Cares; there were more than a hundred and fifty Sorrows; there were Diseases, in a vast number of miserable and painful shapes; there were more kinds of Naughtiness than it would be of any use to talk about. In short, everything that has since afflicted the souls and bodies of mankind had been shut up in the mysterious box and given to Epimetheus and Pandora in order that the happy children of the world might never be molested by them. Had they been faithful to their trust, all would have gone well. No grown person would ever have been sad, nor any child have cause to shed a single tear, from that hour until this moment.

But—and you may see by this how a wrong act of any one mortal is calamity to the whole world—by Pandora's lifting the lid of that miserable box, and by the fault of Epimetheus, too, in not preventing her, these Troubles have obtained a foothold among us, and do not seem very likely to be driven away in a hurry. For it was impossible, as you will easily guess, that the two children should keep the ugly swarm in their own little cottage. On the contrary, the first thing

that they did was to fling open the doors and windows, in hopes of getting rid of them; and, sure enough, away flew the winged Troubles all abroad, and so pestered and tormented the small people everywhere about, that none of them so much as smiled for many days afterwards. And, what was very singular, all the flowers and dewy blossoms on earth, not one of which had hitherto faded, now began to droop and shed their leaves, after a day or two. The children, moreover, who before seemed immortal in their childhood, now grew older, day by day, and came soon to be youths and maidens, and men and women by and by, aged people, before they dreamed of such a thing.

Meanwhile, the naughty Pandora and Epimetheus remained in their cottage. Both of them had been grievously stung, and were in a good deal of pain, which seemed the more intolerable to them, because it was the very first pain that had ever been felt since the world began. Of course, they were entirely unaccustomed to it, and could have no idea what it meant. Besides all this, they were in exceedingly bad humor, both with themselves and one another. In order to indulge it to the utmost, Epimetheus sat down sullenly in a corner with his back towards Pandora; while Pandora flung herself upon the floor and rested her head on the fatal and abominable box. She was crying bitterly, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly there was a gentle tap on the inside of the lid.

“What can that be?” cried Pandora, lifting her head.

But either Epimetheus had not heard the tap, or was too much out of humor to notice it. At any rate, he made no answer.

“You are very unkind,” said Pandora, sobbing anew, “not to speak to me!”

Again the tap! It sounded like the tiny knuckles of a fairy’s hand, knocking lightly and playfully on the inside of the box.

“Who are you?” asked Pandora, with a little of her former curiosity. “Who are you, inside of this naughty box?”

A sweet little voice spoke from within,—

“Only lift the lid, and you shall see.”

“No, no,” answered Pandora, again beginning to sob, “I have had enough of lifting the lid! You are inside of the box, naughty creature, and there you shall stay! There are plenty of your ugly brothers and sisters already flying about the world. You need never think that I shall be so foolish as to let you out.”

She looked toward Epimetheus, as she spoke, perhaps expecting that he would commend her for her wisdom. But the sullen boy only muttered that she was wise a little too late.

“Ah,” said the sweet little voice again, “you had much better let me out. I am not like those naughty creatures that have stings in their tails. They are no brothers and sisters of mine, as you would see at once, if you were only to get a glimpse of me. Come, come, my pretty Pandora! I am sure you will let me out!”

And, indeed, there was a kind of cheerful witchery in the tone, that made it almost impossible to refuse anything which this little voice asked. Pandora's heart had insensibly grown lighter at every word that came from within the box. Epimetheus, too, though still in the corner, had turned half round, and seemed to be in rather better spirits than before.

"My dear Epimetheus," cried Pandora, "have you heard this little voice?"

"Yes, to be sure I have," answered he, but in no very good humor as yet. "And what of it?"

"Shall I lift the lid again?" asked Pandora.

"Just as you please," said Epimetheus. "You have done so much mischief already, that perhaps you may as well do a little more. One other Trouble, in such a swarm as you have set adrift about the world, can make no very great difference."

"You might speak a little more kindly!" murmured Pandora, wiping her eyes.

"Ah, naughty boy!" cried the little voice within the box, in an arch and laughing tone. "He knows he is longing to see me. Come, my dear Pandora, lift up the lid. I am in a great hurry to comfort you. Only let me have some fresh air, and you shall soon see that matters are not quite so dismal as you think them!"

"Epimetheus," exclaimed Pandora, "come what may, I am resolved to open the box!"

"And as the lid seems very heavy," cried Epimetheus, running across the room, "I will help you!"

So, with one consent, the two children again lifted

the lid. Out flew a sunny and smiling little personage, and hovered about the room, throwing a light wherever she went. Have you never made the sunshine dance into dark corners by reflecting it from a bit of looking-glass? Well, so looked the winged cheerfulness of the fairy-like stranger, amid the gloom of the cottage. She flew to Epimetheus, and laid the least touch of her finger on the inflamed spot where the Trouble had stung him, and immediately the anguish of it was gone. Then she kissed Pandora on the forehead, and her hurt was cured likewise.

After performing these good offices, the bright stranger fluttered sportively over the children's heads, and looked so sweetly at them, that they both began to think it not so very much amiss to have opened the box, since, otherwise, their cheery guest must have been kept a prisoner among those naughty imps with stings in their tails.

"Pray, who are you, beautiful creature?" inquired Pandora.

"I am to be called Hope!" answered the smiling figure. "And because I am such a cheery little body, I was packed into the box, to make amends to the human race for that swarm of ugly Troubles which was destined to be let loose among them. Never fear! we shall do pretty well in spite of them all."

"Your wings are colored like the rainbow!" exclaimed Pandora. "How very beautiful!"

"Yes, they are like the rainbow," said Hope, "because, glad as my nature is, I am partly made of tears as well as smiles."



“And will you stay with us,” asked Epimetheus, “forever and ever?”

“As long as you need me,” said Hope, with her pleasant smile, “and that will be as long as you live in the world. I promise never to desert you. There may come times and seasons, now and then, when you will think that I have utterly vanished. But again, and again, and again, when perhaps you least dream of it, you shall see the glimmer of my wings on the ceiling of your cottage. Yes, my dear children, and I know something very good and beautiful that is to be given you hereafter!”

“O tell us,” they exclaimed, “tell us what it is!”

“Do not ask me,” replied Hope, putting her finger on her rosy mouth. “But do not despair, even if it should never happen while you live on this earth. Trust in my promise, for it is true.”

“We do trust you!” cried Epimetheus and Pandora, both in one breath.

And so they did; and not only they, but so has everybody trusted Hope, that has since been alive. No doubt—no doubt—the Troubles are still flying about the world, and have increased in multitude, rather than lessened, and are a very ugly set of imps, and carry most venomous stings in their tails. I have felt them already, and expect to feel them more, as I grow older. But then that lovely lightsome little figure of Hope! What in the world could we do without her? Hope spiritualizes the earth; Hope makes it always new; and, even in the earth's best and brightest aspect, Hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter.

## XIII

## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

## PART I

The most original poet and influential thinker of his day was SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE—born in Devonshire, England, 1772; died 1834. The magnetism of his personality helped to develop the gifts of Southey, Wordsworth, and Lamb. The fine art of his best poetry is unsurpassed by any English verse yet written. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the only poem of length that he completed, is the highest of all poetry of its kind. "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan," both incomplete, are splendid specimens of brilliant imagery and exquisite versification. His "Ode to Mt. Blanc,"

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

is one of the most sublime poems in any language. Coleridge was the first critic of his day. By his lectures on Shakespeare he did more than any other man of his generation to spread a true knowledge of the great dramatist.

An ancient Mariner  
meeteth three Gal-  
lants bidden to a  
wedding-feast, and  
detaineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long grey beard and glit-  
tering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The Bridegroom's doors are open'd  
wide,  
And I am next of kin;  
The guests are met, the feast is set:  
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
"There was a ship," quoth he.  
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard  
loon!"  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-Guest  
is spellbound by  
the eye of the old  
sea-faring man, and  
constrained to hear  
his tale.

He holds him with his glittering  
eye—  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years' child;  
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:  
He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor  
cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells  
how the ship sailed  
southward with a  
good wind and fair  
weather, till it  
reached the Line.

The sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he!  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon—"'  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his  
breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest  
heareth the bridal  
music; but the Mari-  
ner continueth his  
tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his  
breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner:

The ship driven by  
a storm toward the  
south pole.

" And now the Storm-blast came, and  
he  
Was tyrannous and strong;  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

---

**bassoon:** musical instrument, used at the wedding.

With sloping masts and dipping  
prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the  
blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and  
snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold:  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

The land of ice, and  
of fearful sounds,  
where no living  
thing was to be  
seen.

And through the drifts the snowy  
clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we  
ken—  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd  
and howl'd,  
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross:  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hail'd it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward, through fog and floating ice.

And a good south wind sprang up behind;  
And the Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine;  
While all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmer'd the white Moonshine."

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow  
I shot the *Albatross*."

---

thorough: through.

shroud: rope.

vespers: evenings.

## PART II

“ The Sun now rose upon the right:  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew  
behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

His shipmates cry  
out against the  
ancient Mariner,  
for killing the bird  
of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog  
cleared off, they  
justify the same,  
and thus make  
themselves accom-  
plices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist:  
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to  
slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze con-  
tinues; the ship  
enters the Pacific  
Ocean and sails  
northward, even till  
it reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam  
flew,  
The furrow followed free:  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

The ship hath been  
suddenly becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails  
dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Albatross  
begins to be  
avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

---

death-fires: corpse candles.



A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels.

And some in dreams assurèd were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us  
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue through utter  
drought,  
Was wither'd at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird about his neck.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung."

### PART III

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

" There pass'd a weary time. Each  
throat  
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When, looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,  
And then it seem'd a mist:  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
 And still it near'd and near'd:  
 As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
 It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he free-eth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 We could not laugh nor wail;  
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
 I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,  
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

A flash of joy.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 Agape they heard me call:  
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
 And all at once their breath drew in,  
 As they were drinking all.

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
 Hither to work us weal;  
 Without a breeze, without a tide,  
 She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.  
 The day was well-nigh done!  
 Almost upon the western wave  
 Rested the broad bright Sun;

---

**gramercy:** expresses thankfulness with surprise.

When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him but  
the skeleton of  
a ship.

And straight the Sun was fleck'd with  
bars,  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he  
peer'd,  
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat  
loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those her sails that glance in the  
Sun,  
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs are  
seen as bars on the  
face of the setting  
sun. The spectre-  
woman and her  
death-mate, and no  
other on board the  
skeleton-ship.

Are those her ribs through which the  
Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a Death? and are there two?  
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold:  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-mare, Life-in-Death, was  
she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

---

**gossameres:** filmy substances, like cobwebs.

Death and Life-in-  
Death have diced  
for the ship's crew  
and she (the latter)  
winneth the an-  
cient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice;  
'The game is done! I've won! I've  
won!'

Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight within  
the courts of the  
Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush  
out;

At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of the  
Moon.

We listen'd and look'd sideways up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip!  
The stars were dim, and thick the  
night,

The steersman's face by his lamp  
gleamed white;  
From the sails the dew did drip—

Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornèd Moon, with one bright  
star

Within the nether tip.

One after another,

One after one, by the star-dogged  
Moon

Too quick for groan or sigh,

---

clomb: old form of climbed.

Each turn'd his face with a ghastly  
pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates drop  
down dead;

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropp'd down one by one.

But Life-in-Death  
begins her work on  
the ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

---

XIV

PART IV

The Wedding-  
Guest feareth that  
a spirit is talking  
to him.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and  
brown,  
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

But the ancient  
Mariner assureth  
him of his bodily  
life, and proceedeth  
to relate his horri-  
ble penance.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—  
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-  
Guest!  
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

He despiseth the  
creatures of the  
calm.

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy  
things  
Lived on; and so did I.

And envieth that  
they should live,  
and so many lie  
dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea  
and the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse liv-  
eth for him in the  
eye of the dead  
men.

The cold sweat melted from their  
limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they:  
The look with which they looked on  
me  
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that  
curse,  
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and  
fixedness he yearn-  
eth towards the  
journeying Moon  
and the stars that  
still sojourn, yet  
still move onward;  
and everywhere the  
blue sky belongs to  
them, and is their  
appointed rest, and  
their native coun-  
try, and their own  
natural homes,  
which they enter  
unannounced, as  
lords that are cer-  
tainly expected  
and yet there is a  
silent joy at their  
arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide:  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow  
lay,  
The charmed water burnt alway  
A still and awful red.

By the light of the  
Moon he beholdeth  
God's creatures of  
the great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watch'd the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining  
white,  
And when they rear'd, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
 I watch'd their rich attire:  
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
 They coil'd and swam; and every  
     track  
 Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and  
 their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue  
 Their beauty might declare:  
 A spring of love gush'd from my  
     heart,

He blesseth them  
 in his heart.

And I bless'd them unaware:  
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
 And I bless'd them unaware.

The spell begins to  
 break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;  
 And from my neck to free  
 The Albatross fell off, and sank  
 Like lead into the sea."

#### PART V

"O Sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
 Beloved from pole to pole!  
 To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
 She sent the gentle sleep from  
     Heaven,  
 That slid into my soul.

By grace of the  
 holy Mother the  
 ancient Mariner is  
 refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
 That had so long remain'd,  
 I dreamt that they were fill'd with  
     dew;  
 And when I woke, it rain'd.



My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessèd ghost.

He heareth sounds,  
and see-eth strange  
sights and commo-  
tions in the sky and  
the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
To and fro they were hurried about!  
And to and fro and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more  
loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one  
black cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side:  
Like waters shot from some high  
crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the  
ship's crew are in-  
spired, and the ship  
moves on;

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all  
uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship  
moved on;  
Yet never a breeze up blew;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless  
tools—  
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee:  
The body and I pull'd at one rope,  
But he said nought to me."

But not by the  
souls of the men  
nor by dæmons of  
earth or middle air,  
but by a blessed  
troop of angelic  
spirits, sent down  
by the invocation  
of the guardian  
saint.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner! ”  
“ Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!  
’Twas not those souls that fled in  
    pain,  
Which to their corpses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawn’d—they dropp’d  
    their arms,  
And cluster’d round the mast;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through  
    their mouths,  
And from their bodies pass’d.

Around, around, flew each sweet  
    sound,  
Then darted to the Sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mix’d, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the skylark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seem’d to fill the sea and  
    air  
With their sweet jargoning!

And now ’twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel’s song,  
That makes the Heavens mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe:  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome Spirit  
from the south pole  
carries on the ship  
as far as the Line,  
in obedience to the  
angelic troop, but  
still requireth ven-  
geance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid: and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fix'd her to the ocean:  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her  
length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound:  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare;  
But ere my living life returned,  
I heard and in my soul discerned  
Two Voices in the air.

The Polar Spirit's  
fellow dæmons, the  
invisible inhabi-  
tants of the ele-  
ment, take part in  
his wrong; and two  
of them relate, one  
to the other, that  
penance long and  
heavy for the an-  
cient Mariner hath  
been accorded to  
the Polar Spirit,  
who returneth  
southward.

‘ Is it he? ’ quoth one, ‘ Is this the  
man? ’

By Him Who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low,  
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow.’

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew:  
Quoth he, ‘ The man hath penance  
done,  
And penance more will do.’ ”

---

XV

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

“ ‘ But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—

What makes that ship drive on so  
fast?  
What is the Ocean doing?'

## SECOND VOICE

' Still as a slave before his lord,  
The Ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.'

## FIRST VOICE

The Mariner hath  
been cast into a  
trance; for the an-  
gelic power causeth  
the vessel to drive  
northward faster  
than human life  
could endure.

' But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind?'

## SECOND VOICE

' The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more  
high!

Or we shall be belated:  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner's trance is  
abated.'

The supernatural  
motion is retarded;  
the Mariner awakes  
and his penance be-  
gins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather:  
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon  
was high;  
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All fix'd on me their stony eyes  
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they  
died,  
Had never pass'd away:  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is  
finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once  
more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round walks  
on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on  
me,

Nor sound nor motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sail'd softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient  
Mariner beholdeth  
his native country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the Moon.



The rock shone bright, the kirk no  
less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent  
light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits  
leave the dead  
bodies,

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were:  
I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

And appear in  
their own forms of  
light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand;  
It was a heavenly sight;  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his  
hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the Pilot's cheer;  
My head was turn'd perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast:  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:  
It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he maketh in the wood.  
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away  
The Albatross's blood."

#### PART VII

The Hermit of the  
Wood

"This Hermit good lives in the wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with marineres  
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and  
eve—

He hath a cushion plump:  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them  
talk,  
'Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many and  
fair,  
That signal made but now?'

Approacheth the  
ship with wonder.

'Strange, by my faith!' the Hermit  
said—

'And they answered not our cheer!  
The planks look warp'd and see those  
sails,  
How thin they are and sere!  
I never saw aught like them,  
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf  
below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look'—  
(The Pilot made reply)

‘ I am a-fear’d. ’—‘ Push on, push on! ’  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirr’d;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly  
sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reach’d the ship, it split the bay:  
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mari-  
ner is saved in the  
Pilot’s boat.

Stunn’d by that loud and dreadful  
    sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days  
    drown’d  
My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot’s boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes  
And pray’d where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the  
while

His eyes went to and fro.  
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see,  
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the  
boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrive him; and the penance of life falls on him.

'O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!'  
The Hermit crossed his brow.  
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee  
say—  
What manner of man art thou?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was  
wrench'd  
With a woeful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale;  
And then it left me free.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns;  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that  
door!

The wedding-guests are there:  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are;  
And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving  
friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach by his  
own example, love  
and reverence to all  
things that God  
made and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been  
stunn'd,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

---

I do not think much of a man who is not wiser to-day  
than he was yesterday.

LINCOLN.

## XVI

## THE MOCK TURTLE'S EDUCATION

LEWIS CARROLL

The real name of LEWIS CARROLL was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He was born in 1832; he died in 1900. He was an English clergyman; he was also a lecturer on mathematics at Oxford. Under the pseudonym of Lewis Carroll he has endeared himself to children by his "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," and "The Hunting of the Snark." Carroll's nonsense is delightful.

His mathematical books on geometry and determinants show his serious side.

LEWIS CARROLL

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise——"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily. "Really you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and



then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:—

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it——"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on.

"We had the best of educations—in fact we went to school every day——"

"I've been to a day school, too," said Alice. "You needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice: "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now, at ours, they had, at the end of the bill, 'French, music, *and washing*—extra.'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,"

the Mock Turtle replied; “and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.”

“I never heard of Uglification,” Alice ventured to say. “What is it?”

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. “Never heard of uglifying!” it exclaimed. “You know what to beautify is, I suppose?”

“Yes,” said Alice doubtfully: “it means—to—make—anything—prettier.”

“Well, then,” the Gryphon went on, “if you don’t know what to uglify is, you are a simpleton.”

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it: so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said, “What else had you to learn?”

“Well, there was Mystery,” the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, “Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: he taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils.”

“What was *that* like?” said Alice.

“Well, I can’t show it to you myself,” the Mock Turtle said: “I’m too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it.”

“Hadn’t time,” said the Gryphon: “I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was.”

“I never went to him,” the Mock Turtle said with a sigh. “He taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say.”

“ So he did, so he did,” said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

“ And how many hours a day did you do lessons? ” said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

“ Ten hours the first day,” said the Mock Turtle: “ nine the next, and so on.”

“ What a curious plan! ” exclaimed Alice.

“ That’s the reason they’re called lessons,” the Gryphon remarked: “ because they lessen from day to day.”

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark.

“ Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday? ”

“ Of course it was,” said the Mock Turtle.

“ And how did you manage on the twelfth? ” Alice went on eagerly.

“ That’s enough about lessons,” the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone. “ Tell her something about the games now.”

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No citizen has a right to consider himself as belonging to himself, but all ought to regard themselves as belonging to the State; and care for the part naturally looks to care for the whole.

ARISTOTLE.

## XVII

## PARADISE AND THE PERI

THOMAS MOORE

## PART I

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852) was born in Dublin. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he became intimate with Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot. Among his best poetry are the "Irish Melodies," sparkling with fancy or breathing pathos; the gorgeous Oriental romance "Lalla Rookh"—for which the publishers paid \$15,000 before the manuscript was seen—and "Paradise and the Peri," which is one of the most beautiful poems ever written.

THOMAS MOORE

One morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood disconsolate;  
And as she listen'd to the springs  
Of life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

---

Peri: in Persian mythology, a fabled descendant of the disobedient angels, doing penance upon earth until admitted into Paradise.

“How happy,” exclaim’d this child of air,  
“Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;  
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
One blossom of Heaven outblossoms them all!

“Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,  
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,  
And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;  
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,  
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,  
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

“Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
From world to luminous world, as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!”

The glorious Angel who was keeping  
The gates of Light beheld her weeping;  
And, as he nearer drew and listen’d  
To her sad song, a teardrop glisten’d  
Within his eyelids, like the spray  
From Eden’s fountain, when it lies

---

**Cashmere:** a state in Hindostan.

**Sing-su-hay; golden floods:** “The Altan Kol, or Golden River, of Thibet, which flows into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands.”—Description of Thibet in PINKERTON.

On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—  
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

“ Nymph of a fair but erring line! ”  
Gently he said, “ One hope is thine.  
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,  
‘ The Peri yet may be forgiv'n  
Who brings to this Eternal gate  
The Gift that is most dear to Heav'n! ’  
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—  
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in.”

Rapidly as comets run  
To th' embraces of the Sun;  
Fleeter than the starry brands  
Flung at night from angel hands  
At those dark and daring sprites  
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,  
Down the blue vaults the Peri flies,  
And, lighted earthward by a glance  
That just then broke from Morning's eyes,  
Hung hov'ring o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go  
To find this gift for Heav'n? “ I know  
The wealth,” she cries, “ of every urn,  
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,

---

**Bramins say:** “The Bramins of this province insist that the blue campac flowers only in paradise.”—SIR W. JONES.

**Flung at night:** “The Mohammedans suppose that the falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad when they appear too near the empyrean, or verge of the heavens.”

Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;  
I know where the Isles of Perfume are,  
Many a fathom down in the sea,  
To the south of sun-bright Araby;  
I know, too, where the Genii hid  
The jewel'd cup of their King Jamshid,  
With life's elixir sparkling high—  
But gifts like these are not for the sky.  
Where was there ever a gem that shone  
Like the steps of Allah's wonderful throne?  
And the drops of life—oh! what would they be  
In the boundless deep of eternity? ”

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd  
The air of that sweet Indian land,  
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads  
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;  
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam  
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;  
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,  
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;  
Whose sandal groves and bow'rs of spice  
Might be a Peri's Paradise!  
But crimson now her rivers ran  
With human blood—the smell of death

---

**pillars of Chilminar:** “The Forty Pillars,” the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis (the ancient capital of Persia). It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterranean caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.”—D'HERBELOT. VOLNEY.

**Isles of Perfume:** The Isles of Panchaia.

**Allah:** Mohammedan name for the Deity.

Came reeking from those spicy bow'rs,  
And man, the sacrifice of man,  
Mingled his taint with ev'ry breath  
Upwafted from the innocent flow'rs.  
Land of the Sun! what foot invades  
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—  
Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,  
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?  
'Tis he of Gaznā—fierce in wrath  
He comes, and India's diadems  
Lie scattered in his ruinous path.  
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,  
And chokes up with the glitt'ring wrecks  
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,  
And, through the war-field's bloody haze  
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,  
Alone beside his native river,  
The red blade broken in his hand,  
And the last arrow in his quiver.  
“Live,” said the Conqueror, “Live to share  
The trophies and the crowns I bear!”

---

**pagods:** sacred towers connected with the temples. They were usually constructed of several stories arranged in the form of a pyramid, and profusely carved and adorned.

**pillar'd shades:** See the description of the banyan tree.

**thousand thrones:** “With this immense treasure Mahmood returned to Ghizni, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni.”

**'Tis he of Gazna:** “Mahmood of Gazna or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.”—Dow and Sir J. MALCOLM.



Silent that youthful warrior stood—  
Silent he pointed to the flood  
All crimson with his country's blood—  
Then sent his last remaining dart,  
For answer, to th' invader's heart.  
False flew the shaft, though pointed well;  
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!  
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,  
And, when the rush of war was past,  
Swiftly descending on a ray  
Of morning light, she caught the last,  
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
Before its free-born spirit fled!  
“Be this,” she cried, as she wing'd her flight,  
“My welcome gift at the Gates of Light:  
Though foul are the drops that oft distill  
On the field of warfare, blood like this,  
For Liberty shed, so holy is,  
It would not stain the purest rill  
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss.  
Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
A boon, an offering, Heav'n holds dear,  
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws  
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her  
cause! ”

“Sweet,” said the Angel, as she gave  
The gift into his radiant hand,  
“Sweet is our welcome of the Brave  
Who died thus for their native Land.  
But see—alas!—the crystal bar

Of Eden moves not—holier far  
Than ev'n this drop, the boon must be,  
That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee! ”

Her first fond hopes of Eden blighted,  
Now among Afric's lunar mountains,  
Far to the south, the Peri lighted;  
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains  
Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth  
Is hidden from the sons of earth  
Deep in those solitary woods  
Where oft the Genii of the Floods  
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,  
And hail the new-born Giant's smile.  
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,  
Her grotts and sepulchers of Kings,  
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;  
And now hangs list'ning to the doves.  
She wept—the air grew pure and clear  
Around her, as the bright drops ran;  
For there's a magic in each tear,  
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

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## XVIII

## PARADISE AND THE PERI

## PART II

Now, upon Syria's land of roses  
Softly the light of eve reposes,  
And, like a glory, the broad sun

Hangs over sainted Lebanon;  
Whose head in wintry grandeur tow'rs,  
And whitens with eternal sleet,  
While summer, in a vale of flow'rs,  
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who looked from upper air  
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,  
How beauteous must have been the glow,  
The life, the sparkling from below!  
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
Of golden melons on their banks,  
More golden where the sunlight falls;  
Gay lizards, glitt'ring on the walls  
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
As they were all alive with light;  
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
Of pigeons settling on the rocks,  
With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
Variously in the crimson beam  
Of the warm West, as if inlaid  
With brilliants from the mine, or made  
Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan.  
And then the mingling sounds that come,  
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum

---

**Lebanon:** mountains in Syria; their highest point is 10,050 feet above the sea-level.

**lizards:** "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, the stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them."—BRUCE.

Of the wild bees of Palestine,  
    Banqueting through the flow'ry vales;  
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
    And woods, so full of nightingales.

But naught can charm the luckless Peri;  
Her soul is sad, her wings are weary,  
Joyless she sees the Sun look down  
On that great temple, once his own,  
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
    Flinging their shadows from on high,  
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,  
    Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd  
    Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,  
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd  
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
    With the great name of Solomon,  
    Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,  
May teach her where beneath the moon,  
In earth, or ocean, lies the boon,  
The charm, that can restore so soon  
    An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—  
    Still laughs the radiant eye of Heav'n,  
Nor have the golden bowers of Even

---

**wild bees:** numerous in Palestine. They gather in hollow trunks or branches of trees and the clefts of rocks.

**Jordan:** "The river Jordan is on both sides beset with thick and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together."

**temple:** The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

In the rich West begun to wither;—  
When, o'er the vales of Balbec winging  
    Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
Among the rosy wild-flow'rs singing,  
    As rosy and as wild as they;  
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,  
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,  
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
Like winged flow'rs or flying gems:--  
And, near the boy, who tired with play  
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
She saw a wearied man dismount  
    From his hot steed, and on the brink  
Of a small Imaret's rustic fount  
    Impatient fling him down to drink.  
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
    To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
    Upon a brow more fierce than that,—  
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;  
In which the Peri's eye could read  
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;  
The ruined maid—the shrine profaned—  
Oaths broken—and the threshold stained  
    With blood of guests. There written all

---

**damsel-flies:** “ You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and attire procured for them the name of damsels.”—SONNINI.

**Imaret:** A place where pilgrims are lodged and nourished three days without charge.

Black as the damning drops that fall  
From the denouncing Angel's pen,  
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now, that man of crime  
(As if the balmy evening time  
Softened his spirit) look'd and lay,  
Watching the rosy infant's play:  
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance  
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
As torches, that have burn'd all night  
Through some impure and godless rite,  
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to pray'r,  
As slow the orb of daylight sets,  
Is rising sweetly on the air,  
From Syria's thousand minarets!  
The boy has started from the bed  
Of flow'rs, where he had laid his head,  
And down upon the fragrant sod  
Kneels with his forehead to the south,  
Lisping th' eternal name of God  
From Purity's own cherub mouth,  
And looking, while his hands and eyes

---

**Kneels with his forehead, etc.:** "Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, in that very place they chance to stand on."—AARON HILL'S Travels.

Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
Just lighted on that flow'ry plain,  
And seeking for its home again.

Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—  
A scene which might have well beguiled  
Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh  
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt he, the wretched man  
Reclining there, while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.  
“There was a time,” he said, in mild,  
Heart-humbled tones—“thou blessèd child!  
When young and haply pure as thou,  
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now”—  
He hung his head—each nobler aim,  
And hope, and feeling, which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!  
Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!  
In whose benign, redeeming flow  
Is felt the first, the only sense  
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

---

**Eblis:** ruler of evil spirits; an angel condemned for refusing to worship Adam.

“ There’s a drop,” said the Peri, “ that down  
from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June  
Upon Egypt’s land, of so healing a pow’r,  
So balmy a virtue, that ev’n in the hour  
That drop descends, contagion dies,  
And health reanimates earth and skies!—  
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
The precious tears of repentance fall?  
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,  
One heavenly drop hath dispell’d them all! ”

And now—behold him kneeling there  
By the child’s side in humble pray’r,  
While the same sunbeam shines upon  
The guilty and the guiltless one,  
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heav’n  
The triumph of a Soul Forgiv’n!

’Twas when the golden orb had set,  
While on their knees they linger’d yet,  
There fell a light more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun to star,  
Upon the tear, that warm and meek,  
Dew’d that repentant sinner’s cheek.  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam—  
But well th’ enraptured Peri knew

---

Upon Egypt’s land: The Nucta, or Miraculous drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John’s day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.



'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw  
From Heav'n's gate, to hail that tear  
Her harbinger of glory near!

“ Joy, joy forever! my task is done—  
The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!  
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—  
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad  
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,  
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!  
Farewell, ye odors of Earth, that die,  
Passing away like a lover's sigh; —  
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,  
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

“ Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone  
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief;—  
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,  
To the lote-tree, springing by Allah's throne,  
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.  
Joy, joy forever!—my task is done—  
The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won! ”

---

**Shadukiam:** The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels.

**Amberabad:** another of the cities of Jinnistan.

**Tooba Tree:** The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mohammed. Tooba, says D'Herbelot, signifies beatitude or eternal happiness.

**lote-tree, etc.:** Mohammed is described as having seen the angel Gabriel, “by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode.” This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

## XIX

## AMONG THE SHOALS

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

## PART I

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789-1851) lived on the shores of Otsego Lake amidst the exciting scenes of frontier life. At the age of thirteen he entered Yale College, and later served in the navy for six years. His books are stories full of action and excitement. They treat of the life he knew, that of the frontier and the sea. The "Leatherstocking Series" comprises four stories recounting the life and adventures of a frontiersman from youth to old age. "The Spy" is a story of the Revolutionary War, as is also his excellent sea tale from which our selection is taken, "The Pilot."

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

The vessel, whose struggles are here described, was one of those sent by the American Congress to harass the English. This vessel had just entered a dangerous bay on the English coast and taken off a pilot, known to the crew as Mr. Gray. Only the captain knew his real name, John Paul Jones.

The last rope was coiled and deposited in its proper place by the seamen, and for several minutes the stillness of death pervaded the crowded decks. It was evident to every one that the ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves; and as she was

approaching with this velocity the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habit of the most exact discipline could suppress the uneasiness of the officers and men. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard calling the pilot.

“ Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray,” he said, “ to try our water? ”

“ Tack your ship, sir; tack your ship; I would see how she works before we reach the points where she must behave well, or we perish.”

Griffith gazed after him in wonder, while the pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then, rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering order that called every man to his station to perform the desired evolution. The confident assurance which the young officer had given to the pilot respecting the quality of his vessel, and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result.

The helm was no sooner put a-lee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind, and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity.

The heavy yards swung round as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air, and in a few moments, the frigate again moved with stately progress through the water, leaving the rocks and

shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing toward those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled among the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl surlily as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded in its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean.

The ship yielded every moment more and more before the storm, and, in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation; and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found.

So far the performance of his duty seemed easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in the distance as well as in darkness, and the agitated sea was only to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy, and rouse himself to the occasion.

“ Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith,” he cried; “ here we get the true tide and real danger. Place the best quartermaster in your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him and see that he gives us the right water.”

“ I will take that office on myself,” said the captain; “ pass a light into the weather main-chains! ”

“ Stand by your braces! ” exclaimed the pilot with startling quickness. “ Heave away that lead! ”

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster gave out his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, “ By the mark, seven! ” rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water-spirit.

“ ’Tis well,” returned the pilot calmly; “ try it again.”

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, “ And a half five! ”

“ She shoals! she shoals! ” exclaimed Griffith; “ keep her a good full! ”

“ Ay, you must hold the vessel in command now,” said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call of "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger, to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this maneuver.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle:

"Breakers, breakers, dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried: "Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"We are in the bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," said the commander; "she loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower!" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on everything!"

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded—"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? Is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word—"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith!" interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing

about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered, in bitterness of feeling, "Then all is lost indeed."

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and, as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

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XX

AMONG THE SHOALS

PART II

Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be a master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the headyards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling around on her keel with a backward movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the

vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud; but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood.

When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head-sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from among the dangerous shoals with which she had been surrounded, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice maneuver, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill directed any change in the manage-



ment of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at every foot more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side.

The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence.

Again and again the vessel appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals, where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger, was heard warning them of the danger and inciting them to their duty.

The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government, and during those anxious moments when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, every ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, which can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill.

The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

“Now is the pinch,” he said; “and if the ship be-

haves well, we are safe—but, if otherwise, all we have done will be useless.”

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

“See you yon light on the southern headland?” returned the pilot; “you may know it from the star near it by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hummock, a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon—’tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill we shall do well—but if not, we surely go to pieces.”

“Let us tack again!” exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head as he replied: “There is no more tacking to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course, and if we can weather the ‘Devil’s Grip,’ we clear their outermost point—but if not, as I said before, there is but one alternative.”

“If we had beaten out the way we entered,” exclaimed Griffith, “we should have done well.”

“Say also if the tide would have let us do so,” returned the pilot calmly. “Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail.”

“’Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!” observed the thoughtful captain.

“It must be done,” returned the collected stranger; “we perish without. See, the light already touches

the edge of the hummock, the sea casts us leeward! ”

“ It shall be done,” cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued, and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful, the tremendous threshing of the heavy sails seeming to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her center; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

“ She feels it! She springs her luff! Observe,” he said, “ the light opens from the hummock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear! ”

A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

“ ’Tis the jib blown from the bolt ropes,” said the commander of the frigate. “ This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet.”

“ The sail would laugh at a tornado,” returned the lieutenant; “ but the mast springs like a piece of steel.”

“ Silence all! ” cried the pilot. “ Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff all you can! ”

This warning closed all discourse; and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them, the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols.

A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into the chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near to the wind as to keep her sails touching.

The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean, and she entered the channel among the breakers with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times as the foam rolled away to leeward the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still rise before them, following one another into the general mass, to check their exultation.

Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen

were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting "Square away the yards in main-sail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed, "Square away the yards!" and quick as thought the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the open sea.

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Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!  
 O Duty! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove;  
 Thou, who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe;  
 From vain temptations dost set free,  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

WORDSWORTH.

## XXI

## THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892), the Quaker poet of New England, was a strong opponent of slavery; his verses on this subject are collected under the title "Voices of Freedom." His best poetical work, however, is "Snow-Bound," which appeared in 1866. Of his shorter pieces, "Maud Muller," "The Barefoot Boy" and "Barbara Fritchie" are the most popular.

He has been called the "Good gray poet." His poetry is characterized by its tranquil tone and by its moral value.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes;  
With thy red lip, redder still,  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;  
From my heart I give thee joy,—  
I was once a barefoot boy!

Prince thou art—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollared ride!  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy;  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools—  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground mole sinks his well;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung;

Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,

Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans!—  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy—  
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming birds and honeybees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone;  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides!

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**Apples of Hesperides:** in Greek mythology, the Hesperides were gardens at the western extremity of the known world, that produced golden apples.



Still as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches too;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone gray and rude!  
O'er me like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch: pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!  
Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,

Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless moil:  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

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## XXII

## IN A CONVENT CHAPEL

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

JAMES MANGAN was born in Ireland in 1803 and died in 1849. His life was unhappy, and his melancholy permeates his poems, which, though generally clever, are often uneven through carelessness and indifference. Some of his work reaches the height of the very best poetry. Such is his "Dark Rosaleen." He translated much from the German poets.

Me hither from moonlight  
A voice ever calls,  
Where pale pillars cluster  
And organ tones roll—  
Nor sunlight nor moonlight  
E'er silver these walls;  
Lives here other luster,  
The Light of the Soul.

Here budded and blossomed,  
Here faded and died,  
Like brief-blooming roses,  
Earth's purest of pure!  
Now ever embosomed  
In bliss they abide—  
Oh, may, when life closes,  
My meed be as sure!

## XXIII

## DESCRIPTION OF A GARDEN

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU was baptized at Covent Garden, May 26, 1689. She died in England, August 21, 1762. Her celebrated "Letters" give interesting accounts of her life in Constantinople during her husband's embassy to the Porte and his two years' subsequent residence in Constantinople. She assisted in introducing into England the process of inoculation, which she had observed in Adrianople. Lady Mary was contemporary with the English poet Pope, with whom after a long friendship she quarreled.

LADY MARY MONTAGU

This spot of ground is so beautiful, I am afraid you will scarce credit the description, which, however, I can assure you, shall be very literal, without any em-

bellishment from imagination. It is on a bank, forming a kind of peninsula, raised from the river Oglio fifty feet, to which you may descend by easy stairs cut in the turf, and either take the air on the river, which is as large as the Thames at Richmond, or by walking an avenue two hundred yards on the side of it, come to a wood of a hundred acres, which was already cut into walks and ridings when I took it. I have only added fifteen bowers from different views, with seats of turf. They were easily made, there being a large quantity of underwood, and a great number of wild vines, which twist to the top of the highest trees. I am now writing to you in one of these arbors, which is so thickly shaded the sun is not troublesome, even at noon. This little wood is carpeted, in their succeeding seasons, with violets and strawberries, inhabited by a nation of nightingales, and filled with game of all kinds excepting deer and wild boar.

I am really as fond of my garden as a young author of his first play when it has been well received by the town, and can no more forbear teasing my acquaintance for their approbation. I must tell you that I have made two little terraces, raised twelve steps each, at the end of my great walk; they are just finished, and a great addition to the beauty of my garden. I inclose to you a rough draft of it, drawn (or more properly scrawled) by my hand, without the assistance of rule or compasses, as you will easily perceive. I have mixed in my espaliers as many roses and jessamine trees as I can cram in; and in the squares designed for the use of the kitchen have avoided putting

anything disagreeable either to sight or smell, having another garden below for cabbage, onions, garlic, etc. All the walks are furnished with beds of flowers, besides the parterres, which are for a more distinguished sort. I have neither brick nor stone walls; all my fence is a high hedge, mingled with trees.

XXIV

SPRING FLOWERS FROM IRELAND

On Receiving an Early Crocus and Some Violets in a Second Letter from Ireland

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY was born in Dublin in 1817. He was one of the group of contributors who made "The Nation" famous in its early years. His lyrics dwell mostly on the tender side of life and nature. His great work is a translation of the plays of Calderon, the Spanish Shakespeare. MacCarthy was Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of Ireland. He died in 1882.

Within the letter's rustling fold  
 I find, once more—a glad surprise;  
 A little tiny cup of gold—  
 Two lovely violet eyes;—  
 A cup of gold with emeralds set,  
 Once filled with wine from happier spheres;  
 Two little eyes so lately wet  
 With spring's delicious dewy tears.

Oh! little eyes that wept and laughed,  
 Now bright with smiles, with tears now dim;

Oh! little cup, that once was quaffed  
By fay-queens fluttering round thy rim;  
I press each silken fringe's fold—  
Sweet little eyes, once more ye shine;  
I kiss thy lips, oh! cup of gold,  
And find thee full of memory's wine.

Within their violet depths I gaze,  
And see, as in the camera's gloom,  
The Island with its belt of bays,  
It's chieftain'd heights all capped with broom;  
Which, as the living lens it fills,  
Now seems a giant charmed to sleep—  
Now a board shield charmed with hills,  
Upon the bosom of the deep.

When will the slumbering giant awake?  
When will the shield defend and guard?  
Ah, me! prophetic gleams forsake  
The once rapt eyes of seer or bard.  
Enough if, shunning Samson's fate,  
It doth not all its vigor yield;  
Enough if plenteous peace, though late,  
May rest beneath the sheltering shield.

I see the long and lone defiles  
Of Keimaneigh's bold rocks uphurled;  
I see the golden-fruited isles  
That gem the queen-lakes of the world;  
I see a gladder sight to me—  
By soft Shangánagh's silver strand

The breaking of a sapphire sea  
Upon the golden-fretted sand.

Swiftly the tunnel's rock-hewn pass,  
Swiftly, the fiery train runs through—  
Oh! what a glittering sheet of glass!  
Oh! what enchantment meets my view!  
With eyes insatiate I pursue,  
Till Bray's bright headland bounds the scene—  
'Tis Baiae by a softer blue!  
Gaeta by a gladder green!

By tasseled groves, o'er meadows fair,  
I'm carried in my blissful dream,  
To where—a monarch in the air—  
The pointed mountain reigns supreme;  
There, in a spot remote and wild,  
I see once more the rustic seat  
Where Carrigoon, like a child,  
Sits at the mightier mountain's feet.

There by the gentler mountain's slope—  
That happiest year of many a year,  
That first sweet year of love and hope—  
With her then dear and ever dear,  
I sat upon the rustic seat—  
The seat an aged bay-tree crowns—  
And saw outspreading from our feet  
The golden glory of the Downs.

The furze-crowned heights, the glorious glen,  
The white-walled chapel glistening near,  
The house of God, the homes of men,

The fragrant hay, the ripening ear,  
There, where there seemed nor sin, nor crime,  
There in God's sweet and wholesome air—  
Strange book to read at such a time—  
We read of Vanity's false Fair.

We read the painful pages through—  
Perceived the skill, admired the art,  
Felt them if true, not wholly true—  
A truer truth was in our heart.  
Save fear and love of One, hath proved  
The sage, how vain is all below;  
And one was there who feared and loved,  
And one who loved that she was so.

The vision spreads, the memories grow,  
Fair phantoms crowd the more I gaze.  
Oh! cup of gold, with wine o'erflow,  
I'll drink to those departed days:  
And when I drain the golden cup  
To them, to those, I ne'er can see,  
With wine of hope I'll fill it up,  
And drink to days that yet may be.

I've drunk the future and the past,  
Now for a draught of warmer wine—  
One draught the sweetest and the last—  
Lady, I'll drink to thee and thine.  
These flowers that to my breast I fold,  
Into my very heart have grown—  
To thee I drain the cup of gold,  
And think the violet eyes thine own.



## XXV

## DIRECTIONS FOR READING

## BROTHER AZARIAS

BROTHER AZARIAS, F. S. C. (Patrick Francis Mullany), was born in Ireland in 1847. When a child he came with his parents to the United States; he lived for many years in Deerfield, New York. After attending the district school he went to the Academy of the Christian Brothers, in Utica. At a very early age he became a Christian Brother. He devoted himself especially to the study of English literature. In 1875 he was made president of Rock Hill College, Maryland. During the six years immediately preceding his death he held the professorship of English Literature in the De La Salle Institute,

## BROTHER AZARIAS

in New York City. Among his volumes may be mentioned "Old English Thought," "Aristotle and the Christian Schools," "Phases of Thought and Criticism," and "Books and Reading." Brother Azarias died near Plattsburg, August 20, 1893.

Read with attention. Attention is the fundamental condition of all reading, of all study, of all work properly done. What is its nature? It is a concentration of the mind upon an object of thought to the exclusion of all others. It is a habit, and, like all habits, to be acquired only by practice. One may live in a state

of habitual distraction as well as in a state of habitual attentiveness. The habit of perfect attention—the habit that we all of us seek to acquire as best befitting social beings who cannot shirk the claims and requirements of social life—is the attention that can without strain or effort, break off from one subject, pass on to another, and resume at once the thread of one's reading or thoughts. How may such attention be acquired? Where the reading-matter is congenial to the reader there is no difficulty; the attention becomes naturally and unconsciously absorbed in the subject. But where one is unaccustomed to reading, or where the reading-matter has no special interest, it is with an effort that one learns to control one's attention. I conceive a reader may in the following manner acquire this control:

(1) Set aside daily, according to leisure or occupation, a given portion of time for reading. The daily recurrence to a subject at precisely the same hour may be irksome, but it soon creates a habit which finally becomes a pleasure.

(2) Keep up the practice of using that time for the one purpose and nothing else. This induces the habit all the sooner, and renders it the more profitable. The principle of recurrence pervades nature. The seasons make their rounds within their appointed times. The grasses spring up, and ripen, and decay, and in their preordained seasons become renewed. It is the rhythmic recurrence of sound that makes poetry cling so easily to the memory. It is the rhythmic recurrence of a primary note that gives tone to the melody. It is the

rhythmic recurrence of wave-vibration—for such is light—that tints the flower and reveals the beauties of earth, and air, and starry sky. See the waterfall glint in the sun's rays; there also is rhythmic wave-motion. In a recurrence of good or bad actions is the soul made beautiful or ugly, for virtue and vice are habits. And so it is in the daily recurrence of attention concentrated upon thoughtful reading that intellectual labor is rendered fruitful.

(3) Focus the attention during the time of reading in such manner that the mind becomes wholly occupied with the reading matter. Better is a daily reading of half an hour made with sustained attention than a reading of two hours made in an indolent, half-dreamy fashion.

(4) Read with method. Absence of method in one's reading is a source of great distraction. Give yourself the habit while reading of making a mental catalogue of your impressions. Distinguish between the statements that are doubtful, and probable, and certain; between those that are of opinion, and credence, and presumption. You will find this practice of great aid in sustaining attention.

(5) When, in spite of all these precautions, you begin to find your thoughts wandering away from the page upon which your eyes are set, leave the book aside for the time being, and take up the reading of another subject that is more likely to fix your attention.

(6) Consult your dictionary. Do not give yourself the habit of passing over words of whose scope and

meaning you are ignorant. Such habit begets a slovenly mode of thinking. The ablest writers and thinkers can but ill dispense with their dictionary. It is a friend that steadies them in many a mental perplexity. All assimilation of thought is a process of translation. Every intellect has a certain limited vocabulary of words in which it thinks, and it fully grasps an idea only when it has translated that idea into its own familiar forms of expression. If a great aim of reading be mental growth, and if mental growth depend upon accuracy of conception, then it is of primary importance to know, beyond mere guess-work, the precise meaning of the words one reads.

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Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
This above all—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

## XXVI

## NIGHT

WILLIAM HABINGTON

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605–1654) belonged to an ancient Catholic family of England. His father narrowly escaped death on a false charge of having been connected with the Gunpowder Plot. The poet was educated by the Jesuits in France. Aubrey de Vere says: "Habington writes ever like a Christian and a gentleman, as well as like a poet: and few circumstances should teach us more to distrust the award of popular opinion than the obscurity in which his writings have so long remained."

When I survey the bright  
Celestial sphere,  
So rich with jewels hung, that night  
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear;

My soul her wings doth spread,  
And heavenward flies,  
The Almighty's mysteries to read  
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament  
Shoots forth no flame  
So silent, but is eloquent  
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star  
Contracts its light  
Into so small a character,  
Removed far from our human sight,

---

Ethiop: meaning here, Eastern, bedecked with ornaments.

But if we steadfast look,  
We shall discern  
In it, as in some holy book,  
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the Conqueror,  
That far stretch'd power  
Which his proud danger traffics for,  
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest North  
Some nation may  
Yet undiscover'd issue forth,  
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in  
With hills of ice,  
May be let out to scourge his sin,  
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall  
Their ruin have;  
For as yourselves your Empires fall,  
And every Kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,  
Though seeming mute,  
The fallacy of our desires  
And all the pride of life confute.

---

For they have watch'd since first  
The World had birth:  
And found sin in itself accursed,  
And nothing permanent on earth.

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## XXVII

## THE JOY OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE

. THOMAS À KEMPIS

The glory and privilege of a good man consists in the testimony of his own mind; for this is a perpetual feast and triumph. It sets him above the power of fortune, and makes the sharpest afflictions not only an exercise of his invincible patience, but a matter of undisturbed joy to him. Whereas, even prosperity itself cannot procure ease and content to a guilty and self-condemning breast. Wouldst thou enjoy a sweet and uninterrupted tranquillity? Keep all at peace within, and give thine own thoughts no cause to reproach thee. All the satisfaction we take or promise ourselves is vain and dangerous, except that only which proceeds from a sense of having done our duty. The men thou seest so gay, so seemingly full of delight, are galled and stung within; they have no inward, no true contentment; and, notwithstanding their most industrious pursuit of pleasure, that sentence of God is irreversible, and the sad effects of it hang over their hearts, that "there is no peace to the wicked."

A pure and quiet conscience does above all things dispose a man to rest contented with his condition; and

particularly with regard to the opinion of the world it is highly reasonable that he should do so. For what is any one really the better or the worse for what other people say of him? Their commendations add nothing to his virtue, nor does their dispraise and scandal take one whit from it. The man is still the same: what his own actions and the judgment of God make him. This is the standard of our worth and happiness; neither more nor less belongs to us than will be found to do so at the last great account, and that will depend, not upon what we were said or supposed to be, but upon what in very deed we were in this world. The more respect, therefore, we bear to the condition of our own minds, the less impression will the characters and reports of men make upon us. For God seeth not as men see: they observe the face and outward appearance, but he searcheth and understandeth the heart. They look upon the action, and form a judgment from thence; he sees our intentions, and condemns or acquits us according to our honesty and sincerity.

And when we are not anxiously concerned for the credit and testimony of men, then may we truly be said to have resigned ourselves to God, and to depend upon him, with that steadfast and holy confidence which becomes us. “Not he that commendeth himself” (no, nor he whom others commend) “is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth.”



## XXVIII

## EVANGELINE

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825, along with Hawthorne. A year afterward he was offered the chair of modern languages at Bowdoin. After qualifying himself by three years' study in Europe, he occupied this chair for six years, when he succeeded George Ticknor in the chair of modern languages at Harvard. He resigned in 1854 and was succeeded by James Russell Lowell. He made Cambridge his home till his death, in 1882. Longfellow's simplicity and clearness, his graceful and musical verse,

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

have made him perhaps the most popular of American poets. Among his long poems are "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn." He translated Dante's "Divina Commedia."

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to  
the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks with-  
out number.

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Grand-Pré: large meadow. Now part of the township of Horton.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmer had raised with  
labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the  
flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er  
the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards  
and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away  
to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the  
mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty  
Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their  
station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian  
village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and  
of hemlock,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign  
of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and  
gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the  
doorway.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
brightly the sunset

---

**Blomidon:** a headland at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the  
chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in  
kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the  
golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
within doors  
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and  
the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and  
the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to  
bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons  
and maidens,  
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate  
welcome.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and se-  
renely the sun sank  
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from  
the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the  
village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense  
ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and  
contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian far-  
mers—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they  
free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice  
of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their  
windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts  
of the owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in  
abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin  
of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-  
Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres, and with him, directing  
his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the  
village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy  
winters;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with  
snow-flakes;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as  
brown as the oak-leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen  
summers;  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the  
thorn by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown  
shade of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed  
in the meadows.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell  
from its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with  
his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon  
them,

Down the long street she passed with her chaplets of  
beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and  
the ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as  
an heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long gen-  
erations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after  
confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction  
upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of  
exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the  
farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and  
a shady

---

**hyssop:** a plant whose twigs were used for sprinkling in the ceremony  
of purification.

**missal:** a book containing all the prayers necessary for mass throughout  
the year.

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreath-  
ing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and  
a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the  
meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a  
penthouse,

Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the  
road-side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of  
Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with  
its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for  
the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were  
the barns and the farmyard;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique  
plows and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his  
feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with  
the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.  
In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a  
staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-  
loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates  
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

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XXIX

*DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS*

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

"Don Quixote," a satire on the romances of chivalry, has been translated into every language of Europe, including Turkish. Its author, MIGUEL DE CERVANTES, was born in 1547, about twenty miles from Madrid; he died at Madrid in 1616 (the year of Shakespeare's death). His own life reads like a second tale of adventure. When the Pope and the State of Venice organized a crusade against the Turks, Cervantes volunteered as a common soldier. He served in the expedition commanded by Don John of Austria. In the battle of Lepanto he lost the use of his left arm and hand for life. On

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

his return to Spain he was captured and compelled to pass five years in slavery in Algiers. He was ransomed by his family. Other works of his are "Twelve Instructive or Moral Tales," "Journey to Parnassus," and "Persiles and Sigismunda."

In a certain village in Spain, there lived one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance

upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef than mutton; and, with minced meat on most nights, lentils on Fridays and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three-quarters of his revenue. The rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same, for holidays; and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself for working-days. He was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an early riser, and fond of hunting.

Be it known, then, that when our gentleman had nothing to do (which was almost all the year round), he passed his time in reading books of knight errantry, which he did with that application and delight that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports, and even the care of his estate.

In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances, that at night he would pore on until day, and would read all day until it was night; and thus a world of extraordinary notions was crowded into his head.

Having thus confused his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain; for now he thought it convenient and necessary, as well for the increase of his own honor, as for the service of the public, to turn knight-errant, and roam about the whole world, armed cap-a-pie, and mounted on his steed, in quest of adventures;

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**lentils:** the seed of a plant common in the fields of Europe, used on the Continent as food.

**cap-a-pie:** from head to foot.



that thus imitating those knight-errants of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might purchase everlasting honor and renown.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armor that had belonged to his great grandfather, and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived there was a material piece wanting: for, instead of a complete helmet, there was only a single headpiece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver, or vizor, which, being fitted to the headpiece, made it look like an entire helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard vizor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week in doing. He did not like its being broken with so much ease, and therefore to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew, and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artfully that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so without any further experiment, he resolved it should pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

The next morning he went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out all over him. He was four days considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with

himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight, and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; so, after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante.

These preparations being made, he found his designs ripe for action, and thought it a crime to deny himself any longer to the injured world that wanted such a deliverer. So one morning before day, in the greatest heat of July, without acquainting any one with his design, with all the secrecy imaginable, he armed himself, laced on his ill-contrived helmet, braced on his target, grasped his lance, mounted Rozinante, and at the private door of his back yard sallied out into the fields, wonderfully pleased to see with how much ease he had succeeded in the beginning of his enterprise.

He persuaded one of his neighbors named Sancho Panza, a country laborer and an honest fellow, though poor in purse as well as in brains, to become his squire. As they were discoursing about Don Quixote's plans they discovered thirty or forty windmills which were in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire, " Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay, and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing good service, to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth."

“What giants?” said Sancho Panza.

“Those thou seest yonder,” answered his master, “with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues.”

“Look, sir,” answered Sancho, “those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills, and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go.”

“It is very evident,” answered Don Quixote, “that thou art not versed in the business of adventures. They are giants; and if thou art afraid, get thee aside, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat.”

So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud, “Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs, for it is a single knight who assaults you.” The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move; upon which Don Quixote called out, “Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it.”

Then being well covered with his buckler and setting his lance in rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled

it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over on the plain in very evil plight.

Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as he could; and when he came up to his master he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow that he and Rozinante had received in their fall.

“Did I not warn you,” quoth Sancho, “to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head.”

“Peace, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and my books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword.”

Sancho Panza, then helping him to rise, mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjointed.

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Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

XXX

OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809, and died in 1894. He is the author of a number of poems, of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and "Elsie Venner." He had a keen sense of humor and a sunny, genial disposition. He was Professor of Anatomy in the Harvard Medical School from 1847 to 1882.

His writings were popular both in America and abroad. The combination of science, philosophy and humor in his works commended them to a wide audience and caused many of his expressions to pass into proverbs.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down! long has it waved  
on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see that banner in the  
sky;—  
Beneath it rang the battle shout, and burst the cannon's  
roar;  
The meteor of the ocean air shall sweep the clouds no  
more!

This poem was written when it was proposed to break up a famous ship in the United States Navy. So great was the effect of the poem that the idea of dismantling the ship was abandoned.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood, where knelt the  
vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, and waves  
were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread, or know the con-  
quered knee;  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck the eagle of the  
sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk should sink beneath  
the wave!  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep, and there should  
be her grave!  
Nail to the mast her holy flag, set every threadbare  
sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,—the lightning and  
the gale!

---

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest,  
to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise,  
and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in  
the most graceful outward manner.

THACKERAY.

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**harpies:** in mythology horrible, greedy, winged monsters with the head  
and shoulders of a woman, and the rest of the body bird-like.

**god of storms:** in mythology various gods were supposed to preside over  
the forces of nature.

## XXXI

## RIP VAN WINKLE

## A Posthumous Writing of Diedrich Knickerbocker

WASHINGTON IRVING

Few, very few, can show a long succession of volumes so pure, so graceful, and so varied as can WASHINGTON IRVING. Among his writings are the "Sketch Book," a "Life of Washington," and a "Life of Columbus." He was born in New York in 1783, in time, as related in his biography, to receive a blessing from Washington. He spent seventeen years abroad. While in England he made friends with the poets Southey, Moore, and Campbell, and with the novelist Sir Walter Scott. He died at Irvington-on-the-Hudson in 1850. He is considered the "day-star" of American literature.

WASHINGTON IRVING

By Woden, God of Saxons,  
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday.  
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep  
Unto thylke day in which I creep into  
My sepulchre.—CARTWRIGHT.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dis-

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posthumous writing: a writing published after the death of its author.  
Diedrich Knickerbocker: Washington Irving's pen name.

membered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weather-cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which to tell the precise truth was sadly time-worn

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Peter Stuyvesant: Last Dutch governor of New York.



and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed. Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over, in their evening gossipings, to lay the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went

dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost hand at all country frolics for husking corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country: everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his field than anywhere else; the rain

always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do. So that his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with the least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing.

This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog, Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-enduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth

any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold, the unlucky Rip was at

length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught. Nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take a gun in his hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

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XXXII

RIP VAN WINKLE

PART II

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his

gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on the scene; evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; and he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing. "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and he turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fear-

fully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a



hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with those of the guide. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson; which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, and lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together.

His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured when no eye was fixed upon him to taste the beverage. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he repeated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On awaking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure

mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling

the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch hazel; and sometimes tripped up, or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was answered only by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered his rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

## XXXIII

## RIP VAN WINKLE

## PART III

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew. This somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there

was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me." He entered the house, which to tell the truth Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn, but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was glittering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All

this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe. But even this was singularly metamorphosed: the red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, and underneath was painted in large characters, General Washington.

There was as usual a crowd of folk about the door but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about them, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious looking fellow with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of 'seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity.

The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed. Planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his soul, he demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"



There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity

and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

He exclaimed, at this wit's end, " I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am! "

The bystanders now began to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. " Hush, Rip," cried she, " the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the woman, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

" What is your name, my good woman? " asked he.

" Judith Gardenier."

" And your father's name? "

" Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself,

or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" he cried—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

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#### XXXIV

#### RIP VAN WINKLE

#### PART IV

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the

alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrik Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain, and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected

for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor, how that there had been a Revolutionary war, that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his

head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he had always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrik Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

#### NOTE

The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphäuser Mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to

admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of a doubt.—D. K.”

#### POSTSCRIPT

The following are traveling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatskill, or Catskill mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old one into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruit to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou, or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer; lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud Ho! Ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock: Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond lilies, which lie on the surface. This

place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized, and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaterskill.

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## XXXV

## TO THE CUCKOO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850) was an English poet. After traveling in Germany he settled down at the Lakes, forming one of the Lake School (Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey). During the last seven years of his life he was Poet Laureate,<sup>c</sup> in succession to Southey. Much that he has written is commonplace, but "Tintern Abbey" and "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" are among the world's great poetry. Nearly all of Wordsworth's poems are reflective.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice;  
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice?



While I'm lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off, and near.

Though babling only to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listen'd to; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessèd bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place  
That is fit home for thee!

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## XXXVI

## THE RAVEN

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE, born at Boston in 1809, died at Baltimore in 1849, was a writer of very musical poems and a remarkable series of short stories. Among his poems is the famous "Raven." Some of his best prose tales are "The Gold Bug," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "A Descent into the Maelstrom." His stories betray a keen intellectual insight. They have also the narrative merits of directness, vividness, and power of exciting suspense. In his last years he was a victim of insanity. In some respects his genius is the greatest in American literature.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak  
and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten  
lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came  
a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

“ ’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “ tapping at my chamber door,—

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

“ ’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—

This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,  
“ Sir,” said I, “ or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you.”—Here I opened wide the door:—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “ Lenore! ”—  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “ Lenore! ”—

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.  
“ Surely,” said I, “ surely that is something at my window-lattice:

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery  
explore,—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery  
explore:

’Tis the wind, and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt  
and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days  
of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped  
or stayed he,

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my  
chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber  
door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into  
smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance  
it wore,

“ Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said,  
“ art sure no craven,

Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the  
Nightly shore—

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Pluto-  
nian shore! ”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore.”

---

**Pallas:** Minerva, goddess of wisdom.

**Plutonian:** Pluto was the god or king of Hades or the underworld.

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse  
so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy  
bore;  
For we can not help agreeing that no living human  
being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his cham-  
ber door,  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his cham-  
ber door,  
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke  
only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did  
outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he  
fluttered,  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends  
have flown before:  
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have  
flown before!”  
Then the bird said “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly  
spoken,  
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock  
and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful  
disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one  
burden bore,—  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden  
bore  
Of Never—Nevermore! ”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into  
smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird  
and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to  
linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird  
of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous  
bird of yore  
Meant in croaking “ Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-  
pressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my  
bosom's core:  
This, and more I sat divining, with my head at ease  
reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight  
gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight  
gloating o'er,  
She shall press, ah, Nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from  
an unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the  
tufted floor.

“Wretch!” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by  
these angels He hath sent thee,

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of  
Lenore!

Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost  
Lenore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if  
bird or devil!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee  
here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-  
chanted—

On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly, I  
implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me, I  
implore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if  
bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we  
both adore!—

---

**Seraphim:** seraphs, angels.

**nepenthe:** forgetfulness. Nepenthe was a drug used to bring on sleep.

**balm in Gilead:** any remedy for evil or sorrow.



Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant  
Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name  
Lenore,—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels  
name Lenore.”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore! ”

“ Be that word our sign of parting, bird or friend! ”  
I shrieked, up starting—

“ Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s  
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul  
hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above  
my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form  
from off my door! ”

Quoth the Raven, “ Nevermore! ”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is  
sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber  
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is  
dreaming,

And the lamplight o’er him streaming throws his  
shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating  
on the floor

Shall be lifted—Nevermore!

## XXXVII

## THE BLIND BOY

COLLEY CIBBER

COLLEY CIBBER (1671–1757) was an English actor, theatrical manager, and poet. The theater he managed was Drury Lane. He enjoyed the honor of being Poet Laureate.

O say what is that thing called Light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy;  
What are the blessings of the sight,  
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make  
Whene'er I sleep or play;  
And could I ever keep awake  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My cheer of mind destroy:  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

XXXVIII

**A CHRISTMAS HYMN**

ALFRED DOMETT

ALFRED DOMETT (1811–1887) was a poet, lawyer, and statesmen. In 1842 he emigrated from his native land, England, to New Zealand, of which country he became prime minister. He returned to England in 1871.

It was the calm and silent night!—  
Seven hundred years and fifty three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was Queen of land and sea!  
No sound was heard of clashing wars;  
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain;  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,  
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!  
The senator of haughty Rome  
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,  
From lordly revel rolling home!  
Triumphal arches gleaming swell  
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;  
What reck'd the Roman what befell  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor:  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door  
Across his path. He passed, for nought  
Told what was going on within;  
How keen the stars! his only thought;  
The air how calm and cold and thin,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference!—low and high  
Drowsed over common joys and cares;  
The earth was still—but knew not why;  
The world was listening—unawares;  
How calm a moment may precede  
One that shall thrill the world forever!  
To that still moment none would heed,  
Man's doom was link'd no more to sever,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!  
A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness charmed and holy now!  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given;  
For in that stable lay new-born  
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago!

XXXIX

**DIRECTIONS FOR AVOIDING PRIDE AND VAIN  
CONFIDENCE**

THOMAS A KEMPIS

Think it not below you to submit to the meanest good offices for the services of your brethren and for the sake of Jesus Christ; nor count it any shame to be thought mean and poor in this world. Do your own endeavor honestly and faithfully, and never doubt of God's assistance. Depend not upon your own wisdom, and place not any confidence in the greatest man living; but let your whole trust rest entirely upon the favor of God, who bringeth down and "resteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble, and exalteth those who are content to abase themselves."

Boast not of riches because they are in your present possession; nor of friends because they have power and interest; but if you will glory, glory in God, who is able to give all things, and willing to give that which is better than all, even himself. And why should the strength and beauty of your person puff you up with pride, when it is in the power of a very little sickness to bring upon you extreme weakness and odious deformity? If you be inclined to value your wit and address above due measure, remember from what hand these came, and do not provoke the Giver by abusing the gift.

Fancy not yourself better than your neighbors, for fear that God, who knows what is in every man, think

the worse of you upon that account. Nay, value not yourself even for what you have done well, for God judgeth not as man judgeth; and what we often are highly satisfied with he sometimes thinks not fit so much as to approve. If you be conscious of anything good in yourself, think that the same, or better, qualities may likewise be found in others; for while you allow their excellences, it will be no difficult matter to preserve a modest opinion of your own. There can come no harm of supposing every other man better than yourself; but supposing any man worse than yourself may be attended with very ill consequences. “The meek,” says the Scripture, “is refreshed in the multitude of peace;” but the proud in spirit is “like a troubled sea,” perpetually tossed and driven by the fierce commotions of anger and emulation and envy and disdain, which never suffer him to be easy and composed.

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## XL

## THE LAST LEAF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
    Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
    Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
    Sad and wan;  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
    “ They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
    In their bloom;  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
    On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
    Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
    In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
    Like a staff;

And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
    In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
    At him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
    Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
    In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
    Where I cling.

---

O Man, forgive thy mortal foe,  
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;  
For all the souls on earth that live  
To be forgiven must forgive.  
Forgive him seventy times and seven:  
For all the blèssed souls in Heaven  
Are both forgivers and forgiven.

TENNYSON.



## XLI

## THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THEODORE O'HARA

THEODORE O'HARA (1820-1867) was born in Kentucky. He served through the Mexican War, and was an officer in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. Only two of his poems have been preserved to history—"A Dirge for the Brave Old Pioneer," and the poem here given. The last four lines of the first stanza of this poem are inscribed over the gateway of the National Cemetery at Washington. These lines and others of the poem are placed along the paths of nearly all the soldiers' cemeteries, North and South. The poem was written upon the occasion of the burial in Frankfort of O'Hara's comrades who fell in Mexico.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn, nor screaming fife,  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their plumèd heads are bowed;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud.  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow;  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are past;  
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that never more may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane  
That sweeps this great plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
Came down the serried foe.  
Who heard the thunder of the fray  
Break o'er the field beneath,  
Knew well the watchword of that day  
Was "Victory or Death!"

Long had the doubtful conflict raged  
O'er all that stricken plain,  
For never fiercer fight had waged  
The vengeful blood of Spain;

And still the storm of battle blew,  
Still welled the gory tide;  
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,  
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command  
Called to a martyr's grave  
The flower of his belovèd land,  
The nation's flag to save.  
By rivers of their fathers' gore  
His first-born laurels grew,  
And well he deemed their sons would pour  
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept  
O'er Angostura's plain  
And long the pitying sky has wept  
Above the mouldering slain.  
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
Alone awakes each sullen height  
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air;  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave;

---

**Angostura:** a pass near Buena Vista, Mexico.

**Dark and Bloody Ground:** the meaning of the Indian word, Kentucky.

She claims from war its richest spoil,—  
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field,  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,  
On many a bloody shield;  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood ye gave;  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,  
In deathless song shall tell,  
When many a vanished year hath flown,  
The story how ye fell.  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Shall dim one ray of glory's light  
That gilds your deathless tomb.

---

**Spartan mother:** the Spartan mother bade her son to return with his shield or on it, that is, as victor or dead.

## XLII

## A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

JONATHAN SWIFT

## PART I

JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1667. He was educated at Kilkenny Grammar School and Trinity College, Dublin. He died in 1745, after some years of madness. The best of his work is prose. He wrote his greatest works during the last thirty years of his life. The selection given below is from his famous satire, "Gulliver's Travels." Swift's style is a model of excellence because of its perfect simplicity and clearness. It is enlivened with keen irony. Swift attacked the abuse of farming out the privilege of supplying Ireland with copper coins in some wonderful letters, which raised him to the height of popularity.

JONATHAN SWIFT

After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Pritchard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Seas. We set sail from Bristol, the 4th of May, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him, that in our pas-

sage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and poor food; the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was over-set by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but I conclude they were all lost.

I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I reached about eight o'clock in the evening.

I then advanced near half a mile, but I could not

discover any signs of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I could not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life.

I reckon that I slept about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards: the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the posture I lay, I could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt by the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get

a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah degul!"; the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. By lifting it up to my face I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout and a very shrill accent, and after it had ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, "Tolgo phonac." Then, in an instant, I felt about a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce.

I thought it the most prudent method to lie still,



and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw.

But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, but by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for about an hour, like that of people at work. Turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

I should have mentioned that, before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, “*Langro dehul san.*” (These words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me.) Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the three that attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger;

the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and, being almost famished with hunger, not having eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency), by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signal that I wanted food. The hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which about a hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent hither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted a drink.

They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

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XLIII

*A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT*

PART II

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted with joy, and danced upon my breast. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I felt, which probably might not be the worst thing they could do, and the promise of honor I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behavior—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body,

while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue, and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my left hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train), and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observed likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens

to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased.

Upon this, the hurgo and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn on my right side. But before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's orders, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogs-heads of wine.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four feet wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was

upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing.

X It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to my bandages, which the workmen had got around my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep. They climbed into the engine, and advanced softly to my face. One of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the

remaining part of the day, and I rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I offered to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of these people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that, on the left side, the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six and thirty padlocks.

Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred

thousand inhabitants came out of the town on the same errand; and in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand who at several times, mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon, I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life.

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Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control  
That o'er thee swell and throng;  
They will condense within thy soul,  
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run  
In soft luxurious flow,  
Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,  
Where hearts and wills are weighed,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour and fade.

NEWMAN.



## XLIV

## TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The "Father of American Song" is WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. He was contemporary with Irving and Cooper. He was born in 1794 at Cumming-ton, Massachusetts. He tells us himself that from the "earliest years he was a delighted observer of external nature." Although admitted to the bar as a lawyer he, at the first opportunity, abandoned his profession for journalism and literature. In 1829 he became editor-in-chief and part proprietor of the New York "Evening Post." He translated the Iliad and the Odyssey. In his poems he never surpassed his early "Thanatopsis" and

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

"Ode to a Waterfowl." The subject of the first of these poems is treated with a noble seriousness. Bryant was truly a poet of nature. He died in 1878, having witnessed nearly the first hundred years of our national life.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,

As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—  
The desert and illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone  
Will lead my steps aright.

## XLV

## THE RETIRED CAT

WILLIAM COWPER

WILLIAM COWPER was born in England in 1731. After a life clouded at times with mental disease he died in 1800. He was fifty years old before his poetical genius was exhibited. His greatest work was "The Task." It is mainly a description of himself and his life in the country. He loved nature entirely for her own sake. To the suggestion of Lady Austen we are indebted for his humorous ballad, "John Gilpin." Of his other poems, the most famous are "The Castaway" and "Boadicea." His letters are among the best in the English language.

WILLIAM COWPER

A poet's cat, sedate and grave  
As poet well could wish to have,  
Was much addicted to inquire  
For nooks to which she might retire,  
And where, secure as mouse in chink,  
She might repose, or sit and think.  
I know not where she caught the trick—  
Nature perhaps herself had cast her  
In such a mould philosophique,  
Or else she learnt it of her master.

Sometimes ascending, debonair,  
An apple tree, or lofty pear,  
Lodged with convenience in the fork,  
She watch'd the gardener at his work;  
Sometimes her ease and solace sought  
In an old empty watering-pot;  
There, wanting nothing save a fan,  
To seem some nymph in her sedan  
Apparel'd in exactest sort,  
And ready to be borne to court.  
But love of change, it seems, has place  
Not only in our wiser race;  
Cats also feel, as well as we,  
That passion's force, and so did she.  
Her climbing, she began to find,  
Exposed her too much to the wind,  
And the old utensil of tin  
Was cold and comfortless within;  
She therefore wish'd instead of those  
Some place of more serene repose,  
Where neither cold might come, nor air  
Too rudely wanton with her hair,  
And sought it in the likeliest mode  
Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined  
With linen of the softest kind,  
With such as merchants introduce  
From India, for the ladies' use,  
A drawer impending o'er the rest,

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**sedan:** a lady's chair, used instead of a carriage.

Half open in the topmost chest,  
Of depth enough, and none to spare,  
Invited her to clamber there.  
Puss with delight beyond expression  
Survey'd the scene, and took possession.  
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,  
And lull'd by her own humdrum song,  
She left the cares of life behind,  
And slept as she would sleep her last,  
When in came, housewifely inclined,  
The chambermaid, and shut it fast;  
By no malignity impell'd,  
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awakened by the shock (cried puss)  
"Was ever cat attended thus?  
The open drawer was left, I see,  
Merely to prove a nest for me,  
For soon as I was well composed,  
Then came the maid and it was closed.  
How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet!  
Oh what a delicate retreat!  
I will resign myself to rest  
Till Sol, declining in the west,  
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,  
Susan will come and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,  
And puss remain'd still unattended:  
The night roll'd tardily away  
(With her indeed 'twas never day),  
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,

The evening gray again ensued,  
And puss came into mind no more  
Than if entomb'd the day before.  
With hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,  
She now presaged approaching doom,  
Nor slept a single wink, or purr'd,  
Conscious of jeopardy incurr'd.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,  
Heard an inexplicable scratching;  
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,  
And to himself he said—"What's that?"  
He drew the curtain at his side,  
And forth he peep'd, but nothing spied,  
Yet, by his ear directed, guess'd  
Something imprison'd in the chest,  
And, doubtful what, with prudent care  
Resolved it should continue there.  
At length a voice which well he knew,  
A long and melancholy mew,  
Saluting his poetic ears,  
Consoled him and dispell'd his fears:  
He left his bed, he trod the floor,  
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,  
The lowest first, and without stop  
The rest in order to the top.  
For 'tis a truth well known to most,  
That whatsoever thing is lost,  
We seek it, ere it come to light,  
In every cranny but the right.  
Forth skipp'd the cat, not now replete  
As erst with airy self-conceit,

Nor in her own fond apprehension  
A theme for all the world's attention,  
But modest, sober, cured of all  
Her notions hyperbolical,  
And wishing for a place of rest  
Any thing rather than a chest.  
Then stepp'd the poet into bed  
With this reflection in his head.

Moral.

Beware of too sublime a sense  
Of your own worth and consequence;  
The man who dreams himself so great  
And his importance of such weight  
That all around, in all that's done,  
Must move and act for him alone,  
Will learn in school of tribulation  
The folly of his expectation.

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Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man in the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal that is never caught or tamed but by kindness and pleasure.

SOCRATES.

## XLVI

## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

On Turning One Down with the Plow

ROBERT BURNS

ROBERT BURNS, the son of a humble farmer, was born at Alloway, near Ayr, Scotland, in 1759. He died at the early age of thirty-seven, in 1796. Burns lived when the times wanted "nature and song, and he gave both." Born of the people, he was preëminently their poet. Among his loveliest lyrics are "O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast" and "To Mary in Heaven." Perhaps his most popular poem is "The Cotter's Saturday Night." His songs are unsurpassed in sincerity, simplicity and melody.

ROBERT BURNS

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
 For I maun crush amang the stoure  
     Thy slender stem:  
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r  
     Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie lark, companion meet!  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!

maun: must.

stoure: dust.

weet: wet.



Wi' spreckled breast,  
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth

Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,  
But thou, beneath the random bield

O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head,  
In humble guise;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple Bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!  
Unskillful he to note the card  
Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
And whelm him o'er!

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wa's: walls.

stibble: stubble.

bield: shelter.

card: compass.

histie: dry.

Such faith to suffering worth is giv'n,  
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,  
By human pride or cunning driv'n  
    To mis'ry's brink,  
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,  
    He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date;  
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,  
    Full on thy bloom,  
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
    Shall be thy doom!

## XLVII

## THE MISSION OF ST. AUGUSTIN

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT

COUNT CHARLES FORBES DE MONTALEMBERT, born at London May 29, 1810; died at Paris, March 13, 1870, has left behind him a rich memorial of some of the promoters of Christianity, in his voluminous work, "The Monks of the West." Montalembert was a French historian, orator, and statesman. Another important work of his life is the "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary."

## PART I

In the year of grace, 586 or 587, slaves of both sexes and of all countries, and among them some children, young Saxons, were exposed for sale in the Roman forum like any other commodity. Among the specta-

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St. Augustin, or Austin: must not be confounded with St. Augustine, the son of St. Monica.

tors appears the gentle, the generous, the immortal Gregory.

This scene, which the father of English history found among the traditions of his Northumbrian ancestors, and the dialogue in which are portrayed with such touching and quaint originality the pious and compassionate spirit of Gregory, and at the same time his strange love of punning, has been a hundred times rehearsed. Every one knows how, at the sight of these young slaves, struck with the beauty of their countenances, the dazzling purity of their complexions, the length of their fair locks (probable index of aristocratic birth), he inquired what was their country and their religion. The slave-dealer informed him that they came from the island of Britain, where every one had the same beauty of complexion, and that they were heathens. Heaving a profound sigh, Gregory said, "What evil luck that the grace of these countenances should reflect a soul void of the inward grace! But what nation are they of?" "They are Angles." "They are well named, for these Angles have the faces of angels in Heaven. From what province have they been brought?" "From Deira" (one of the two kingdoms of Northumbria). "Still good," answered he. "*De ira eruti*—they shall be snatched from the ire of God, and called to the mercy of Christ. And how name they the king of their country?" "Alle or Aella." "So be it; he is right well named, for they shall soon sing the Alleluia in his kingdom."

All authors unanimously admit that from that moment he conceived the grand design of bringing over the Anglo-Saxons to the Catholic Church. Scarcely had he been elected pope, when this great and cherished design became the object of his constant thought. At last, in the sixth year of his pontificate, he decided to select as the apostles of the distant island, the monks of the monastery of St. Andrew, on Mount Coelius, and to appoint as their leader Augustin, the prior of that beloved house.

Absolutely nothing is known of Augustin's history previous to the solemn days on which, in obedience to the commands of the pontiff, who had been his abbot, he and his forty comrades tore themselves from the motherly bosom of that community which was to them as their native land.

He must, as prior of the abbey, have exhibited distinguished qualifications ere he could have been chosen by Gregory for such a mission.

Augustin and his companions arrived without hindrance in Provence, and they stopped for some time at Lerins, in that Mediterranean isle of the saints where, a century and a half before, Patrick, the monastic apostle of the western Isle of Saints, had sojourned for nine years before he was sent by Pope Celestine to evangelize Ireland. But, there or elsewhere, the Roman monks received frightful accounts of the country they were going to convert. They were told that the Anglo-Saxon people, of whose language they were ignorant, were a nation of wild beasts, thirsting for innocent blood—a race whom it was impossible to approach or

conciliate, and to land on whose coasts was to rush to certain destruction. They took fright at these tales; and persuaded Augustin to return to Rome to beseech the pope to relieve them from a journey so toilsome, so perilous, and so useless. Instead of listening to their request, Gregory sent Augustin back to them with a letter in which they were ordered to recognize Augustin henceforth as their abbot—to obey him in everything, and, above all, not to let themselves be terrified by the toils of the way or the tongue of the detractor. “Better were it,” wrote Gregory, “not to begin that good work at all, than to give it up after having commenced it. . . . Forward then in God’s name. . . . The more you have to suffer, the brighter will your glory be in eternity. May the grace of the Almighty protect you, and grant to me to behold the fruit of your labors in the eternal country; if I cannot share your toil, I shall none the less rejoice in the harvest, for God knows that I lack not good will.”

Augustin was the bearer of numerous letters of the same date written by the pope.

Thus stimulated and encouraged, Augustin and his monks took courage and again set out upon their way. Their obedience won the victory. They traversed the whole of France, ascending the Rhine, and descending the Loire, protected by the princes and bishops to whom the pope had recommended them, but not without suffering more than one insult at the hands of the lower orders, especially in Anjou, where these forty men in pilgrim garb, walking together, resting sometimes at night under no other shelter than that of large

trees, were regarded as were-wolves and were assailed with yellings and abuse.

After having traversed the whole of Frankish Gaul, Augustin and his companions brought their journey to a close on the southern shore of Great Britain, at the point where it approaches nearest to the continent, and where the previous conquerors of England had already landed: Julius Caesar, who revealed it to the Roman world; and Hengist with his Saxons, who brought to it with its new name the impress of the Teutonic race. To these two conquests a third was now about to succeed.

The new conquerors, like Julius Caesar, arrived under the ensign of Rome—but of Rome the Eternal, not the Imperial. They came to restore the law of the gospel, which the Saxons had drowned in blood. But in setting, forever, the seal of the Christian faith upon the soil of England, they struck no blow at the independent character and powerful originality of the people, whom, in converting to the true faith, they succeeded in consolidating into a nation.

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#### XLVIII

### THE MISSION OF ST. AUGUSTIN

#### PART II

On the south side of the mouth of the river Thames, and at the northeast corner of the country of Kent,

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**were-wolves:** wolves who sometimes appeared as men, sometimes as wolves.

lies a district which is still called the Isle of Thanet. There, where the steep white cliffs of the coast suddenly divide to make way for a sandy creek, near the ancient port of the Romans at Richborough, and between the modern towns of Sandwich and Ramsgate, the Roman monks set foot for the first time on British soil. The rock which received the first print of the footsteps of Augustin was long preserved and venerated, and was the object of many pilgrimages, in gratitude to the living God for having led thither the apostle of England.

Immediately on his arrival the envoy of Pope Gregory dispatched the interpreters, with whom he had been provided in France, to the king of the country in which the missionaries had landed, to announce to him that they came from Rome, and that they brought to him the best of news—the true glad tidings—the promise of celestial joy, and of an eternal reign in the fellowship of the living and true God.

King Ethelbert did not immediately permit the Roman monks to visit him in the Roman city of Canterbury, where he dwelt. While providing for their maintenance, he forbade their leaving the island on which they had landed until he had deliberated on the course he should pursue. At the close of some days he went himself to visit them, but he would not meet them except in the open air. It is difficult to imagine what pagan superstition made him dread foul play if he allowed himself to be brought under the same roof with the strangers. At the sound of his approach they advanced to meet him in procession.

“The history of the Church,” says Bossuet, “contains nothing finer than the entrance of the holy monk Augustin into the kingdom of Kent with forty of his companions, who, preceded by the cross and the image of the great king, our Lord Jesus Christ, offered their solemn prayers for the conversion of England.”

At that moment when, upon a soil once Christian, Christianity once more found itself face to face with idolatry, the strangers besought the true God to save, with their own souls, all those for whose love they had torn themselves from their peaceful cloister at home and had taken this hard enterprise in hand. They chanted the litanies in use at Rome in the solemn and touching strains which they had learned from Gregory, their spiritual father and the father of religious music. At their head marched Augustin, whose lofty stature and patrician presence attracted every eye; for, like Saul, “he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upwards.”

The king, surrounded by a number of his followers, received them seated under a great oak, and made them sit down before him. After having listened to the address which they delivered to him and to the assembly, he gave them a loyal, sincere, and, as we should say in these days, truly liberal answer. “You make fair speeches and promises,” he said, “but all this is to me new and uncertain. I cannot all at once put faith in what you tell me, and abandon all that I, with my whole nation, have for so long a time held sacred.”

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**Bossuet:** a celebrated French priest, orator, and writer (1627-1704).



But since you have come from so far away to impart to us what you yourselves, by what I see, believe to be the truth and the supreme good, we shall do you no hurt; on the contrary, we shall show you all hospitality, and shall take care to furnish you with means of living. We shall not hinder you from preaching your religion, and you shall convert whom you can." By these words the king intimated to them his desire to reconcile fidelity to the national customs, with a respect for liberty of conscience too rarely found in history.

Faithful to his engagement, Ethelbert allowed the missionaries to follow him to Canterbury, where he assigned them a dwelling, which still exists under the name of the Stable Gate. The forty missionaries made a solemn entry into the town, carrying their silver cross along with a picture of Christ painted on wood, and chanting in unison the response of their litany, "We beseech thee, O Lord, by thy pity, to spare in thy wrath this city and thy holy house, for we have sinned. Alleluia." It was thus, says a monastic historian, that the first fathers and teachers of the faith in England entered their future metropolis, and inaugurated the triumphant labors of the cross of Jesus.

There was outside the town, to the east, a small church dedicated to St. Martin, dating from the time of the Romans, whither Queen Bertha was in the habit of going to pray, and to celebrate the offices of religion. Thither also went Augustin and his companions to chant their monastic office, to celebrate mass, to preach, and to baptize. Here, then, we behold them, thanks to the royal munificence, with the necessities of life,

endowed with the supreme blessing of liberty, and using that liberty in laboring to propagate the truth. They lived here the life of the apostles in the primitive church—assiduous in prayer, in vigils, in fasts; they preached the word of life to all whom they could reach, and, despising this world's goods, accepting from their converts nothing beyond what was strictly necessary, lived in all harmony with their doctrine, and were ever ready to suffer or to die for the truth they preached. The innocent simplicity of their life, and the heavenly sweetness of their doctrine, appeared to the Saxons arguments of invincible eloquence; and every day the number of candidates for baptism increased.

The good and loyal Ethelbert did not lose sight of them; soon, charmed like so many others by the purity of their life, and allured by their promises, the truth of which was attested by more than one miracle, he sought and obtained baptism at the hand of Augustin. It was Whit Sunday, in the year of grace 597, that this Anglo-Saxon king entered into the unity of the Holy Church of Christ. Since the baptism of Constantine, and excepting that of Clovis, there had not been any event of greater moment in the annals of Christendom.

A crowd of Saxons followed the example of their king, and the missionaries issued from their first asylum to preach in all quarters, building churches also here and there. The king, faithful to the last, to that noble respect for the individual conscience of which he had given proof even before he was a Christian, was unwilling to constrain any one to change his religion.

The Saxon king had learned from the Italian monks that no constraint is compatible with the service of Christ.

In the meanwhile Augustin, perceiving that he should henceforward be at the head of an important Christian community, and in conformity to the Pope's instructions, returned to France in order to be there consecrated Archbishop of the English.

On his return to Canterbury he found that the example of the king and the labors of his companions had borne fruit beyond all expectation; so much so, that at the festival of Christmas in the same year, 597, more than ten thousand Anglo-Saxons presented themselves for baptism; and that sacrament was administered to them in the Thames at the mouth of the Medway.

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XLIX

*DEATH THE LEVELER*

JAMES SHIRLEY

JAMES SHIRLEY was born in London, in 1598. He died in 1666, the year of the great fire. He was ordained a clergyman in the Church of England, but he afterward became a Catholic. As a writer he is best known by the famous lyric here given.

The glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
Scepter and crown  
Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:  
But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
They tame but one another still:  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath,  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor-victim bleeds:  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

---

From pain to pain, from woe to woe,  
With loving hearts and footsteps slow,  
To Calvary with Christ we go.  
See how His Precious Blood  
At every Station pours!  
Was ever grief like His?  
Was ever sin like ours?

L

THE EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE

AGNES M. STEWART

King Henry VIII of England put aside his Queen, Catharine, and married Anne Boleyn, whom he wished recognized as queen. To this the Pope objected, declaring the second marriage invalid. Henry tried all means to win over so powerful and pious a man as Sir Thomas More, who had been Lord High Chancellor. More rejected all inducements, and was finally thrown into prison. He was born in 1480 and executed in 1535. More's principal work, "Utopia," was written in Latin. It is, like Plato's "Commonwealth," a description of an ideal country and people. His "Letters" and "History of Edward V" are in a clear, idiomatic English.

More had been kept in ignorance as to the day on which the king had determined he should be divested of this mortal coil, and his heart must needs have exulted when early in the morning of the sixth of July, his friend, Sir Thomas Pope, visited his dungeon. He at once surmised what had brought him thither.

"My dear old friend," said Pope, "I bring a message to you from the king and council, and I would that I had not to deliver it: you are to suffer death this day at nine o'clock. Therefore it is meet you should prepare yourself."

"I heartily thank you for the tidings you have brought me," was the reply; "I have been much indebted to the king for his favors and benefit, but for none do I thank him more than for putting me here, where I have had much time to remember my last end, and much am I beholden to him for ridding me of the miseries of this world."

“ Moreover, it is the king’s will that you speak not any words at your execution.”

“ You do well, Mr. Pope, to warn me of the king’s desire. I had purposed to speak to the people, but on no matter at which his Grace might be offended; but I am ready to conform myself to his commands; and now I beseech you, good Mr. Pope, beg of his Majesty to allow my daughter Margaret to be present at my burial.”

“ The king is quite content that your wife and children should be present at it.”

“ Much am I beholden to his Grace for such kind consideration respecting my poor burial.”

Sir Thomas Pope then took his leave of More, who, seeing the tears burst forth, for he could no longer restrain his emotion, exclaimed:

“ Be calm, Pope, my kind friend. I trust we shall meet in Heaven, where we shall live eternally and enjoy each other’s company in everlasting bliss.”

Then the friends parted, and Sir Thomas More, as one invited to a great feast, arrayed himself in a silken gown, sent him by his kind friend Bonvyse, and, kneeling down, he spent some time in earnest prayer.

Kingston was the first who entered the dungeon, and the silken garment at once attracting his attention, he begged him to take it off, exclaiming, “ The fellow who will take it as his perquisite is but a javel.”

“ How say you, Mr. Lieutenant? ” was More’s reply. “ Am I to reckon him a javel who will this day confer

the greatest benefit on me? Nay, Kingston, were it made of cloth of gold he ought to have it. I mind me that St. Cyprian, the famous Bishop of Carthage, gave the executioner thirty pieces of gold because he was going to do him so good a turn."

"Nevertheless," still urged the lieutenant, "I cannot be of your mind."

For freindship's sake More would no longer deny him what he asked, so he threw aside his silken garment, and put on a frieze gown instead, leaving for the executioner a single gold angel, as a sign that he bore him no ill-will.

Just as the clock of the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula struck the hour of nine, a melancholy procession issued from the Tower.

More walked beside the lieutenant. His face was thin and pale, but his keen gray eyes were still clear and bright, his beard had become very long from neglect, and in his clasped hands he bore a red cross. Often raising his eyes to Heaven, he showed that he was inwardly praying.

As the mournful procession passed by the house of a woman with whom More had dealt in former times, she came forth with a cup of wine, but he gently refused it, saying: "Christ at his passion drank no wine, but gall and vinegar."

Brightly shone the summer sun on the scaffold and its sad surroundings, and More for a moment paused

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**Tower:** the Tower of London; a collection of buildings in the eastern part of London, formerly containing a state prison, now used as an arsenal and storehouse for various objects of public interest

and looked at it steadily; then said he, placing his hand on Kingston's shoulder: "I pray you, sir, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

A numerous throng of persons had assembled, and More was about to address them, when the sheriff interrupted him, so that he contented himself by merely asking the people to pray for him, and to bear witness that he died in the faith of the holy Catholic Church, and was a faithful servant of God and the king.

And then he reverently knelt, and in a firm, loud voice he said the Miserere psalm, and when he had finished it, he arose, and the executioner asking his forgiveness, said he, kissing him:

"Thou wilt do me this day the greatest benefit one man can confer upon another. Pluck up thy spirit, man, and fear not to perform thy office; but my neck is very short, so take heed that thou strike not awry, to save thy credit."

The executioner would then have covered his eyes, but he stopped him, saying, "That will I do for myself," and he bound over them a cloth he had brought with him for that purpose, and kneeling down, he laid his head on the block, and bade the man stay till he had removed his beard, saying, "That at least hath done no treason."

One moment more, and amid the hush of a great multitude, in the brightness of the early summer morning, one blow of the ax severed the martyr's head from his body, and his soul was carried up by angels to the footstool of the God whom he had ever faithfully served.



So passed he out of this world on the very day which he had himself so much desired.

And the head of this English Cicero was at once placed on London Bridge as the head of a traitor.

His conduct on the scaffold has been censured as being too light for the occasion, but it was so natural to him, and the consciousness of his integrity gave him such inward pleasure, that what was a mournful solemnity to the spectators was to him a subject of joy.

“He revered his conscience as his king, and died on the scaffold a martyr to his integrity.”

Thus ended the life of the great Sir Thomas More, who, for his judgment, humanity, devotion, sweetness of temper, and contempt for the world, was the ornament of his own, and may be an example to every age.

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LI

## NIGHT

WILLIAM BLAKE

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827), an English poet and artist, produced several small volumes of verse: “Poetical Sketches” and “Songs of Experience,” not “in any sense published, and hardly in any sense printed at all, being worked, texts and designs alike, from copper plates, and colored by hand.” Some of his poems, notably “The Lamb” and “The Tiger,” are characterized by a high simplicity.

The sun descending in the west,  
The evening star does shine;  
The birds are silent in their nest,  
And I must seek for mine.

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Cicero (106-43 B.C.): Roman advocate, orator, and writer.

The moon, like a flower  
In heaven's high bower,  
With silent delight  
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,  
Where flocks have ta'en delight;  
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves  
The feet of angels bright;  
Unseen, they pour blessing,  
And joy without ceasing,  
On each bud and blossom,  
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,  
Where birds are cover'd warm,  
They visit caves of every beast,  
To keep them all from harm:—  
If they see any weeping  
That should have been sleeping,  
They pour sleep on their head,  
And sit down by their bed.

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## LII

## THE DEATH OF CAESAR

FROM PLUTARCH'S "LIVES"

Many strange prodigies and apparitions are said to have been observed shortly before the death of Caesar.

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Plutarch: a Greek biographer, born about 46 A.D.

Shakespeare took many of the incidents of his drama, "Julius Caesar," from a translation of Plutarch. See next lesson.

As to the lights in the heavens, the noises heard in the night, and the wild birds which perched in the forum, these are not perhaps worth taking notice of in so great a case as this. Strabo, the philosopher, tells us that a number of men were seen, looking as if they were heated through with fire, contending with each other; that a quantity of flame issued from the hand of a soldier's servant, so that they who saw it thought he must be burnt, but that after all he had no hurt. As Caesar was sacrificing, the victim's heart was missing, a very bad omen, because no living creature can subsist without a heart. One finds it also related by many that a soothsayer bade him prepare for some greater danger on the Ides of March. When this day was come, Caesar, as he went to the senate, met his soothsayer, and said to him by way of raillery, "The Ides of March are come," who answered him calmly, "Yes, they are come, but they are not past." The day before his assassination he supped with Marcus Lepidus; and as he was signing some letters according to his custom, as he reclined at table, there arose a question what sort of death was the best. At which he immediately, before any one could speak, said, "A sudden one."

After this, as he was at home with his wife, all the doors and windows of the house flew open together; he was startled at the noise and the light which broke into the room, and sat up in his bed, where by the moonshine he perceived Calpurnia fast asleep, but heard her utter in her dream some indistinct words

and inarticulate groans. She fancied at that time she was weeping over Caesar, and holding him butchered in her arms. Others say this was not her dream, but that she dreamed that a pinnacle, which the senate, as Livy relates, had ordered to be raised on Caesar's house by way of ornament and grandeur, was tumbling down, which was the occasion of her tears and ejaculations. When it was day, she begged of Caesar, if it were possible, not to stir out, but to adjourn the senate to another time; and if he slighted her dreams, that she would be pleased to consult his fate by sacrifices, and other kinds of divination. Nor was he himself without some suspicion and fears; for he never before discovered any womanish superstition in Calpurnia, whom he now saw in such great alarm. Upon the report which the priests made to him, that they had killed several sacrifices, and still found them inauspicious, he resolved to send Antony to dismiss the senate.

In this juncture, Decimus Brutus, surnamed Albinus, one whom Caesar had such confidence in that he made him his second heir, who nevertheless was engaged in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius, fearing lest if Caesar should put off the senate to another day, the business might get wind, spoke scoffingly and in mockery of the diviners, and blamed Caesar for giving the senate so fair an occasion of saying he had put a slight upon them, for that they were met upon his summons, and were ready to vote unanimously

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that he should be declared king of all the provinces out of Italy, and might wear a diadem in any other place but Italy, by sea or land. If any one should be sent to tell them they might break up for the present, and meet again when Calpurnia should chance to have better dreams, what would his enemies say? Or who would with any patience hear his friends, if they should presume to defend his government as not arbitrary and tyrannical? But if he was possessed so far as to think this day unfortunate, yet it were more decent to go himself to the senate, and to adjourn it in his own person. Brutus, as he spoke these words, took Caesar by the hand, and conducted him forth. He was not gone far from the door, when a servant of some other person made towards him, but not being able to come up to him, on account of the crowd of those who pressed about him, he made his way into the house, and committed himself to Calpurnia, begging of her to secure him till Caesar returned, because he had matters of great importance to communicate to him.

Artemidorus, a Cnidian, a teacher of Greek logic, and by that means so far acquainted with Brutus and his friends as to have got into the secret, brought Caesar, in a small written memorial, the heads of what he had to depose. He had observed that Caesar, as he received any papers, presently gave them to the servants who attended on him; and therefore came as near to him as he could, and said, "Read this, Caesar,

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**Cnidian:** a native of Cnidus, an ancient city of Caria, in Asia Minor.

alone, and quickly, for it contains matter of great importance which nearly concerns you.'” Caesar received it, and tried several times to read it, but was still hindered by the crowd of those who came to speak to him. However, he kept it in his hand by itself till he came into the senate. Some say it was another who gave Caesar this note, and that Artemidorus could not get to him, being all along kept off by the crowd.

All these things might happen by chance. But the place which was destined for the scene of this murder, in which the senate met that day, was the same in which Pompey’s statue stood, and was one of the edifices which Pompey had raised and dedicated with his theater to the use of the public, plainly showing that there was something of a supernatural influence which guided the action and ordered it to that particular place. Cassius, just before the act, is said to have looked towards Pompey’s statue, and silently implored his assistance, though he had been inclined to the doctrines of Epicurus. But this occasion, and the instant danger, carried him away out of his reasonings, and filled him for the time with a sort of inspiration. As for Antony, who was firm to Caesar, and a strong man, Brutus Albinus kept him outside the house, and delayed him with a long conversation contrived on purpose. When Caesar entered, the senate stood up to show their respect to him, and of Brutus’s confederates, some came about his chair and stood

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**Pompey:** called the great, a Roman general (B.C., 106–48).

**Epicurus:** a Greek philosopher (B.C., 342–270), founder of the Epicurean school; he did not believe in a future existence.

behind it, others met him, pretending to add their petitions to those of Tillius Cimber, in behalf of his brother, who was in exile; and they followed him with their joint applications till he came to his seat. When he was sat down, he refused to comply with their requests, and upon their urging him further began to reproach them severely for their importunities, when Tillius, laying hold of his robe with both his hands, pulled it down from his neck, which was the signal for the assault. Casca gave him the first cut in the neck, which was not mortal or dangerous, as coming from one who at the beginning of such a bold action was probably very much disturbed; Caesar immediately turned about, and laid his hand upon the dagger and kept hold of it. And both of them at the same time cried out, he that received the blow, in Latin, "Villain Casca, what does this mean?" and he that gave it, in Greek, to his brother, "Brother, help!" Upon this first onset, those who were not privy to the design were astonished, and their horror and amazement at what they saw were so great, that they durst not fly nor assist Caesar, nor so much as speak a word. But those who came prepared for the business enclosed him on every side, with their naked daggers in their hands. Which way soever he turned, he met with blows, and saw their swords leveled at his face and eyes, and was encompassed, like a wild beast in the toils, on every side. For it had been agreed they should each of them make a thrust at him, and flesh themselves with his blood; for which reason Brutus also gave him one stab in the groin. Some say that he

fought and resisted all the rest, shifting his body to avoid the blows, and calling out for help, but that when he saw Brutus's sword drawn, he covered his face with his robe and submitted, letting himself fall, whether it were by chance, or that he was pushed in that direction by his murderers, at the foot of the pedestal on which Pompey's statue stood, and which was thus wetted with his blood. So that Pompey himself seemed to have presided, as it were, over the revenge done upon his adversary, who lay there at his feet, and breathed out his soul through his multitude of wounds, for they say he received three-and-twenty. And the conspirators themselves were many of them wounded by each other, whilst they all leveled their blows at the same person.

Caesar's will was opened, and it was found that he had left a considerable legacy to each one of the Roman citizens, and when his body, all mangled with wounds, was seen carried through the market-place, the multitude could no longer contain themselves within the bounds of tranquillity and order, but heaped together a pile of benches, bars and tables, which they placed the corpse on, and setting fire to it, burnt it on them. Then they took brands from the pile and ran, some to fire the houses of the conspirators, others up and down the city, to find out the men and tear them to pieces, but met, however, with none of them, they having taken effectual care to secure themselves.

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LIII

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF  
CAESAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

There is on Henley Street, in Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, an old house with gabled roof and low-ceilinged rooms, which every year is made the object of thousands of pilgrimages. Here WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in 1564. He died in Stratford in 1616. In spite of the most persevering study very little has been learned of

his life. He went up to London when young, and perhaps began his connection with the theater by holding the horses of its patrons. In time he became a most successful playwright, and for all time the greatest dramatist. He wrote about forty plays, none of which was published till after his death. Among his dramas are "Julius Caesar," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." There seems to be no thought or action of man that he did not know. Of him Carlyle says, "This king, Shakespeare, does he not shine in crowned sovereignty over all, as the

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs, indestructible? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the nations of English men and women a thousand years hence. From Parametta, from New York, wheresoever . . . English men and women are they will say to one another: 'Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and one

kind with him.'” Carlyle need not have confined himself to English men and women; Shakespeare speaks to all people.

*Antony.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—  
For Brutus is an honorable man;  
So are they all, all honorable men,—  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

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**honorable:** used ironically throughout.  
**cried:** that is, for aid.

**Lupercal:** a festival day.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honorable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause:  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Second Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he, masters?  
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;  
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

*Second Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are as red as fire with weeping.

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Caesar might have stood against the world: now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.

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Has he, masters?: that is, has he not, masters?

Ant.: Anthony.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;  
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament—  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—  
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it in their wills,  
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark  
Antony.

*All.* The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read  
it;

It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;  
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

*Second Cit.* They were villains, murderers; the will!  
read the will.

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*All.* Come down.

*Second Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

*Third Cit.* You shall have leave.

*Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.

*First Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the  
body.

*Second Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*All.* Stand back. Room! Bear back.

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

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the Nervii: warlike tribe of the Belgae (a German people).

And as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him:  
This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
While bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold  
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

*Second Cit.* O noble Caesar!

*Third Cit.* O woful day!

*Fourth Cit.* O traitors, villains!

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight!

*Second Cit.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!

Slay! Let not a traitor live!

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

*First Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

*Second Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

*First Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

*Third Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

*All.* Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

*Second Cit.* Most noble Caesar! we'll revenge his death.

*Third Cit.* O royal Caesar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

*First Cit.* Never, never. Come, away, away!  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

*Second Cit.* Go fetch fire.

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt citizens with the body*]

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt.

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**holy place:** the funeral pyre was erected before the pontiff's dwelling in the Forum; near by was the temple of Castor and Pollux, two sons of Jupiter.



## LIV

## THE SACK OF BALTIMORE

THOMAS DAVIS

THOMAS DAVIS (1814–1845) was the most popular of the poet contributors to the Dublin “Nation” during its early years. His poems have intense patriotic fervor. The best known are “Fontenoy” and the “Lament for the Death of Owen Roe O’Neill.” Baltimore is a small seaport in Ireland. In 1631 the crew of two Algerine galleys took at sea a fisherman named Hackett, and under his guidance steered up the intricate channel to Baltimore. At dead of night they landed, sacked the town, and bore off the inhabitants into slavery. Two years afterward Hackett was executed in Baltimore. George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, became famous as the founder of Maryland.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery’s hundred  
isles;

The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel’s  
rough defiles;

Old Inisherkin’s crumbled fane looks like a moulting  
bird;

And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;  
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease  
their play;

The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel  
to pray;

And full of love and peace and rest—its daily labor  
o’er—

Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

---

**Gabriel:** the name of a mountain.

**Inisherkin:** the name of an island.

**hookers:** boats,

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight  
there;  
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth or  
sea or air.  
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious  
of the calm;  
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy  
balm,  
So still the night, these two long barques round Dun-  
ashad that glide  
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against  
the ebbing tide.  
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them  
to the shore—  
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in  
Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,  
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently  
gliding feet—  
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "The roof is in a  
flame!"  
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid and  
sire and dame—  
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming  
saber's fall,  
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or  
crimson shawl;

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**shawl:** turban, or head covering of the Arabs.

The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer and  
shriek and roar—

Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the  
shearing sword;

Then sprang the mother on the brand with which her  
son was gored;

Then sank the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes  
clutching wild;

Then fled the maiden, moaning faint, and nestled with  
the child.

But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with  
splashing heel,

While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his  
Syrian steel—

Though virtue sink and courage fail, and misers  
yield their store,

There's one hearth well avengèd in the sack of Bal-  
timore!

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began  
to sing—

They see not now the milking-maids—deserted is the  
spring!

Midsummer day this gallant rider from distant Ban-  
don's town—

These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff  
from Affadown;

They only found the smoking walls, with neighbors'  
blood besprent,

And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they  
wildly went—

Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and saw  
five leagues before

The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must  
tend the steed—

This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's  
jerreed.

Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Darda-  
nelles;

And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells,  
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for  
the Dey—

She's safe—he's dead—she stabbed him in the midst  
of his Serai.

And when to die a death of fire that noble maid they  
bore,

She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of  
Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sank the town beneath that  
bloody band,

And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse  
stand,

Where, high upon a gallows-tree, a yelling wretch is  
seen—

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**Scheik:** a chief.

**chibouk:** a Turkish pipe.

**Bey:** a governor.

**jerreed:** a javelin.

**Dey:** the governor of Algiers is so called.

'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine!

He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,

For he hath slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there.

Some muttered of Mac Murchadh, who brought the Norman o'er—

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

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LV

THE TAMING OF THE HORSE

MILES GERALD KEON

PART I

The day when the singular struggle was to occur rose bright, breezeless, and sultry, and so continued till long past noon. But the sun was now sinking toward the Tyrrhenian Sea; and a cool, soft air had begun to blow as the hour approached when the nephew of the triumvir was to mount the horse Sejanus, in the presence of such a multitude as the fields of Formiæ had never before beheld, whether in times of peace or times of war.

At the distance of a few miles on every side, the fair vales and slopes of Italy presented the appearance of a deserted land. No sound was heard save the drowsy

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**Tyrrhenian Sea:** part of Mediterranean Sea, southwest of Italy.

**Formiæ:** a province of Italy.

hum of insects, the occasional sough of the rising breeze in the tops of the woods, and predominant over all, far and near, the piercing ring of the grasshopper, with its musical rise and fall and its measured intervals.

The fire of the wayside forge lay under its ashes; all its anger taking rest, its hoarse roar asleep, till the breath of the bellows should once more awaken it to resistance and torment it to fury. All the labors of tillage were suspended: the plow wearied no team of oxen; little girls were watching the flocks and herds, their fathers and mothers and brothers had all gone away since early morning, and would not return till nightfall.

The seats of the temporary amphitheater were filled. Within and beneath them, standing, but standing on three several elevations, contrived by means of planks, were six ranks of soldiers from the camp; the two inner (the rearmost being the highest) ranks consisting exclusively of Ælius Sejanus's praetorians. A grove of tall and shady trees offered in their branches an accommodation for a miscellaneous multitude, chiefly youths and boys, but amongst them soldiers who had received a holiday, and had found no room for themselves in the amphitheater. In the center of the amphitheater, upon a strongly-built, lofty, and somewhat projecting wooden platform, canopied from the glare, sat Augustus with his court.

On each side of the platform of the emperor were

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**praetorians:** soldiers of the imperial guard.

**Augustus:** Roman emperor.

several seats of honor, lined with purple and scarlet cloths, and connected with the platform in question by continuous pavilion roofs. Here sat many ladies and some boys and girls. It is in one of these that we ourselves are going to take post.

On the seat immediately in front of ours, and of course a little below it, is a group of three persons, attended by a slave. One of these persons the doctors had forbidden to go forth, but he had come. He is a mere child. His pretty face is shockingly disfigured: both his eyes are closed and blackened; all the flesh round them is a discolored and contused mass, and his head is bandaged. Every nerve in his countenance is twitching with the furious eagerness and curiosity of one who, if he could only see, would ravenously devour the spectacle which all the rest of that mighty multitude were to enjoy, and from which he alone was debarred. Amid the immense murmur of so many human voices it is hard to catch distinctly what the child says in his shrill treble tones.

“ Now mark you, good Cneius Piso, and you, Herod Agrippa, I am as blind as a stone; and I have brought you here in no other character than as my eyes, my left and my right eye. If a single iota of what passes escapes me, may all the gods destroy you both worse than any Roman or Jew was ever destroyed! Has that beast of a horse (if it were mine, I'd tether it by all

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**child:** this child was the future Emperor Caligula, notorious for his cruelty. In this story it is related that he had been injured by a splinter kicked from the stable door by the horse—hence his temporary blindness. On account of his glib tongue, he was called the orator.

four legs to the ground and make a squadron of cavalry back their horses against it, and kick it into shreds and little bits) —has that beast of a horse come forth yet? ”

“ Not yet, orator,” answered Piso. “ I see that your father, the illustrious Germanicus, has not taken his place in the emperor’s pavilion; he is riding about yonder in the arena, and so is Tiberius Caesar. I dare say they will prefer to remain on horseback; for they can thus see quite as well while the scene continues to be enacted in this place. If the Sejan horse should break away through the opening in the amphitheater opposite to us, they could follow and still assist at the issue, whereas we could not.”

“ But I want to see; I must see; I’ll get on my pony, too! • Ah, my sight! I could not ride blind! O that horse! ”

“ Then,” said Piso, “ do you wish the youth to conquer the horse, or the horse his rider? ”

The child yelled and struck his forehead furiously with his fists.

“ Oh! if I could only see! I ought not to have come! It is worse to be here, knowing what is to happen, and having it all close under my eyes, and not to see it, than if I were far away from it. I cannot, cannot bear it.”

After a pause of impotent rage, he asked Piso, was the crowd of spectators very large?

“ It is the largest I ever beheld,” answered Piso; “ it would be impossible to count it.”

“ I wish every one present were stone blind at this very moment,” said the dear child.



“Thanks, orator, on the part of all here present,” answered Piso.

“Understand me—only for the moment,” hastily returned Caligula; “I would give them their sight again when I recovered my own.” A pause. “Or even when to-day’s show was over, perhaps!”

While yet he spoke the hum and murmur had died away.

“What is it?” asked Caligula.

“The Sejan horse is being led into the arena; two men, as usual, hold two cavassons on opposite sides. He is muzzled. Two other grooms are slackening the muzzle to get the bit well back between his teeth, when he opens his mouth. They have the bit properly placed now, and have quitted his head.

“Oh! what a spring! It has jerked the farther cavasson-holder clean off his feet. O gods! he has lost the thong, and the other man must be destroyed. No, bravo! the fellow has regained the loop of his rein, or thong, and hauls the beast handsomely back!”

“How can one man on either side,” asked Caligula, “hold him? I have seen two on each side.”

“I understand,” answered Piso; but, before he could finish, an impressive silence fell upon that vast assembly, and Piso stopped short.

“What has happened now?” whispered the child.

“The rider has come forth,” answered Piso, “and is walking toward the horse from the open space in

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**cavassons:** leather thongs or ropes.

**cavasson-holder:** groom.

front of us. By Jupiter! a splendid youth! It is not to be denied."

"How is he dressed? Has he his whip and spurs? He will not need such helps, I surmise."

"He has no spurs, and he carries nothing in his hands. He wears that broad-brimmed, foreign-looking head-gear, as a shade, no doubt, against the level rays of the sunset; for I see he is giving directions to the grooms, and they are contriving to bring the horse round with his head toward the west. Ah! he thus faces the opening. I dare say he will try to push the animal into the excitement of a grand rush, and thus weary him at the outset. In that case we shall not see much of the business; he will be miles away over the country in a few minutes."

"You will find that such an injustice will not be allowed," cried the child. "We must not be cheated of our rights."

"His tunic," continued Piso, "is belted tight, and I perceive that he wears some kind of greaves which reach higher than the knee, that will protect him from the brute's teeth. Moreover, I notice a contrivance in the horse's housings to rest the feet—you might call them *stapedae*; they seem to be made of plaited hide."

"I don't care for his greaves," returned the child; "the teeth may not wound him, but they will pull him off or make him lose his balance all the same. It is

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**greaves:** armor for the leg below the knee.

**stapedae:** stirrups.

agreed, is it not, that as soon as he is mounted, the muzzle is to be slipped off the horse? ”

“ Certainly,” answered Piso.

“ Then the rest is certain,” said the other. “ How is it contrived, do you know? ” he added.

“ The muzzle consists of a mere roll of hide,” replied Piso. “ It is those long reins alone that keep it folded. They are passed in opposite directions round the animal’s nose; while both the reins are pulled or held tight, they bind the muzzle, but when only one of them is pulled, it opens the muzzle. Each groom has the same kind of double rein; and both acting in concert will set the beast free as soon as they receive the signal.”

“ Who gives the signal? ”

“ The rider himself, when he is fairly seated; but Tiberius will tell him when to mount.”

“ Go on with your description of his dress and looks. Does he seem afraid? ”

“ He still wears that queer sword; I should have fancied it cumbersome to him. Afraid! I should say not. No sign of it.”

“ My goodness! Has anything further taken place? ”

“ Why, yes,” said Cneius Piso; “ and something which I do not understand. That old freedman of the youth, together with Thellus, the gladiator, has approached him. Thellus holds in his hand a sort of truncheon about a yard or more long, the top of which for more than a foot is black, the rest is sheathed or plaited in bronze; the black top is thick, the rest is

much thinner. The freedman who is by Thellus's side holds a small horn lantern in one hand, and tenders with the other a pair of large woolen gloves to his young master, who is even now putting them on. As he puts on his gloves, he looks round the benches; he is looking our way now. What can he mean? He has the audacity to wave his hand, and smile, and nod in this direction! "

" By your leave, most honored lords," said Claudius, " I think I am the person whom that valiant youth is saluting."

" True," said Piso; " he has taken your destined office to-day, has he not? "

" Yes, my lord," returned Claudius; " and having caught sight of me, he beckoned to me, doubtless to bid me have good courage."

" Well! " ejaculated Piso, " that is a good joke. I think it is you who ought to beckon to him to have good courage. He needs it more than you."

A moment after this remark, Piso suddenly turned to the child Caligula, and informed him that Tiberius was signing to him (Piso) to go down into the arena, and mount one of the spare horses, and, although unwillingly, he must go.

" And how shall I know what occurs? " cried the passionate, voluble boy. " It is like plucking out one of my eyes. Herod Agrippa here speaks Latin with such a dreadful, greasy accent, and so slowly, he is but learning the language."

Piso rose and said, " I have no choice but to obey; you have the slave Claudius with you. He not only

speaks Latin fluently, but I'll answer for it he will watch every stage of the struggle. His liberty, his wedding, and fifty thousand sesterces are at stake."

## LVI

## THE TAMING OF THE HORSE

## PART II

A few moments later Piso was in the arena, riding to and fro by the side of Tiberius.

"Now, slave, remember your duty," cried the child Caligula; "let nothing escape your eyes or my ears. What next?"

"Those queer-looking staves, which the illustrious Cneius Piso has mentioned as being in the hands of Thellus, have passed into those of the young knight."

"What? the two truncheons with black, thick ends, and the rest of their length sheathed in metal? Do you say that the knight Paulus has taken them into his hands? What good can they do him?"

"Yes, my lord; he has now passed both of them into his left hand, and he holds them by the thin ends. Thellus has withdrawn a few paces; the old freedman, Philip, still remains near the youth. Ha!"

"What!"

"Tiberius Caesar has signaled the arena to be cleared. O gods! we shall soon see the issue now. I care not for my freedom. I care for the safety of that brave knight."

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fifty thousand sesterces: about \$1,900.

“ Does he, then, seem to shrink? ” asked the child.

“ I do not observe any shrinking, my lord. It is I who shrink. He has drawn slowly near the horse in front, and stands about half a yard from his left shoulder. He is following Tiberius Caesar with his eyes.”

“ Go on! ”

“ The arena is now clear of all save the two Caesars and their retinues, and the group round that horrible animal. Ah! me miserable! Tiberius Caesar lifts his hand, and you hear the trumpet! That is the signal.”

“ I hear it! I hear it! ” cried the child, in a sort of ecstasy. “ What follows now? Has the knight Paulus mounted? ”

“ No, my lord—— ”

“ He shrinks, does he not? ” interrupted the other, with a taunting giggle.

“ The horse trembles in every limb,” said the slave. “ His nostrils dilate and quiver, and show scarlet, as if on fire; and his eye shoots forth a blood-red gleam, and he has stooped his neck, and—— ”

“ But the man, the man? ” screamed Caligula; “ what of him? Has he failed, I say—lost heart? ”

The most profound stillness had succeeded to the hubbub of blended sound which a moment previous filled the arena. The trumpet blew a shrill prolonged minor note, and the child, laying his hand upon Claudius’s shoulder, and shaking him violently, cried to him to proceed; addressing to him again the query, “ Has that young man mounted? And if so, in what style, with what success? ”

Notwithstanding the despotic impatience with which the inquiries were urged, the slave Claudius did not at first reply. The infant heard rapid, eager murmurs on all sides follow the trumpet blast, then a general burst of exclamations, which were instantly hushed.

“Why do you not speak?” said the boy, in a species of whispered scream.

“Pardon a momentary abstraction,” replied Claudius. “While the trumpet was yet sounding the young knight Paulus took off his hat quickly, and bowed toward Tiberius Caesar and the emperor. Replacing his hat he beckoned to the freedman Philip. They are now speaking together.”

“Ha! ha!” interrupted the child; “then he has not mounted. He neither dares nor can.”

“Philip,” pursued Claudius, “has opened the lantern; his young master is thrusting the staves toward the light; the ends have caught fire in a dull degree, with some smoke accompanying the flame. He turns quickly away from the freedman, and holding the staves still in his left hand, and a little away, he approaches the horse. Now he stands with his feet close together. Oh! he has sprung clean from the ground; he is in his seat. He has seized the bridle in his right hand, and carried it to his mouth; he takes it between his teeth. He is now relieving his left hand of one of those torches; he holds one in each hand, somewhat away from the body, nearly horizontal. The grooms at a distance are removing the muzzle, and the rider sets his feet firmly, yet I think not very far, through those rests which the illustrious Cneius Piso mentioned,

those stirrups of hide, the like of which I never saw before. I wonder they are not always used."

"What of the horse? Is he motionless?"

"Not less so than a statue," replied the slave; "excepting the eyes and nostrils, which last exhibit a tremulous movement and show scarlet, like hollow leaves or thin shells on fire. The brute's concave head, from the scarlet nostril to the lurid eye, looks wicked and dire."

"How looks the rider?"

"Calm and heedful; the slight occasional breath of air from the east carries away to the front the slow flame, blent with a little smoke, of those torches which he holds, one in each hand."

"What can they be for?"

"I know not," replied Claudius.

"I suppose they are intended," said the child, "to compel the Sejan horse to keep his head straight. Thus your volunteer-substitute need not fear the beast's teeth. The issue seems to be reduced to a trial of sheer horsemanship."

"And in such a trial, most honored sir," replied the slave, "I begin to have hopes. You should see the youth. The leading-reins are now loose. The muzzle is snatched away. The contest has begun. Surely it seems one between a wild beast and a demigod."

"Is he thrown?"

"No! yes! he is off; but is off, standing."

"Explain, proceed—I tell you, proceed!"

"The horse, after a series of violent plunges, suddenly reared till he had gained nearly a perpendicular position, the forefeet pawing the air. The rider, who



seemed to be as little liable to fall as if he were part of the animal, then quickly passed his right foot out of the far stirrup, and dropping the bridle from his teeth, slipped down on the hither side. Hark! did you hear the crash with which the forepaws have come down? The steed seemed to be very near falling backward, but after a struggle of two or three seconds recovered himself; the center of his weight had not been carried rearward of the vertical line. And, O ye gods! just as you heard that ponderous thud with which he descended upon his forefeet, the youth darted from the ground, and he is now on the brute's back as before. He stoops to the horse's neck; he has caught the bridle in his teeth. He lifts that brave, clear face again. Listen to the multitude! Oh! how the 'Bravo! Bravo!' thunders from a hundred thousand sympathetic voices."

"Ah, my sight!" cried the child Caligula.

"Ha! ha!" continued Claudius, transported out of himself. "I shall get my liberty to-day! Nor will my benefactor be injured. Ha! ha! the fell beast of a horse seems astonished. How he writhes his back, curving it like some monstrous catamount. And lo! now he leaps from the ground with all his four feet at the same time! I never saw the like, except in animals of the cervine tribe. Ha! ha! leap away! Yes, stoop that ferocious-looking head, and shake it, and lash out with your death-dealing hoofs. Your master is upon you, in his chair of power; and you'll shake your head off before you dislodge him from it. It is not with the

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cervine tribe: deer family.

poor literary slave Claudius that you have to deal! Oh, what a paroxysm of plunges! I was frightened for you then, brave young knight; but there you sit yet, calm and clear-faced. If I was frightened for you, you are not frightened for yourself."

"Oh! for a few minutes' sight!" said the child. "Has not the horse tried to bring his head round, and so to bring his teeth into play?"

"Even now he tries," replied Claudius; "but he is met on either side by the torch. The fiercest beast of the desert shrinks from fire. Prudent and fortunate device! Lo! the horse seems at last to have ascertained that he who has mounted him is worthy of his services. Do you hear the tread of his hoofs, as he traces the circle of the arena, guided by those steady hands from which flames appear to flow. Faster and faster rushes the steed. But he is always restrained and turned by the outer torch, which is brought near his head, while the inner is held farther to the rear. His sides are flecked with foam. The pace grows too rapid for a short curve, and the steed is now guided straight for the western opening in the arena opposite to where we sit. They are gone; and again hark! Is not that shout like the roar of waters on a storm-beaten shore, as a hundred thousand men proclaim the success of a generous and a brave youth, who could face the chances of being torn limb from limb in order to give to a poor slave like me, condemned to a frightful death, his life and his liberty, a home and a future?"

"But surely," said the imperial child, "it is not over so soon. It is like a dream."

“ I have tried to make you see what I saw,” returned Claudius. “ It was a wonderful struggle. The youth looked beautiful; and in the swift whirl, as you beheld the graceful and perfect rider, his hands apparently streaming with flames, and his face so calm and clear, you would have imagined that it was one of those beings whom poets feigned and sung, as having gifts superior to those of ordinary mortals, who was delivering some terror-stricken land from a demon, from a cruel monster, and compelling ferocity, craft, uproar, and violence to bend to far higher forces, to man’s cool courage and man’s keen wit.”

The sun, as if in wide-flowing garments of red and golden clouds had sunk level with the broad western opening of the amphitheater, when the hum of voices was hushed once more, and Claudius was commanded in a whisper to resume his task.

“ I cannot with certainty discern,” said the slave, “ what occurs; there is such a vast heavenly shield of red light hanging opposite to us in the western sky. Against it, approaching at a walking pace toward the gap in the arena, along that avenue of chestnut trees in the country, I see a horseman. All eyes are turned in that direction. It is he; it is Paulus Lepidus Æmilius, returning on the Sejan steed. The animal is enveloped in sweat, and dust, and foam; and rather stoops the head which looked so fierce an hour ago. The rider has thrown away those torches, and now holds the reins low down on either side, a little in front of the beast’s shoulder. His hat is gone, and his brown locks, as you see them against the sun, are so touched

with the light that he seems to wear a headgear of golden flames. Hark! again the people and the army shout to him. He is bowing to them on each side. And now as he advances, what do I see? ”

The slave paused, and the child impatiently cried:

“ How can I tell what you see, you dog! You are here for no other purpose than to tell me that. ”

“ He has streaks of blood upon his forehead, ” resumed Claudius.

“ Oh! oh! ” cried the other; “ the branches of the trees have no doubt struck him. Is he pale? Does he look faint? Is he going to fall off? ”

“ No, ” said Claudius; “ he has reined in the horse, which stands like a horse of stone in the middle of the arena. Tiberius and Gallicus have both ridden toward him, with their retinue of mounted officers behind them. They have halted some six yards from him. They are speaking to him. As they speak, he bows his head and smiles. A crowd of people on foot have broken into the arena. At a sign from Tiberius, the grooms have drawn near; they are cautiously approaching the Sejan horse; but the steed shows no restiveness. They have slipped the muzzle round his nose, under the reins. The youth dismounts. I do not see him now; he has become mixed with the crowd, I think; yes, it must be so, for I miss him altogether. ”

Half an hour more and the scene was left to solitude; and where the cries and shouts of that mighty assemblage had mounted to the very heavens, there was no sound left except the humming of the insects and the rustling of the trees.

## LVII

## THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862), poet naturalist, lived in Concord, Massachusetts. His interesting book, "Walden; or, Life in the Woods," is an account of his life in a hut on the shore of Walden pond. "He took nature as the mountain path to an ideal world. If the path wind a good deal, if he record too faithfully every trip over a root, he gives us now and then superb outlooks from some jutting crag, and brings us out at last into an illimitable ether, where the breathing is not difficult for those who have any true touch of the climbing spirits."—LOWELL.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with each other. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently

two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my woodyard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging: internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was "Conquer or die!" In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who had either dispatched his foe, or had not

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**myrmidons:** fierce troops who served under their king, Achilles, in the Trojan war. Achilles is the hero of Homer's Iliad.

**red republicans . . . black imperialists:** allusion to struggle in France against monarchy.

yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members: and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his

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**shield:** The Spartan mother said to her son going to battle, as she handed him his shield, "My son, return with this or on it." This meant that the son was to be either victorious in battle or slain fighting and brought home dead.

**Achilles and Patroclus:** Greek warriors and bosom friends in the Trojan war.

enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce, and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some *Hotel des Invalides*, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter.

I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

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**Hotel des Invalides:** an establishment founded in 1670 at Paris for disabled and infirm soldiers.



## LVIII

## THE DUEL

## A Serious Ballad

THOMAS HOOD

"Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay."

THOMAS HOOD (1798-1845) was a well-known English poet and humorist. Among his works are "Whims and Oddities," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and "The Haunted House." Hood's various pen touched alike the springs of laughter and the source of tears. He stands alone in the successful association of poetry and humor. The tragic necessity of earning his living by his humor while he was at the point of death from consumption gives pathos to his life.

THOMAS HOOD

In Brentford town, of old renown,  
There lived a Mr. Bray,  
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,  
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,  
By all it was allowed  
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,  
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,  
You choose to rival me,  
And court Miss Bell, but there your court  
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,  
You may repent your love;  
I who have shot a pigeon match,  
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,  
Consider what you do;  
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell—  
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,  
Your threats I quite explode,  
One who has been a volunteer,  
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless  
Your passion quiet keeps,  
I, who have shot and hit bull's eyes,  
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,  
And that for copper red;  
But these two went away to give  
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend apiece,  
    'This pleasant thought to give—  
When they were dead they thus should have  
    Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long  
    The seconds then forbore,  
And having taken one last step,  
    They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan  
    Against the deadly strife,  
By putting in the prime of death  
    Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,  
    But when they took their stands,  
Fear made them tremble so they found  
    They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,  
    Here one of us may fall,  
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,  
    Be doomed to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach  
    Misconduct to your name;  
If I withdraw the charge, will then  
    Your ramrod do the same?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—  
But think of Honor's Courts!  
If we go off without a shot,  
There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,  
Though cloudy it begun;  
Why can't we aim above, as if  
We had called out the sun?

So up into the harmless air,  
Their bullets they did send;  
And may all other duels have  
That upshot in the end!

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The poetry of earth is never dead;  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.  
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
In the summer luxury—he has never done  
With his delights, for, when tired out with fun,  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.

KEATS.

LIX

HOW DAVID COPPERFIELD LEARNED STENOGRAPHY

CHARLES DICKENS

THE famous English novelist, CHARLES DICKENS, was born in 1812 at Portsmouth. The selection given below is thought to recount a personal experience, for Charles taught himself shorthand, and at seventeen became a reporter. His literary labors began with the contribution of short humorous sketches to the papers. Some of these were afterward collected and issued as the book, "Sketches by Boz." He soon made money enough to be able to devote himself entirely to novel-writing. He edited his own works and read from them in England and America. He died suddenly in July, 1870, the most popular author of his day. A few

CHARLES DICKENS

of his best books are "Pickwick Papers," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "David Copperfield," and a "Tale of Two Cities," the last treating of events in the French Revolution.

The first subject on which I had to consult Traddles was this—I had heard that many men distinguished in various pursuits had begun life by reporting the debates in Parliament. Traddles having mentioned newspapers to me, as one of his hopes, I had put the two things together, and told Traddles in my letter that I wished to qualify myself for this pursuit. Traddles now informed me, as the result of his inquiries, that the

mere mechanical acquisition necessary, except in rare cases, for thorough excellence in it, that is to say, a perfect and entire command of the mystery of shorthand writing and reading, was about equal in difficulty to the mastery of six languages; and that it might perhaps be attained, by dint of perseverance, in the course of a few years. Traddles reasonably supposed that this would settle the business; but I, only feeling that here indeed were a few tall trees to be hewn down, immediately resolved to work my way through this thicket, ax in hand.

“I am very much obliged to you, my dear Traddles!” said I. “I’ll begin to-morrow.”

Traddles looked astonished, as well he might.

“I’ll buy a book,” said I, “with a good scheme of this art in it; I’ll work it at the Commons, where I haven’t half enough to do; I’ll take down the speeches in our court for practice—Traddles, my dear fellow, I’ll master it!”

“Dear me!” said Traddles, opening his eyes, “I had no idea you were such a determined character, Copperfield!”

I did not allow my resolution, with respect to the Parliamentary debates, to cool. It was one of the irons I began to heat immediately, and one of the irons I kept hot, and hammered at, with a perseverance I may honestly admire. I bought an approved scheme of the noble art and mystery of stenography (which cost me ten and sixpence); and plunged into a sea of perplex-

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ity that brought me, in a few weeks, to the confines of distraction. The changes that were wrung upon dots, which in such a position meant one thing, and in such another, something else entirely different; the wonderful vagaries that were played by circles; the unaccountable consequences that resulted from marks like flies' legs; the tremendous effects of a curve in a wrong place, not only troubled my waking hours, but reappeared before me in my sleep. When I had groped my way, blindly, through these difficulties, and had mastered the alphabet, which was like an Egyptian Temple in itself, there then appeared a procession of new horrors, called arbitrary characters; the most despotic characters I have ever known, who insisted, for instance, that a thing like the beginning of a cobweb meant expectation, and that a pen and ink sky-rocket stood for disadvantageous. When I had fixed these wretches in my mind, I found that they had driven everything else out of it; then, beginning again, I forgot them; while I was picking them up I dropped the fragments of the system; and, in short, it was almost heart-breaking.

It might have been quite heart-breaking, but every scratch in the scheme was a gnarled oak in the forest of difficulty, and I went on cutting them down, one after another, with such vigor, that in three or four months I was in a condition to make an experiment on one of our crack speakers in the Commons. Shall I ever forget how the crack speaker walked off from me before I began, and left my imbecile pencil staggering about the paper as if it were in a fit.

This would not do, it was quite clear. I was flying too high and would never get on, so I resorted to Traddles for advice; who suggested that he should dictate speeches to me, at a pace, and with occasional stoppages, adapted to my weakness. Very grateful for this friendly aid, I accepted the proposal; and night after night, almost every night, for a long time, we had a sort of private Parliament in Buckingham Street, after I came home.

I should like to see such a Parliament anywhere else! My aunt and Mr. Dick represented the Government or the Opposition (as the case might be), and Traddles, with the assistance of Endfield's Speaker or a volume of parliamentary orations, thundered astonishing invectives against them. Standing by the table, with his finger in the page to keep the place, and his right arm flourishing above his head, Traddles, as Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Burke, Lord Castlereagh, Viscount Sidmouth, or Mr. Canning, would work himself into the most violent heats, and deliver the most withering denunciations of my aunt and Mr. Dick; while I used to sit at a little distance, with my note book on my knee, fagging after him with all my might and main. The inconsistency and recklessness of Traddles were not to be exceeded by any real politician. He was for any description of policy, in the compass of a week; and nailed all sorts of colors to every denomination of mast. My aunt looking very like an immovable Chancellor of the Exchequer, would occa-

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**Chancellor of the Exchequer:** the highest finance minister; he has charge of the public income and outlay.



sionally throw in an interruption or two, as, "Hear!" or "No!" or "Oh!" when the text seemed to require it; which was always a signal to Mr. Dick (a perfect country gentleman), to follow lustily with the same cry. But Mr. Dick got taxed with such things in the course of his parliamentary career, and was made responsible for such awful consequences that he became uncomfortable in his mind; sometimes I believe he actually began to be afraid he really had been doing something tending to the annihilation of the British Constitution and the ruin of the country.

Often and often we pursued these debates until the clock pointed to midnight, and the candles were burning down. The result of so much good practice was that by-and-by I began to keep pace with Traddles pretty well, and should have been quite triumphant, if I had had the least idea what my notes were about. But, as to reading them after I had got them, I might as well have copied the Chinese inscriptions on an immense collection of tea chests, or the golden characters on all the great red and green bottles in the chemists' shops.

There was nothing for it but to turn back and begin all over again. It was very hard, but I turned back, though with a heavy heart, and began laboriously and methodically to plod over the same tedious ground at a snail's pace; stopping to examine minutely every speck in the way, on all sides, and making the most desperate efforts to know these elusive characters by sight whenever I met them. I was always punctual at the office;

and I really did work, as the common expression is, like a cart-horse.

I have tamed that savage stenographic mystery. I make a respectable income by it. I am in high repute for my accomplishment in all pertaining to the art, and am joined with eleven others in reporting the debates in Parliament for a morning newspaper.

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I met a traveler from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
' My name in Ozymandias, king of kings;  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair! '  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

SHELLEY.

## LX

## THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844) was born at Glasgow. He wrote "some half a dozen short things which stand by themselves—the three great war poems 'Hohenlinden,' 'The Battle of the Baltic,' and 'Ye Mariners of England'; 'The Exile of Erin,' 'Lochiel,' and some lines on a 'Deserted Garden,' which are worth many long poems." He will chiefly live by his lyrics.

His freely expressed sympathy for the sufferings and wrongs of Poland and of Ireland gained for him the friendship of patriots of all nations.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO (1746-1817), a Polish patriot, served with the Americans in the War of Independence. On his return to Poland he struggled to save his people from the grasp of the great neighboring nations. In 1794 he was besieged at Warsaw by a large army of Russians, Prussians and Austrians. After the siege was raised he marched against a powerful Russian army and was defeated. He himself was wounded and captured. This battle was soon followed by the third and final partition of Poland, which henceforth disappeared as a state from the map of Europe.

O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,  
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,  
When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars

Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,  
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;  
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,  
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid;  
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow men! our country yet remains!  
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
And swear for her to live—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed  
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;  
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
Revenge or death—the watchword and reply;  
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsins tolled their last alarm.

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
From rank to rank, your volleyed thunder flew!  
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time,  
"A fell, unwept, without a crime;  
Not a generous friend, a pitying foe,

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s: Hungarian mountaineers serving in the Austrian army; so  
Pandur, a town in the region from which they originally came.  
=: the ancient name of that section of Europe containing Poland.

Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!  
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,  
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!

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LXI

**THE BURNING BABE**

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S. J.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, of Horsham, St. Faith's, Norfolk, England, was trained at Douai and Paris. In 1578 he entered the Society of Jesus at Rome. In 1590, for performance of his religious duties he was imprisoned in England. Five years later, after suffering on the rack many times, he was executed. Ben Jonson said to the poet Drummond at Hawthornden that "so he had written that piece, 'The Burning Babe,' he would have been content to destroy many of his." Fervor and sincerity of devotion, passionate intensity of faith in the Lord and Master under whose name he served, have never received more beautiful expression than this and the poem, "A Child my Choice," which their martyr-author thought out or wrote out probably during his imprisonment. Morley says Southwell "may be regarded as the founder of modern English devotional poetry."

As I in hoary Winter's night stood shivering in the  
snow,  
Surprised I was with sudden heat, which made my  
heart to glow;  
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,  
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear;  
Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears  
did shed,  
As though His floods should quench His flames which  
with His tears were fed:

Alas! quoth He, but newly born, in fiery heats I fry,  
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel My  
     fire but I!  
 My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding  
     thorns,  
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame  
     and scorns;  
 The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals;  
 The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defilèd  
     souls,  
 For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their  
     good,  
 So will I melt into a bath to wash them in My blood.—  
 With this He vanished out of sight, and swiftly shrunk  
     away,—  
 And straight I callèd into mind that it was Christmas  
     Day.

## LXII

## A LOST CHORD

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825–1864) was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, the poet. In 1851 she became a Catholic. Her poems have been published in two volumes, "Legends and Lyrics" and "A Chaplet of Verses." Her verse is refined and tender, and breathes a beautiful spirit of faith.

Seated one day at the organ,  
 I was weary and ill at ease,  
 And my fingers wandered idly  
     Over the noisy keys.

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fry: used of old for *burn*.

I know not what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the organ  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again,  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

## LXIII

## FINDING QUARTERS IN BLUE TOWN

ABBÉ HUC

REGIS EVARISTE HUC, a Catholic missionary, was born at Toulouse, France, in 1813, and died at Paris, in 1860. M. Huc and his assistant M. Gabet, were sent as missionaries to China. M. Huc's famous book, "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China during the years 1844, 1845, 1846," describes in delightfully graphic style the scenery of these countries, then little known to Europeans; the religious rites, the manners and customs of the people, and the missionaries' own novel, amusing, or dangerous experiences. In one of the English reviews we find the following tribute: "The labors of Messieurs Huc and Gabet have extended very considerably the existing amount of knowledge of those remote regions of inner Asia." Blackwood's Magazine, summing up the results of these and other researches in an article, "Thibet and the Lamas," says of these missionaries: "They have given us a most readable and interesting personal narrative of a life of continued hardships, and of frequent suffering and danger in remote regions, the routes through which were partly never before recorded in detail and partly never before trodden by any European." Other works by M. Huc are "The Empire of China," and "Christianity in China."

We looked about anxiously in search of an inn, but in vain. It is the custom in the great towns north of China and Tartary, for each hotel to receive only one description of guests; one is for merchants in corn, another for dealers in horses, etc. There is only one which lodges simple travelers, and this is called the inn of passing travelers.

We were inquiring for this inn, when a young man darted out of a neighboring shop, and accosted us officiously. "You are looking for an inn," he said;



“permit me to conduct you to one myself”; and he began to walk by our side. “You will have a difficulty in finding what you want in the Blue Town. Men are innumerable here, but there are good and bad men, are there not, my Lord Lamas? and who does not know that the bad are always more numerous than the good? Listen while I say a word to you from the bottom of my heart. In the Blue Town you will hardly find a man who is guided by his conscience, yet conscience is a treasure. You Tartars, you know what conscience is. I know the Tartars, they are good, they have upright hearts; but we Chinese, we are wicked, we are rogues. In ten thousand Chinese you will scarcely find one who has a conscience. In this Blue Town almost every one makes a trade of cheating the Tartars, and getting hold of their money.”

Whilst the young Chinese was uttering all these fine words in an easy, off-hand manner, he turned from one to the other, sometimes offering us snuff, sometimes tapping us gently on the shoulder in token of comradeship, and then, taking hold of our horses by the bridle, insisted on leading them himself. But with all these obliging attentions, he never lost sight of the two large trunks carried by our camels. The loving looks that he cast on them from time to time told plainly enough that he was speculating on their contents: he fancied, doubtless, that they were filled with precious merchandise of which he hoped to obtain the monopoly.

We had now been on the road for more than an hour, and saw no signs of the inn promised with so much emphasis. “We are sorry,” said we to our conductor,

“ to see you take so much trouble. If we did but see whither you are leading us—”

“ Leave that to me, my lords, leave it to me; I am taking you to a good, to an excellent inn; don't say I am taking trouble; don't pronounce such words: they make me blush. Are we not all brothers? What signifies the difference of Tartar and Chinese? The language is not the same, the habits are not alike; but we know that men have but one heart, one conscience, one invariable rule of justice.

“ Stop! wait for me one moment, my lords; I will be with you in a moment,” and he darted like an arrow into a shop. In a few minutes he returned, making a thousand excuses for having kept us waiting.

“ You are very tired, are you not? Oh! that is easily understood: when one is traveling it is always so; it is not like being in one's own family.”

Whilst he was speaking we were accosted by another Chinese; he had not the joyous expansive countenance of our first acquaintance: he was thin and emaciated; his lips were small and pinched together; and his little black eyes deeply sunk in their orbits gave his physiognomy a decided expression of villainy.

“ My Lord Lamas, you are here at last,” said he; “ you have made the journey in peace: ah! that is well. Your camels are magnificent; you must have traveled quickly and fortunately. At last you are here; that's well. Se Zul,” added he, addressing the individual who had first seized upon us, “ take care that you take these noble Tartars to a good inn; you must take them to the inn of Eternal Equity.”

“That is precisely where we are going.”

“Excellent—the master is one of my best friends: it will not be amiss if I go myself. We will recommend him to take care of these noble Tartars. If I did not go myself—it would weigh upon my heart. When one has the good fortune to meet with brothers, one should be useful to them. We are all brothers, are we not, my lords? See us two!” he pointed to his young partner. “We are two clerks in the same shop—we are accustomed to deal with Tartars. Oh, it is a great thing in this miserable Blue Town to meet with people you can trust.”

To see these two worthies with their professions of eternal devotion, one would have taken them for old friends. Unfortunately for them, we knew something of Chinese tactics, and had not quite so much Tartar *bonhommie* as they supposed. We were pretty well aware that we had to do with a couple of sharpers, who were preparing to appropriate the money of which they supposed us possessed.

By dint of looking on all sides, we at last espied a sign, on which was written in large Chinese characters, “Hotel of the Three Perfections, lodging for travelers on Horse and Camel; all sorts of business negotiated with unfailing success.”

We turned our horses' heads towards the gate; in vain our two esquires protested it was not the right place; we entered, and, making the caravan defile through a long avenue, we found ourselves in the great square court of the inn.

At the sight of the little blue caps on the heads of the men swarming about the court, we perceived that we were in a Turkish hostelry.

This threw our two Chinese out of their reckoning; however, without losing courage altogether, they continued to play their parts.

“Where are the people of this inn?” cried they, with affected zeal; “let them show us a large room, a fine room, a clean room. Their Excellencies are come: they must be properly lodged.”

A principal waiter now made his appearance, with a key between his teeth, a broom in his hand, and a dish with water. Our two protectors seized upon all these articles in a moment.

“Leave that to us,” said they; “we ourselves will wait upon our illustrious friends; you innkeepers only do things by halves; you only work for money.”

And to work they set, watering, sweeping, and rubbing the chamber opened for us. When all was ready we took our places on the kang, and they, out of respect, persisted in squatting on the ground before us. Just as the tea was brought in, a young man of elegant figure, and very well dressed, entered the room; he held in his hand a silk handkerchief by the four corners.

“My Lord Lamas,” said the old rogue, “this young man is the son of the principal of our house; our master saw you coming, and has sent his son to inquire if you have made the journey in peace.”

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The young man then placed his handkerchief on the table before us. "Here are some cakes to eat with the tea; my father has given orders at home to prepare the rice for you. When you have drunk the tea, you will have the kindness to accept a poor and humble repast in our simple habitation."

"Why thus lavish your heart on our account?" we asked in our turn.

"Oh, my lords, look at our faces," cried all three in chorus; "your words cover them with confusion"; but fortunately the host bringing in the tea cut short all these Chinese civilities.

"Poor Tartars," said we, "how you must be fleeced when you fall into such hands!" These words, which we pronounced in French, greatly surprised our three obliging friends.

"What is the name of the illustrious country of Tartary inhabited by your Excellencies?" they said.

"Our poor family is not of Tartary; and we are not Tartars."

"You are not Tartars? ah, we guessed as much. The Tartars have not that air of majesty; their persons do not breathe such grandeur. May we ask the name of your noble country?"

"We are from the West; our country is far from here."

"Ah, you are from the West," said the old gentleman. "I was sure of that; but these young men do not understand these things; they do not know how to look at physiognomies. Ah, I know your country; I have made more than one journey thither."

“Without doubt, then, you understand our language?”

“Your language; I cannot say I know it completely, but in ten words I can always comprehend three or four. I find some difficulty in speaking it; but what does that signify; you know both Tartar and Chinese; oh, the people of your country are people of great capacity. I have always been closely connected with your countrymen. When they come to the Blue Town, they always apply to me to make their purchases for them.”

The intentions of these friends to our country were not in the least doubtful; and their extreme desire to constitute themselves our agents was quite sufficient reason to get rid of them. When we had finished our tea, they made us a profound bow, and invited us to come to dinner at their house.

“Listen,” replied we, gravely; “let us speak some words of reason. You have given yourselves the trouble to conduct us to an inn; it is good, it is your good hearts that have done that; you have done us much service, you have set things in order, your master has sent us cakes; evidently, you are endowed with hearts whose goodness is inexhaustible. If it were not so, why have you done so much for us who are strangers? You invite us to dinner at your house, and that is good; but it is good also on our part not to accept your invitation. To eat with people with whom we are not bound by long friendship, is not conformable to Chinese usages; it is equally opposed to the customs of the West.”

These words, solemnly pronounced, completely disconcerted our sharper friends.

“If we cannot at present visit your shop,” we added, “have the goodness to excuse us to your master; thank him for the civilities he has shown us. Before leaving the town we shall have some purchases to make, when we shall take the opportunity of paying you a visit. To-day we shall take our repose at the Turkish tavern, which is close by.”

“It is well, the tavern is excellent,” said the trio, in a tone that betrayed their mortification.

We then rose and all went out together; we went to dine in the town, they to render account to their chief of the ill success of their intrigue.

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My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The child is father of the man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

WORDSWORTH.

## LXIV

## TO A SKYLARK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822) was born in England. He is one of the finest of English lyric poets. "The Cloud" and "Ode to a Skylark" reveal his wonderful power of describing cloud scenery and the rapture of the creatures of the air. His life was unhappy. From youth he was bitterly opposed to the established order of society, and he too often misjudged the thoughts and actions of others. His poetry, apart from occasional obscurities, is perfect in form to a degree seldom approached.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest;  
Like a cloud of fire  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.



In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven  
In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-  
flow'd.

What thou art we know not;  
What is most like thee?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody;—

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its aerial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from  
the view:

Like a rose embower'd  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflower'd,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged  
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awaken'd flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal  
Or triumphant chant  
Match'd with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains?  
What shapes of sky or plain?  
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Langour cannot be:  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee:  
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
thought.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

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It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night—  
It was the plant and flower of Light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

**LXV****BLIGHT AND BLOOM****GEORGE H. MILES**

**GEORGE HENRY MILES** (1824-1871) was born in Baltimore. While an undergraduate at Mt. St. Mary's College he was converted to the Catholic faith. He was for many years professor in his Alma Mater. He wrote novels, poems and plays. His tragedy "Mohammed" won the prize in a competition for \$1000 offered by Edwin Forrest for the best drama by American talent. Miles's numerous writings attest the beauty of his mind and the versatility of his art: unfortunately he has not received the wide recognition he merits.

Did we not bury them?  
All those dead years of ours,  
All those poor tears of ours,  
All those pale pleading flowers—  
Did we not bury them?

Yet in the gloom there,  
See how they stare at us,  
Hurling despair at us,  
Rising to glare at us  
Out of the tomb there!

Curse every one of them!  
Kiss, clasp, and token,  
Vows vainly spoken,  
Hearts bruised and broken—  
Have we not done with them?

Are we such slaves to them?  
Down where the river leaps,  
Down where the willow weeps,  
Down where the lily sleeps,  
Dig deeper graves for them.

Must we still stir amid  
Ghosts of our buried youth,  
Gleams of life's morning truth,  
Spurs and myrrh, forsooth?  
Seal up the pyramid!

Be still, my heart, beneath the rod,  
And murmur not;  
He, too, was Man—the Son of God—  
And shared thy lot.

Shared all that we can suffer here,  
The gain, the loss,  
The bloody sweat, the scourge, the sneer,  
The Crown, the Cross,

The final terror of the Tomb,—  
His guiltless head  
Self dedicated to the doom  
We merited.

Then sigh not for earth's Eden lost,  
Time's vanished bliss;  
The heart that suffers most, the most  
Resembles His.

## XLVI

## MOSES AT THE FAIR

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774) was born in Ireland and died in London. After trying five or six professions without success, and leading a life of wandering and hardship, he began writing, and finally made a place for himself in literature. In both prose and verse he is charming. Among his works are "The Deserted Village," a pastoral in verse; "She Stoops to Conquer," a comedy; and "The Vicar of Wakefield," a novel. "There have been many greater writers," says Macaulay, "but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and on proper occasions pointed and energetic. His narratives

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

were always amusing; his descriptions always picturesque; his humor rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness."

As we were now to hold our heads a little higher in the world, my wife thought it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened,

my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. “No, my dear,” said she, “our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.”

As I had some opinion of my son’s prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission. And the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair and brushing his buckles. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, “Good luck! good luck!” till we could see him no longer.

Toward nightfall I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair. “Never mind our son,” cried my wife, “depend upon it he knows what he is

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**higgles** : holds out for small advantages in buying and selling.



about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I've seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulder like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she. "Between ourselves three pounds, five shillings, and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!" "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them at a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double

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**shagreen** : a kind of untanned leather prepared in Russia and the East from the skins of horses, asses, and camels.

the money.” “A fig for the silver rims,” cried my wife, in a passion: “they won’t sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.” “You need be under no uneasiness,” cried I, “about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.” “What!” cried my wife, “not silver! the rims not silver?” “No,” cried I, “no more silver than your saucepan.” “And so,” returned she, “we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better.” “There, my dear,” cried I, “you are wrong; he should not have known them at all.” “To bring me such stuff,” returned she; “if I had them I would throw them in the fire.” “There again you are wrong, my dear,” cried I; “for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.”

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. “Here,” continued Moses, “we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third

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of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.”

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The world has cycles in its course, when all  
That once has been, is acted o'er again:—  
Not by some fated law, which need appall  
Our faith, or binds our deeds as with a chain;  
But by men's separate sins, which, blended still,  
The same bad round fulfill.

Then fear ye not, though Gallio's scorn ye see,  
And soft-clad nobles count you mad, true hearts!  
These are the fig-tree's signs; rough deeds must be,  
Trials and crimes; so learn ye well your parts,  
Once more to plow the earth it is decreed,  
And scatter wide the seed.

NEWMAN.

## LXVII

## BEFORE WATERLOO

LORD BYRON

On the night of the 15th of June, 1815, the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball in Brussels, to which she invited the Duke of Wellington and the chief officers of the allied army. During the evening news was brought to Wellington that Napoleon was advancing upon Brussels. The Duke and some of his officers remained at the ball for some time, fearing to give cause for alarm ; but one by one the officers left the hall, and before daybreak they were on their march to Quatre Bras, where, on the same day, June 16th, they engaged Marshal Ney, while Blücher was striving in vain to check Napo-

GEORGE GORDON BYRON

leon at Ligny. After the battle of Quatre Bras, Wellington fell back on Waterloo. Thackeray, in "Vanity Fair," gives a description of the turmoil in Brussels just before and after Waterloo.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered there  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright

Duke of Wellington : British General (1769-1852), defeated Napoleon at Waterloo.

Napoleon : Emperor of the French (1769-1821).

Quatre Bras }  
Ligny } : places in Belgium.  
Waterloo }

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.  
But, hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising  
knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!—  
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,

And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused by the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come!  
they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albion's hills  
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instills  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's  
ears!

And Ardennes waves about them their green leaves,  
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave—alas!  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

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**Cameron's Gathering** : war-tune of the pipes of the Cameron Highlanders.

**Albion**: ancient name of Great Britain.

**Ardennes**: the wood of Soigne, behind Waterloo, is a portion of this forest.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife—  
The morn, the marshaling in arms—the day,  
Battle's magnificently stern array!  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

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Blow, blow, thou winter wind—  
Thou art not so unkind  
    As man's ingratitude!  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
    Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky—  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
    As benefits forgot!  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
    As friend remembered not.

SHAKESPEARE.

## LXVIII

## WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG

BRET HARTE

FRANCIS BRET HARTE (1839-1902) was an American writer who sketched in vivid and lifelike outlines the primitive life of California. His dialect poems are popular. He was professor in the University of California and United States consul in Germany and in England. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Plain Talk from Truthful James" are two of his most famous productions.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,  
And thought of the one she had long since lost,  
And said, as her tear-drops back she forced,  
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the Children said, as they closer drew, [through—  
" 'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night,  
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,  
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,  
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,  
And fuel is dear, and wages low,  
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."



Over the chimney the night-wind sang  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he  
Was Man, and Woman, and Child, all three,  
And he said, "It is God's own harmony,  
This wind that sings in the chimney."

## LXIX

## THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land!"  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell!  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

## LXX

## THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

JOHN RUSKIN

## I

How the Agricultural System of the Black Brothers Was Interfered  
With by South-West Wind, Esquire

JOHN RUSKIN was born in London, 1819; he died in 1900. He studied art, attaining considerable skill with the pencil. His many volumes of criticism on art gave him a wide reputation and attest his devotion to the subject. Among his works may be mentioned "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Sesame and Lilies," "The Crown of Wild Olive." His writings are sound in thought and rich in fancy. A brilliant and suggestive style places him among the masters of English prose.

JOHN RUSKIN

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high

that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and it was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with over-hanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; they killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the udders; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without

any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed in both appearance and character to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went

wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by the inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

“It must be the wind,” said Gluck; “nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door.”

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and, what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a “swallow tail,” but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having

performed another and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In doing so, he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

“Hollo!” said the little gentleman, “that’s not the way to answer the door; I’m wet, let me in.”

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy’s tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

“I beg pardon, sir,” said Gluck, “I’m very sorry, but I really can’t.”

“Can’t what?” said the old gentleman.

“I can’t let you in, sir—I can’t, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?”

“Want?” said the old gentleman, petulantly. “I want fire and shelter; and there’s your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself.”

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. “He does look very wet,” said

little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them!"

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and its very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black, and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"



“ I am all right, thank you,” said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

“ But,—sir,—I’m very sorry,” said Gluck, hesitatingly; “ but—really, sir—you’re—putting the fire out.”

“ It’ll take longer to do the mutton, then,” replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

“ That mutton looks very nice,” said the old gentleman at length. “ Can’t you give me a little bit? ”

“ Impossible, sir,” said Gluck.

“ I’m very hungry,” continued the old gentleman: “ I’ve had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn’t miss a bit from the knuckle! ”

He spoke in so melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck’s heart. “ They promised me one slice to-day, sir,” said he; “ I can give you that, but not a bit more.”

“ That’s a good boy,” said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. “ I don’t care if I do get beaten for it,” thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

“ What did you keep us waiting in the rain for? ”

said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into a corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

“Have the goodness to walk out again, then,” said Schwartz. “We’ve quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house.”

“It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs.” They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

“Ay!” said Hans, “there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!”

“I’m very, very hungry, sir; couldn’t you spare me a bit of bread before I go?”

“Bread, indeed!” said Schwartz; “do you suppose we’ve nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?”

“Why don’t you sell your feather?” said Hans, sneeringly. “Out with you.”

“A little bit,” said the old gentleman.

“Be off!” said Schwartz.

“Pray, gentlemen.”

“Off, and be hanged!” cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman’s collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him;

clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a bang: and there drove past the window at the same instant a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the

rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxuriant cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

“ Pray Heaven it may! ” said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck’s little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-stricken into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small, white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—“ SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE.”

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## LXXI

## THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

## II

**Of the Proceedings of the Three Brothers After the Visit of South-West Wind, Esquire; and How Gluck Had an Interview with the King of the Golden River**

SOUTHWEST WIND, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year’s end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in

the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

“Suppose we turn goldsmiths?” said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. “It is a good knave’s trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one’s finding it out.”

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard

and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred, that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready. - When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever.

“And no wonder,” thought Gluck, “after being treated in that way.” He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering



about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

“ Ah! ” said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, “ if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be. ”

“ No, it wouldn't, Gluck, ” said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

“ Bless me, what's that? ” exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

“ Not at all, my boy, ” said the same voice, louder than before.

“ Bless me! ” said Gluck again, “ what is that? ” He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now, very merrily, “ Lala-lira-la; ” no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Up stairs and down stairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. “ Lala-lira-la. ” All at once it

struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronounciative.

“Hollo!” said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

“Hollo! Gluck, my boy,” said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck’s head, as he looked in he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

“Come, Gluck, my boy,” said the voice out of the pot again, “I’m all right; pour me out.”

“But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

“Pour me out, I say,” said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn’t move.

“*Will* you pour me out?” said the voice, passionately. “I’m too hot.”

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there

came out, first a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

“That’s right!” said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colors gleamed over it as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full half way to the ground in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. “No, it wouldn’t Gluck, my boy,” said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed

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**Prismatic colors:** colors made by a prism, primary colors.

be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mor-

tals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in, was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one, failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light,—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

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## LXXII

### THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

#### III

**How Mr. Hans Set Off on an Expedition to the Golden River, and  
How He Prospered Therein**

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter before

Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water in a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

“ Good morning, brother,” said Hans; “ have you any message for the King of the Golden River? ”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself more comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz’s face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color, along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red-splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic

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**Castellated:** with towers like a castle’s

**Myriads:** countless numbers.

forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this subject, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a larger glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms



of splintered ice. There seemed a curious expression about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic—terror, that he had leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue, with which

Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its de-

scent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant, a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged towards the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

ONE BLACK STONE.

## LXXIII

## THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

## IV

**How Mr. Schwartz Set Off on an Expedition to the Golden River,  
and How He Prospered. Therein**

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he would have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now, when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was

much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him and moaned for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West; and, when he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and behold, a mist, of the color of blood had come over the sun, and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned, and as he lifted his flask to his lips he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha!

ha!" laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror come over Schwartz; he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below and the thunder above met as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes and the earth gave way beneath him, and the water closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

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**THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER****V**

**How Little Gluck set off on an Expedition to the Golden River, and how he prospered therein; with other matters of interest**

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he.

"I don't think he will turn me into black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountain.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff.

“My son,” said the old man, “I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water.” Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; “Only pray don’t drink it all,” said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good-speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the road-side, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child’s lips, and it drank all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again, and, when he looked



at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on his hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling. In three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old friend THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

"Thank you," said the King; "but don't be frightened, it's all right. Why didn't you come before?" continued the dwarf, "instead of sending those rascally brothers of yours, and giving me the trouble of turning them into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

“Cruel!” said the dwarf, “they poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I am going to allow that? Water,” and his face grew stern as he spoke, “which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, but the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy.”

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew.

The dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. “Cast these into the river,” he said; “then go down on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so, good speed.”

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The colors of his robe formed themselves into a mist of dewy light. He stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air, the King had disappeared.

Then Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River.

Its waves were as clear as crystal, and as bright as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small whirlpool, into which the waters rushed with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed. Not only was the river not turned into gold, but its waters seemed to grow much less in quantity.

Yet he obeyed his friend, the dwarf, and went down on the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure

Valley. As he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley behold, a river like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in many streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen TWO BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley,

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

## LXXIV

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

One morning, all alone,  
Out of his convent of gray stone,  
Into the forest, older, darker, grayer,  
His lips moving as if in prayer,  
His head sunken upon his breast  
As in a dream of rest,  
Walked the Monk Felix. All about  
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,  
Filling the summer air;  
And within the woodlands as he trod,  
The dusk was like the Truce of God,  
With worldly woe and care;  
Under him lay the golden moss;  
And above him the boughs of hoary trees,  
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,  
And whispered their Benedicites;  
And from the ground  
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant  
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant  
Vines, that wandered,  
Seeking the sunshine round and round.  
These he heeded not, but pondered  
On the volume in his hand,  
Wherein amazed he read:  
“ A thousand years in Thy sight  
Are but as yesterday when it is past,

And as a watch in the night! ”  
And with his eyes downcast  
In humility he said:  
“ I believe, O Lord,  
What is written in thy Word,  
But alas! I do not understand! ”

And lo! he heard  
The sudden singing of a bird,  
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud  
Dropped down,  
And among the branches brown  
Sat singing,  
So sweet, and so clear, and loud,  
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.  
And the Monk Felix closed his book,  
And long, long,  
With rapturous look  
He listened to the song,  
And hardly breathed or stirred,  
Until he saw, as in a vision,  
The land, Elysian,  
And in the heavenly city heard  
Angelic feet  
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.  
And he would, fain,  
Have caught the wondrous bird,  
But strove in vain;  
For it flew away, away,  
Far over hill and dell,  
And instead of its sweet singing

He heard the convent bell  
Suddenly in the silence ringing  
For the service of noonday:  
And he retraced  
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change!  
He looked for each well-known face,  
But the faces were new and strange;  
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,  
New voices chanted in the choir;  
Yet the place was the same place,  
The same dusky walls  
Of cold gray stone,  
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.  
A stranger and alone  
Among that brotherhood  
The Monk Felix stood.  
“Forty years,” said a friar,  
Have I been Prior  
Of this convent in the wood,  
But for that space  
Never have I beheld thy face!”

The heart of the Monk Felix fell:  
And he answered, with submissive tone,  
“This morning, after the hour of Prime,  
I left my cell,  
And wandered forth alone,  
Listening all the time,  
Until I heard  
The bells of the convent ringing

Noon from their noisy towers:  
It was as if I dreamed;  
For what to me had seemed  
Moments only, had been hours! ”  
“ Years! ” said a voice close by.  
It was an aged monk who spoke,  
From a bench of oak  
Fastened against the wall;—  
He was the oldest monk of all.  
For a whole century  
Had he been there,  
Serving God in prayer,  
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.  
He remembered well the features  
Of Felix, and he said,  
Speaking distinct and slow:  
“ One hundred years ago,  
When I was a novice in this place,  
There was here a monk, full of God’s grace,  
Who bore the name  
Of Felix, and this man must be the same.”

And straightway  
They brought forth to the light of day  
A volume old and brown,  
A huge tome, bound  
In brass, and wild-boar’s hide,  
Wherein were written down  
The names of all who had died  
In the convent since it was edified.

And there they found,  
Just as the old monk said,  
That on a certain day and date,  
One hundred years before,  
Had gone forth from the convent gate  
The Monk Felix, and never more  
Had entered that sacred door.  
He had been counted among the dead!  
And they knew, at last,  
That, such had been the power  
Of that celestial and immortal song,  
A hundred years had passed,  
And had not seemed so long  
As a single hour!

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Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.



LXXV

VENI CREATOR

TRANSLATED BY JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700) was an English poet and dramatist. He was a convert to the Catholic Church. In 1670 he was made Poet Laureate, and Historiographer Royal. Dryden was a master of a form of verse well suited for satire, argument, or story. Among the finest things that he wrote (not in the verse form mentioned) is "Alexander's Feast; or the Power of Music," composed in honor of St. Cecelia's day. It is considered by many the finest ode in the English language.

JOHN DRYDEN

Creator Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come visit every pious mind;  
Come pour thy joys on human kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete!  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!  
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,  
Whose power does heaven and earth command;  
Proceeding Spirit, our defense,  
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,  
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts:  
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts:  
Our frailties help, our voice control—  
Submit the senses to the soul:  
And when rebellious they are grown,  
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practice all that we believe:  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father, and the Son, by Thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name:  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died:  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

LXXVI

GEORGE WASHINGTON, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

GEORGE BANCROFT

GEORGE BANCROFT (1800-1891) was educated at Harvard and in Germany. He published a volume of poems; but his "History of the United States" is the work on which his fame rests. The history begins with Columbus and ends with the beginning of the constitutional period in 1789. Bancroft held several positions of prominence. He was Secretary of the Navy and Minister to Great Britain and to Prussia.

To Bancroft is due the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

GEORGE BANCROFT

Washington was then forty-three years of age. In stature he a little exceeded six feet; his limbs were sinewy and well-proportioned; his chest broad; his figure stately, blending dignity of presence with ease. His robust constitution had been tried and invigorated by his early life in the wilderness, the habit of occupation out of doors, and rigid temperance; so that few equaled him in strength of arm, or power of endurance, or noble horsemanship. His complexion was florid; his hair dark brown; his head in its shape perfectly round. His broad nostrils seemed formed to give escape to scornful anger. The lines of his eyebrows were long

and finely arched. His dark blue eyes, which were deeply set, had an expression of resignation, and an earnestness that was almost pensiveness. His forehead was sometimes marked with thought; but never with inquietude; his countenance was pleasing and full of benignity.

Courage was so natural to him that it was hardly spoken of; no one ever at any moment of his life discovered in him the least shrinking in danger; and he had a hardihood of daring which escaped notice, because it was enveloped by calmness and wisdom.

All agree that he was most amiable. His address was most easy and agreeable, his step firm and graceful, his air neither grave nor familiar. He was as cheerful as he was spirited, frank and communicative in the society of friends, fond of the fox-chase and the dance, often sportive in his letters, and he liked a hearty laugh.

His hand was liberal, giving quietly and without observation, as though he was ashamed of nothing but being discovered in doing good. He was kindly and compassionate, and of lively sensibility to the sorrows of others; so that, if his country had only needed a victim for its relief, he would have willingly offered himself as a sacrifice. But while he was prodigal of himself, he was ever parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen.

Early in life he inherited from an elder brother the estate of Mount Vernon, which he managed with prudent care; but, as a public man, he knew no other aim than the good of his country, and in the hour of his

country's poverty he refused personal emolument for his service.

His faculty of secrecy, in which he was unsurpassed, had the character of prudent reserve, not of concealment. His great natural power of vigilance had been developed by his life in the wilderness.

His understanding was lucid and his judgment accurate, so that his conduct never betrayed hurry or confusion. No detail was too minute for his personal inquiry and continued supervision; and at the same time he comprehended events in their widest aspects and relations. He never seemed above the object that engaged his attention, and he was always equal, without an effort, to the solution of the highest questions affecting the destiny of mankind, even when there existed no precedents to guide his decision. In the perfection of the reflective powers he had no peer.

Of a retiring modesty and habitual reserve, his ambition was no more than the consciousness of power, and was subordinate to his sense of duty; he took the foremost place, for he knew from inborn magnanimity that it belonged to him; so that, with all his humility, he was by necessity the first, though never for himself or for private ends. He loved fame, the approval of coming generations, the good opinion of his fellow-men of his own time, and he desired to make his conduct coincide with their wishes; but not fear of censure, not the prospect of applause, could tempt him to swerve from rectitude; and the praise which he coveted was the sympathy of that moral sentiment which delights in uprightness.

This is also in praise of Washington: that never in the tide of time has any man lived who had in so great a degree the almost divine faculty to command the trust of his fellow-men and rule the willing. Wherever he became known, in his family, his neighborhood, his country, his native state, the continent, the camp, civil life, among the common people, in foreign courts, throughout the civilized world, and even among the savages, he beyond all other men had the confidence of his kind.

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How sleep the Brave who sink to rest  
By all their Country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould.  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

COLLINS.

LXXVII  
ON HIS BLINDNESS

JOHN MILTON

JOHN MILTON (1608-1670) was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge. During the Commonwealth he was appointed Secretary of Foreign Tongues, his duty being the diplomatic correspondence, which was carried on in Latin. In 1652 he lost his sight. Milton was both a prose writer and a poet, but it is as a poet that we usually consider him to-day. He ranks with the greatest. Most people are familiar with the twin lyrics, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," with the elegy, "Lycidas," commemorating the death of his friend Edward King, with some of the sonnets, notably

JOHN MILTON

that on his own blindness, and with his splendid epic, "Paradise Lost," which treats of the fall of man. The greater part of Milton's work is characterized by loftiness of thought and high dignity of expression.

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He returning chide,—  
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?

I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need  
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state  
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—  
They also serve who only stand and wait.

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### SOUL AND BODY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

O Soul, the center of my sinful earth,  
I'd by those rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
All worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Swamp thy charge? is this thy body's end?

O Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:—

Thou shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
Thou death once dead, there's no more dying then



## LXXVIII

**THE HURRICANE**

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the celebrated naturalist, was born near New Orleans in 1780, and died in New York in 1851. The "Birds of America" is his great book, for which his whole life was a preparation. He spent many months of the year in the unexplored forest with his gun and drawing materials. His drawings of birds are celebrated. He wrote, also, the "Ornithological Biography," and, with his sons, the "Quadrupeds of America."

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

Various portions of our country have, at different periods, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of the awful phenomena, in all its grandeur, I will attempt to describe it. The recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element even now brings with it so disagreeable a sensation that I feel as if about to be affected by a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

I had left the village of Shawaney, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream.. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were for once at least in the course of my life entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when on a sudden I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet looked toward the southwest, when I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left to me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here

and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for awhile, and unable to stand against the blast, were falling to pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper part of the massy trunks, and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage and dust that moved through the air was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and, on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers strewn in the sand, and inclined in various

degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn on by some mysterious power. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphurous odor was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate.

On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighborhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effect of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been

overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large, half-broken tree. But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I will not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself by saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briers and bushes thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding district. I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and again, four hundred miles farther off, in the State of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all those different parts it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.

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A thing of beauty is a joy forever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

KEATS.

## LXXIX

## THE WAY TO WEALTH

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was a philosopher, a statesman, and a writer. He was born in Boston in 1706, and died in Philadelphia in 1790. By trade he was a printer, but by inclination a good student and careful reader. He is the inventor of the lightning-rod. For twenty-five years he published "Poor Richard's Almanac." Its maxims of thrift and industry reflect Franklin's practical mind. He was our ambassador to France, and there became famous for his witty sayings and quaint manners.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Courteous Reader: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you.

I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times, and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks,

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vendue : sale.

“ Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to do? ” Father Abraham stood up, and replied: “ If you'd have my advice, I'll give it you in short, for ‘ a word to the wise is enough,’ and ‘ many words won't fill a bushel,’ as Poor Richard says.” They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

“ Friends,” says he, “ and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; ‘ God helps them that help themselves,’ as Poor Richard says.

“ It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service. But idleness taxes many of us much more. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. ‘ Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright,’ as Poor Richard says. How much more time than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that ‘ the sleeping fox catches no poultry,’ and that ‘ there will be sleeping enough in the grave,’ as Poor Richard says. If

time be of all things the most precious, 'wasting time must be the greatest prodigality,' since 'lost time is never found again'; and what we call 'time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so, by diligence, shall we do more with less perplexity. As we read in Poor Richard, 'Drive thy business, let not that drive thee,' and

“ ‘ Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.’

“ So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish,' as Poor Richard says, and 'he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands! for I have no lands.' 'He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor'; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, 'we shall never starve; for at the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes Poor Richard say, 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows'; and farther, 'Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day!' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? 'Be ashamed to catch yourself idle,' as Poor Dick says. When there is so



much to be done for yourself, your family, your country and your gracious king, be up by peep of day. 'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak handed, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for 'constant dropping wears away stones,' and 'little strokes fell great oaks.'

“Methinks I hear some of you say, ‘Must a man afford himself no leisure?’ I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: ‘Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure’; and, ‘Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.’ Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for ‘a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.’

“But with our industry, we must likewise be steady, settled and careful, and oversee our own affairs ‘with our own eyes,’ and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says, ‘Three removes is as bad as a fire,’ and again, ‘Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee’; and again, ‘If you would have your business done, go; if not, send’; and again, ‘The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands’; and again, ‘Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.’ A man’s own care is profitable; ‘If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.’ ‘A little neglect may breed great mischief’; ‘for want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; and for want of a horse, the rider was lost,’ being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for the want of care about a horseshoe nail.

“ So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one’s own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. ‘ A man may,’ if he knows not how to save as he gets, ‘ keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last.’ If you would be wealthy, ‘ think of saving as well as of getting.’ ”

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon. For the vendue opened, and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions and their own fear of taxes.

I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropt on those topics. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of this wisdom was my own, but rather the gleanings I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

JULY 7, 1757.

## LXXX

## EXTRACTS FROM FÉNELON'S COUNSELS

The renowned French prelate, preacher, and writer, FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE-FÉNELON was born at Château Fénelon, Dordogne, France, in 1651; he died at Cambrai, France, in 1715. He was preceptor of the grandson of Louis XIV. In 1695 he was appointed Bishop of Cambrai. His works include the famous "Telemachus," "Dialogues on Death," and "A Tractate on the Education of Girls." In Lamartine's life of Fénelon we find the following

account of the great prelate's death: "He died as a saint and a poet, causing to be read aloud to him from the sacred Canticles the most sublime and soothing hymns, which carried at the same time his soul and imagination to Heaven. 'Repeat that passage again,' said he to his reader, delighted with the songs of hope. 'Again, again! I can never hear enough of these divine words,' cried he when they were silent, thinking that he slept. His desire for this foretaste of immortality was insatiable. 'Lord,' he once exclaimed, 'if I am still necessary to Thy people, I refuse not to

FRANÇOIS FÉNELON

labor for the rest of my days. Thy will be done!' These words afflicted those present, and the Abbé de Chantérac, his first and last friend, said to him, 'But why do you leave us? In this desolation to whom will you confide us? Perhaps ferocious beasts may come and devour your little flock.' He replied only by a tender look and a sigh. He expired gently on the following morning, with a resignation which appeared like joy, surrounded by the prayers and af-

fectionate offices of his weeping attendants. The epitaph of Fénelon might be written in these words: 'There are men who have made France more feared or renowned, but none have rendered her more beloved by other nations.'"

Neither does holiness consist in long prayers, for Christ Himself has said, that many who have cried "Lord, Lord," shall be told "I never knew you"—nor in dead works without charity. We cannot love God without doing good works, for Charity is never idle; she moves us ceaselessly to work for God, and if our infirmities render it impossible for us to work, then He looks with a loving eye, and accepts our suffering. Further, we must love Him purely and without self-seeking.

St. Francis de Sales compares a great and a little act of love to sugar and salt: sugar has a more delicious flavor, but we use it less frequently; whereas salt is required in all our daily food. The opportunities for great acts come but rarely; when they do come, we are encouraged by attendant circumstances, and by the greatness of the very act itself, and the self-respect it entails. But occasions of little acts of virtue are forever taking us by surprise, and combating our pride, our indolence, our vanity, our impatience, and our inclinations; calling for a constant surrender of will. There is no rest for those who would be truly devoted: they must die daily. Few but would rather offer to God some great sacrifice, even sharp and painful, than be forever offering up all their daily wishes and inclinations. Yet it is in these little things that you will find the spirit of love and holiness.

It is in the things of God as in the things of the world, more men ruin themselves by extravagance in little matters than in great; and whoever, either in temporal or spiritual things, keeps careful watch over lesser details, will not neglect the greater. He who squanders nothing will soon grow rich.

Besides, remember that God heeds less the action we perform than the spirit with which we perform it and the readiness with which we obey. Men judge our deeds from without; but God counts as naught that which men most admire. What He would have in us is an ever-ready will and hearty setting aside of self; and both these are more safely, and at the same time more deeply, proved in common than in extraordinary things. Sometimes we cling more to a trifle than to a weightier matter, and find it harder to forego some little pleasure than to give great alms.

There is no greatness in despising little things.

That devotion which sanctifies us, and consecrates us wholly to the service of God, consists in doing His will, and doing precisely at the time, in the place, and under the circumstances to which He called us. Make what great exertions, do what mighty deeds you may, only in doing your Master's will can you meet with a reward. How would you esteem your own servant if, whilst he performed wondrous services in your house, yet omitted those you demanded of him? You would with justice complain that he did not serve you well.

Perfect self-dedication, which is devotion, demands not only that we do God's will, but that we do it with loving hearts. God desires willing sacrifices; and,

whatever he sets before us, it is always our heart He asks. Happy those who serve such a Master!

There is no good spirit save from God. The spirit which leads us from the one great thing is a delusive, dangerous spirit, however captivating, however brilliant and clear. Would you willingly take your seat in a gay and gorgeous chariot which must certainly drag you over a precipice? Mental gifts are intended to lead you to the Truth, the only Good. There is no good spirit save that of God, for it alone leads us to Him. Let us renounce the leadings of our spirit to follow His. Happy is he who strips himself in order to be clothed; who tramples under foot his own vain wisdom in order to possess the wisdom that cometh from above!

There is much difference between the spirit of wit, of greatness, and of goodness. The first entertains us; the second excites our admiration; but only the latter preserves us, and makes us happy, through its upright solidity.

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Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

HOLMES.

## LXXXI

## THE DEAR BARGAIN

RICHARD CRASHAW

RICHARD CRASHAW, the son of a preacher, was born in London in 1616 (the year in which Shakespeare died). He was elected in 1637 to a fellowship at Cambridge. He became a noted preacher, but for refusing to subscribe to the Covenant was expelled in 1644. Soon afterward he renounced all hope of preferment by becoming a Catholic. He became Canon of the Cathedral of Loretto, Italy. He died in 1650. His poetry has richness and tenderness; the best, occasionally, sublimity. Like his life, his verses testify to intense faith and fervor. Among his works are "The Delights of the Muses," "Sacred Poems," and "Epigrammata Sacra." In the last appears the famous line concerning the miracle of Cana—

"*Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.*"

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed."

Lord, what is man? Why should he cost Thee  
So dear? What had its ruin lost Thee?  
Lord, what is man, that Thou hast over-bought  
So much a thing of nought?

Alas, sweet Lord, what wer't to Thee  
If there were no such worms as we?  
Heaven ne'ertheless still Heaven would be,  
Should mankind dwell  
In the deep Hell:  
What have his woes to do with Thee?

Let him go weep  
O'er his own wounds;

Seraphim will not sleep,  
Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds.

Still would the youthful spirits sing;  
And still thy spacious palace ring;  
Still would these beauteous ministers of light  
    Burn all as bright;  
And bow their flaming heads before Thee;  
Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee;  
Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire  
    Keep warm Thy praise  
    Both night and days,  
And teach Thy loved name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then do its kind;  
And give itself for sports to the proud wind.  
Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares  
In the eternity of Thy old cares?  
Why should'st Thou bow Thy awful breast to see  
What mine own madresses have done with me?

Should not the king still keep his throne  
Because some desperate fool's undone?  
Or will the World's illustrious eyes  
Weep for every worm that dies?  
    Will the gallant sun  
    E'er the less glorious run?  
Will he hang down his golden head,  
Or e'er the sooner seek his Western bed,  
    Because some foolish fly  
    Grows wanton and will die?



If I were lost in misery,  
What was it to Thy Heaven and Thee?  
What was it to Thy precious blood,  
If my foul heart call'd for a flood?  
What if my faithless soul and I  
    Would needs fall in  
    With guilt and sin;  
What did the Lamb that he should die?  
What did the Lamb that he should need,  
When the wolf sins, Himself to bleed?

    If my base lust  
Bargain'd with Death and well-beseeming dust:  
    Why should the white  
    Lamb's bosom write  
    The purple name  
    Of my sin's shame?  
Why should His unstain'd breast make good  
My blushes with His own heart-blood?

    O my Savior, make me see  
    How dearly Thou hast paid for me;  
    That lost again, my life may prove,  
    As then in death, so now in love.

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## LXXXII

## THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

CHARLES LAMB

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834). The greater part of his life was passed in London, in poverty. His sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, shared his literary labors. You would enjoy reading their "Tales from Shakespeare." Lamb's "Essays of Elia" are delightful reading. They possess a humor gentle but subtle, and give many glimpses of the writer's own life.

Lamb is one of the most quaint and lovable of all writers. His unwearying devotion to his sister in her affliction is worthy of all praise.

CHARLES LAMB.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes

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Confucius : a famous Chinese sage. He lived about five hundred years before Christ.

on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the following manner: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for the hogs, left the cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bofi, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or so at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this

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**antediluvian** : existing before the flood.

**new-farrowed** : recently born.

unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

“ You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, but you

must be eating fire and I know not what—what have you got there, I say? ”

“ Oh, father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig tastes.”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. That ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “ Eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste! ” cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint, while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day,

others in the night time. Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time

be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burned as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in Roast Pig.

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**LXXXIII****THE ACADIANS****GEORGE BANCROFT****PART I**

At the north, New England was extending British dominion. Massachusetts cheerfully levied about seven thousand nine hundred men, or nearly one-fifth of the able-bodied men in the colony. Of these, a detachment took part in establishing the sovereignty of England

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**Locke:** an English philosopher (1632-1704).

in Acadia. That peninsula—abounding in harbors and in forests, rich in its ocean fisheries and in the product of its rivers, near to a region that invited to the chase and the fur trade, having in its interior large tracts of alluvial soil—had become dear to its inhabitants, who beheld around them the graves of their ancestors for several generations. It was the oldest French colony in North America.

There the Bretons had built their dwellings, sixteen years before the pilgrims reached the shores of New England. With the progress of the respective settlements, sectional jealousy and religious bigotry had renewed their warfare; the offspring of the Massachusetts husbandmen were taught to abhor “popish cruelties” and “popish superstitions”; while Catholic missionaries were propagating their faith among the villages of the Abenakis.

After repeated conquests and restorations, the treaty of Utrecht conceded Acadia, or Nova Scotia, to Great Britain. Yet the name of Annapolis, a feeble English garrison, and five or six immigrant families were nearly all that marked the supremacy of England. The old inhabitants remained on the soil. They still loved the language and the usages of their forefathers, and their religion was graven upon their souls. They promised submission to England; but such was the love with which France had inspired them, that they would not fight against its standard or renounce its name. Though conquered, they were French neutrals.

For nearly forty years from the peace of Utrecht they had been forgotten or neglected, and had pros-



pered in their seclusion. No tax-gatherer counted their folds, no magistrate dwelt in their hamlets. The parish priest made their records and regulated their successions. Their little disputes were settled among themselves, with scarcely one appeal to English authority at Annapolis. The pastures were covered with their flocks and herds; and dikes, raised by extraordinary efforts of social industry, shut out the rivers and the tide from alluvial marshes of exuberant fertility. The meadows, thus reclaimed, were covered by grasses, or fields of wheat. Their houses were built in clusters, neatly constructed and comfortably furnished; and around them all kinds of domestic fowls abounded. With the spinning-wheel and the loom, their women made, of flax from their own fields, of fleeces from their own flocks, coarse but sufficient clothing. The few foreign luxuries that were coveted could be obtained from Annapolis or Louisburg, in return for furs or wheat or cattle.

Happy in their neutrality, the Acadians formed, as it were, one great family. Their morals were of unaffected purity: the custom of early marriages was universal. The neighbors of the community would assist the new couple to raise their cottage on fertile land, which the wilderness freely offered. Their numbers increased, and the colony, which had begun as the trading station of a company, with a monopoly of the fur trade, counted, perhaps, sixteen thousand inhabitants.

When England began vigorously to colonize Nova Scotia the native inhabitants might fear the loss of

their independence. The enthusiasm of their priests was kindled at the thought that heretics, of a land which had disfranchised Catholics, were to surround, and perhaps to overwhelm, the ancient Acadians. "Better," said the priests, "surrender your own meadows to the sea and your houses to the flames than, at the peril of your souls, take the oath of allegiance to the British government." And they, from their anxious sincerity, were uncertain in their resolves; now gathering courage to flee beyond the isthmus for other homes in New France, and now yearning for their own homes and fields, their herds and pastures.

The English regarded colonies, even when settled by men of their own land, only as sources of emolument to the mother country; colonists as an inferior caste. The Acadians were despised because they were helpless. Ignorant of the laws of their conquerors, they were not educated to the knowledge, the defense, and the love of English liberties; they knew not the way to the throne, and, given up to military masters, had no redress in civil tribunals. Their papers and records, the titles to their estates and inheritances, were taken away from them. Was their property demanded for the public service? "they were not to be bargained with for the payment." The words may still be read on the council records at Halifax. They must comply, it was written, without making terms, "immediately," or the next courier would bring an order for "military execution upon the delinquents"; and when they delayed in fetching firewood for their oppressors, it was told them from the governor: "If they do not do it

in proper time, the soldiers may absolutely take their houses for fuel." The unoffending sufferers meekly submitted to the tyranny. Under pretense of fearing that they might rise on behalf of France, or seek shelter in Canada, or convey provisions to the French garrisons, they were directed to surrender their boats and their firearms; and, conscious of innocence, they gave them up, leaving themselves without the means of flight, and defenseless. Further orders were afterwards given to the English officers, if the Acadians behaved amiss, to punish them at discretion; if the troops were annoyed, to inflict vengeance on the nearest, whether the guilty one or not, "taking an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

The French, who had yielded the sovereignty over no more than the peninsula, established themselves on the isthmus, in two forts: one a stockade at the mouth of the little river Gaspereaux, near Bay Verte; the other the more considerable fortress of Beau Sejour, built and supplied at great expense, upon an eminence on the north side of the Messagouche, on the Bay of Fundy. The isthmus is here hardly fifteen miles wide, and formed a natural boundary between New France and Acadia.

The provincial troops, about fifteen hundred in number, strengthened by a detachment of three hundred regulars and a train of artillery, were disembarked without difficulty. A day was given to repose and parade; on the fourth of June they forced the passage of the Messagouche, the intervening river. No sally was attempted; no earnest defense was undertaken

On the twelfth, the fort at Beau Séjour, weakened by fear, discord, and confusion, was invested; and in four days it surrendered. By the terms of the capitulation, the garrison was to be sent to Louisburg; for the Acadian fugitives, inasmuch as they had been forced into the service, amnesty was stipulated. The place received an English garrison, and, from the brother of the king, then the soul of the regency, was named Cumberland.

The petty fortress near the Gaspereaux, on Bay Verte, a mere palisade, flanked by four blockhouses, without mound or trenches, and tenanted by no more than twenty soldiers, though commanded by the brave Villeraï, could do nothing but capitulate on the same terms. Meantime, Captain Rous sailed, with three frigates and a sloop, to reduce the French fort on the St. John's. But, before he arrived there, the fort and dwellings of the French had been abandoned and burned, and he took possession of a deserted country. Thus was the region east of the St. Croix annexed to England, with a loss of but twenty men killed and as many more wounded.

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## LXXXIV

## THE ACADIANS

## PART II

No further resistance was to be feared. The Acadians cowered before their masters, willing to take an oath of fealty to the English, refusing to pledge them-

selves to bear arms against France. The English were masters of the sea, were undisputed lords of the country, and could exercise clemency without apprehension. Not a whisper gave a warning of their purpose till it was ripe for execution.

It had been "determined upon," after the ancient device of Oriental despotism, that the French inhabitants of Acadia should be carried away into captivity to other parts of the British dominions. "They have laid aside all thought of taking the oaths of allegiance voluntarily"; thus, in August, 1754, Lawrence, the lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, had written of them to Lord Halifax: "They possess the best and largest tract of land in this province; if they refuse the oaths, it would be much better that they were away." The lords of trade, in reply, veiled their wishes under the decorous form of suggestions. "By the treaty of Utrecht," said they of the French Acadians, "their becoming subjects of Great Britain is made an express condition of their continuance after the expiration of a year; they cannot become subjects but by taking the oaths required of subjects; and, therefore, it may be a question whether their refusal to take such oaths will not operate to invalidate their titles to their lands. Consult the chief justice of Nova Scotia upon that point; his opinion may serve as a foundation for future measures."

France remembered the descendants of her sons in the hour of their affliction, and asked that they might have time to remove from the peninsula with their effects, leaving their lands to the English; but the answer

of the British minister claimed them as useful subjects, and refused the request.

The inhabitants of Minas and the adjacent country pleaded with the British officers for the restitution of their boats and their guns, promising fidelity if they could but retain their liberties, and declaring that not the want of arms, but their conscience, should engage them not to revolt. "The memorial," said Lawrence in council, "is highly arrogant, insidious, and insulting." The memorialists, at his summons, came submissively to Halifax. "You want your canoes for carrying provisions to the enemy," said he to them, though he knew no enemy was left in their vicinity. "Guns are no part of your goods," he continued, "as by the laws of England all Roman Catholics are restrained from having arms, and are subject to penalties if arms are found in their houses. It is not the language of British subjects to talk of terms with the crown, or capitulate about their fidelity and allegiance. What excuse can you make for treating this government with such indignity as to expound to them the nature of fidelity? Manifest your obedience by immediately taking the oaths of allegiance in the common form before the council."

The deputies replied that they would do as the generality of the inhabitants should determine; and they merely entreated leave to return home and consult the body of their people.

The next day the unhappy men offered to swear allegiance unconditionally; but they were told that, by a clause in the British statute, persons who have once

refused the oaths cannot be afterward permitted to take them, but are to be considered as popish recusants; and as such they were imprisoned.

The chief justice, Belcher, on whose opinion hung the fate of so many hundreds of innocent families, insisted that the French inhabitants were to be looked upon as confirmed "rebels," who had now collectively and without exception become "recusants." Besides, they still counted in their villages "eight thousand" souls, and the English not more than "three thousand"; they stood in the way of the progress of the settlement; "by their non-compliance with the conditions of the treaty of Utrecht, they had forfeited their possessions to the crown"; "after the departure of the fleet and troops, the province would not be in a condition to drive them out." "Such a juncture as the present might never occur"; so he advised "against receiving any of the French inhabitants to take the oath," and for the removal of "all" of them from the province.

That the cruelty might have no palliation, letters arrived leaving no doubt that the shores of the Bay of Fundy were entirely in the possession of the British; and yet at a council, at which Vice-Admiral Boscawen and Rear-Admiral Mostyn were present by invitation, it was unanimously determined to send the French inhabitants out of the province; and, after mature consideration, it was further unanimously agreed that, to prevent their attempting to return and molest the settlers that were to be set down on their lands, it would be most proper to distribute them among the several colonies in the continent.

To hunt them into the net was impracticable; artifice was therefore resorted to. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the scarcely conscious victims, “both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age,” were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts. On the appointed fifth of September they obeyed. At Grand Pré, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They marched into the church and its avenues were closed, when Commander Winslow placed himself in their center, and spoke:

“You are convened together to manifest to you his Majesty’s final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and buildings, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his Majesty’s goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in.” And he then declared them the king’s prisoners.. The wives and families shared their lot; their sons, five hundred and twenty-seven in number; their daughters, five hundred and seventy-six; in the whole, women and babes and old men included, nineteen hundred and twenty-three souls. The blow was sudden; they had left home but for the morning, and they never were to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for that first day even no food for themselves or their children.

The tenth of September was the day for the embarka-



tion of a number of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep; and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds, and their garner; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they slowly marched and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping and praying and singing hymns. The seniors went next; the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive. The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind were kept together near the sea, without proper food, or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away; and December, with its appalling cold, had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers before the last of them were removed. "The embarkation of the inhabitants goes on but slowly," wrote Monckton, from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets; "the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them." Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis, a hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. "Our soldiers hate them," wrote an officer on this occasion; "and if they can but

find a pretext to kill them, they will.” Did a prisoner seek to escape, he was shot down by the sentinel. Yet some fled to Quebec; more than three thousand had withdrawn to Miramachi and the region south of the Restigouche; some found rest on the banks of the St. John’s and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But seven thousand of these banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia; one thousand and twenty to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources, hating the poorhouse as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling themselves as laborers. Households, too, were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of some anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers moaning for their children.

The wanderers sighed for their native country; but, to prevent their return, their villages, from Annapolis to the isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were but ruins. In the district of Minas, for instance, two hundred and fifty of their houses, and more than as many barns, were consumed. The live stock which belonged to them, consisting of great numbers of horned cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, were seized as spoils and disposed of by the English officials. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watchdog,

vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes and desolated their meadows.

Relentless misfortune pursued the exiles wherever they fled. Those sent to Georgia, drawn for a love of the spot where they were born, as strong as that of the captive Jews who wept by the rivers of Babylon for their own temple and land, escaped to sea in boats, and went coasting from harbor to harbor; but when they reached New England, just as they would have set sail for their native fields, they were stopped by orders from Nova Scotia. Those who dwelt on the St. John's were torn from their new homes. When Canada surrendered, hatred with its worst venom pursued the fifteen hundred who remained south of the Restigouche. Once those who dwelt in Pennsylvania presented a humble petition of the Earl of Loudoun, then the British commander-in-chief in America; and the cold-hearted peer, offended that the prayer was made in French, seized the five principal men, who in their own land had been persons of dignity and substance, and shipped them to England, with the request that they might be kept from ever again becoming troublesome, by being consigned to service as common sailors on board ships of war. No doubt existed of the king's approbation. The lords of trade, more merciless than the savages and than the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out; and, when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that "the zealous endeavors of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success."

“ We did,” said Edmund Burke, “ in my opinion, most inhumanly, and upon pretenses that in the eye of an honest man are not worth a farthing, root out this poor, innocent, deserving people, whom our utter inability to govern, or to reconcile, gave us no sort of right to extirpate.” I know not if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter and so lasting, as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia. “ We have been true,” they said of themselves, “ to our religion, and true to ourselves; yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance.” The hand of the English official seemed under a spell with regard to them, and was never uplifted but to curse them.

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Beneath the rule of men entirely great  
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold  
The arch enchanter's wand; itself a nothing,  
But taking sorcery from the master's hand  
To paralyze the Caesars and to strike  
The loud earth breathless. Take away the sword—  
States can be saved without it.

LYTTON.

**LXXXV****THE HOLY GRAIL****ALFRED TENNYSON****PART I**

**ALFRED TENNYSON** (1809-1892) was an English poet of high rank. In 1850 he was appointed Poet-Laureate in succession to Wordsworth. Some of the finest of his longer poems are the elegy "In Memoriam," commemorating the death of his friend Arthur Hallam; the "Princess," which contains the exquisite "Bugle Song"; and the "Idylls of the King," than which there is nothing finer of the kind. Among his shorter pieces are "Ulysses," "The Lotos-Eaters," and "Crossing the Bar." His work is rich in imagery and exquisite music.

**ALFRED TENNYSON**

**LEGEND OF JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.**—England in other days loved to persuade herself that she owed the first seed of faith to Joseph of Arimathea, the noble and rich disciple who laid the body of our Lord in the sepulcher, where Mary Magdalen came to embalm it. The Britons, and after them the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans, handed down from father to son the tradition that Joseph, fleeing the persecution of the Jews, carried with him for all his treasure some drops of the blood of our Lord; that he landed on the western coast of England with twelve companions; that he there found an asylum in a desert place surrounded by water; and that he built and consecrated to the Blessed Virgin a chapel, the dedication of which our Lord Himself did not disdain to celebrate. This spot, destined to become the first Christian sanctuary of the

British Isles, was situated upon a tributary of the gulf into which the Severn falls. It afterwards received the name of Glastonbury. Such was, according to the unchangeable popular conviction, the origin of the great abbey of Glastonbury.—MONTALEMBERT.

From noiseful arms, and acts of prowess done  
In tournament or tilt, Sir Percivale  
Whom Arthur and his knighthood call'd the Pure,  
Had passed into the silent life of prayer,  
Praise, fast, and alms; and leaving for the cowl  
The helmet in an abbey far away  
From Camelot, there, and not long after, died.

And one, a fellow-monk among the rest,  
Ambrosius, loved him much beyond the rest,  
And honor'd him, and wrought into his heart  
A way by love that waken'd love within,  
To answer that which came: and as they sat  
Beneath a world-old yew-tree, darkening half  
The cloisters, on a gustful April morn  
That puff'd the swaying branches into smoke  
Above them, ere the summer when he died,  
The monk Ambrosius question'd Percivale:  
“ O brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke,  
Spring after spring, for half a hundred years;  
For never have I known the world without,  
Nor ever stray'd beyond the pale: but thee,  
When first thou camest—such a courtesy

---

Arthur: a legendary king of Great Britain. He instituted The Knights of the Round Table. The Round Table itself was presented to Arthur on his marriage day. King Arthur and the deeds of his Knights of the Round Table have been a favorite subject for song and story.

smoke. the pollen dust blown from the swaying branches.

Spake thro' the limbs and in the voice—I knew  
For one of those who eat in Arthur's hall;  
For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,  
Some true, some light, but every one of you  
Stamp'd with the image of the King; and now  
Tell me, what drove ye from the Table Round,  
My brother? was it earthly passion crost? "

“Nay,” said the knight; “for no such passion  
mine.

But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail  
Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,  
And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out  
Among us in the jousts, while women watch  
Who wins, who falls; and waste the spiritual strength  
Within us, better offer'd up to Heaven.”

To whom the monk: “The Holy Grail!—I trust  
We are green in Heaven's eyes; but here too much  
We molder—as to things without I mean—  
Yet one of your own knights, a guest of ours,  
Told us of this in our refectory,  
But spake with such a sadness and so low  
We heard not half of what he said. What is it?  
The phantom of a cup that comes and goes? ”

“Nay, monk! what phantom? ” answer'd Perci-  
vale.

“The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord  
Drank at the last sad supper with his own.

---

**We are green :** We are alive to Heaven, to the world dead.

This, from the blessed land of Aromat—  
After the day of darkness, when the dead  
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint  
Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought  
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn  
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.  
And there awhile it bode; and if a man  
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,  
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times  
Grew to such evil that the holy cup  
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd.”

To whom the monk: “ From our books I know  
That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,  
And there the heathen Prince, Arviragus,  
Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to build;  
And there he built with wattles from the marsh  
A little lonely church in days of yore,  
For so they say, these books of ours, but seem  
Mute of this miracle, far as I have read.  
But who first saw the holy thing to-day? ”

“ A woman,” answer'd Percivale, “ a nun,  
And one no further off in blood from me  
Than sister; and if ever holy maid  
With knees of adoration wore the stone,  
A holy maid. . . .

“ And he to whom she told her sins, or what  
Her all but utter whiteness held for sin,

---

**Aromat** : Arimathea, a town in Palestine, probably the present Ramleh.

**Moriah** : the hill in Jerusalem upon which the temple was built.



A man well-nigh a hundred winters old,  
Spake often with her of the Holy Grail,  
A legend handed down thro' five or six,  
And each of these a hundred winters old,  
From our Lord's time. And when King Arthur made  
His Table Round, and all men's hearts became  
Clean for a season, surely he had thought  
That now the Holy Grail would come again;  
But sin broke out. Ah, Christ, that it would come,  
And heal the world of all their wickedness!  
' O Father! ' ask'd the maiden, ' might it come  
To me by prayer and fasting? ' ' Nay,' said he,  
' I know not, for thy heart is pure as snow.'  
And so she pray'd and fasted, till the sun  
Shone, and the wind blew, thro' her, and I thought  
She might have risen and floated when I saw her.

“ For on a day she sent to speak with me.  
And when she came to speak, behold her eyes  
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,  
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,  
Beautiful, in the light of holiness!  
And ' O my brother Percivale,' she said,  
' Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail:  
For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound  
As of a silver horn from o'er the hills  
Blown, and I thought, ' It is not Arthur's use  
To hunt by moonlight ' ; and the slender sound  
As from a distance beyond distance grew  
Coming upon me—O never harp nor horn,  
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,

Was like that music as it came; and then  
Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,  
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,  
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,  
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed  
With rosy colors leaping on the wall;  
And then the music faded, and the Grail  
Pass'd, and the beam decay'd, and from the walls  
The rosy quiverings died into the night.  
So now the Holy Thing is here again  
Among us, brother. Fast thou too and pray,  
And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,  
That so perchance the vision may be seen  
By thee and those, and all the world be heal'd.'

“ Then leaving the pale nun, I spoke of this  
To all men; and myself fasted and pray'd  
Always, and many among us many a week  
Fasted and pray'd even to the uttermost,  
Expectant of the wonder that would be.

“ And one there was among us, ever moved  
Among us in white armor, Galahad.  
' God made thee good as thou art beautiful! '  
Said Arthur, when he dubbed him knight; and none  
In so young youth was ever made a knight  
Till Galahad; and this Galahad, when he heard  
My sister's vision, fill'd me with amaze;  
His eyes became so like her own, they seem'd  
Hers, and himself her brother more than I.

---

dubbed : Made him a knight by a stroke on the shoulder with the flat of his sword.

“ But she, the wan sweet maiden, shore away  
Clean from her forehead all that wealth of hair  
Which made a silken mat-work for her feet;  
And out of this she plaited broad and long  
A strong sword-belt, and wove with silver thread  
And crimson in the belt a strange device,  
A crimson grail within a silver beam;  
And saw the bright boy-knight, and bound it on him,  
Saying:

‘ Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,  
And break thro’ all, till one will crown thee king  
Far in the spiritual city.’

“ Then came a year of miracle: O brother,  
In our great hall there stood a vacant chair,  
Fashion’d by Merlin ere he past away,  
And carven with strange figures; and in and out  
The figures, like a serpent, ran a scroll  
Of letters in a tongue no man could read.  
And Merlin call’d it ‘ the Siege Perilous,’  
Perilous for good and ill; ‘ for there,’ he said,  
‘ No man could sit but he should lose himself ’:  
And once by misadvertence Merlin sat  
In his own chair, and so was lost; but he,  
Galahad, when he heard of Merlin’s doom,  
Cried, ‘ If I lose myself, I save myself! ’

“ Then on a summer night it came to pass,  
While the great banquet lay along the hall,  
That Galahad would sit down in Merlin’s chair.

---

**Merlin** : he had for years been the court magician.

**Siege Perilous** : Siege here means seat.

“ And all at once, as there he sat, we heard  
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,  
And rending, and a blast, and overhead  
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.  
And in the blast there smote along the hall  
A beam of light seven times more clear than day;  
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail  
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,  
And none might see who bare it, and it past.  
But every knight beheld his fellow's face  
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,  
And staring each at other like dumb men  
d, till I found a voice and sware a vow.

[ I sware a vow before them all, that I,  
use I had not seen the Grail, would ride  
velvemonth and a day in quest of it,  
I I found and saw it, as the nun  
ister, saw it; and Galahad sware the vow,  
good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's cousin, sware,  
Lancelot sware, and many among the knights,  
Gawain sware, and louder than the rest.”

en spake the monk Ambrosius, asking him,  
hat said the King? Did Arthur take the vow? ”

O brother, when I told him what had chanced;  
ister's vision and the rest, his face  
cen'd, as I have seen it more than once,  
n some brave deed seem'd to be done in vain,  
cen; and ‘ Woe is me, my knights,’ he cried,

‘ Had I been here, ye had not sworn the vow.’  
Bold was mine answer, ‘ Had thyself been here,  
My King, thou wouldst have sworn.’ ‘ Yea, yea,’  
said he,  
‘ Art thou so bold and hast not seen the Grail? ’

“ ‘ Nay, lord, I heard the sound, I saw the light,  
But since I did not see the holy thing,  
I sware a vow to follow till I saw.’ ”

“ Then when he ask’d us, knight by knight, if any  
Had seen it, all their answers were as one:  
‘ Nay, lord, and therefore have we sworn our vows.’ ”

“ ‘ Lo, now,’ said Arthur, ‘ have ye seen a cloud?  
What go ye into the wilderness to see? ’ ”

“ Then Galahad on the sudden, and in a voice  
Shrilling along the hall to Arthur, call’d,  
‘ But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,  
I saw the Holy Grail, and heard a cry—  
“ O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.” ’ ”

“ ‘ Ah, Galahad, Galahad,’ said the King, ‘ for such  
As thou art is the vision, not for these.  
Thy holy nun and thou have seen a sign—  
Holier is none, my Percivale, than she—  
But one hath seen, and all the blind will see.’ ”

## LXXXVI

## THE HOLY GRAIL

## PART II

“ And I was lifted up in heart, and thought  
Of all my late-shown prowess in the lists,  
How my strong lance had beaten down the knights,  
So many and famous names; and never yet  
Had heaven appeared so blue, nor earth so green,  
For all my blood danced in me, and I knew  
That I should light upon the Holy Grail.

“ Thereafter, the dark warning of our King,  
That most of us would follow wandering fires,  
Came like a driving gloom across my mind.  
Then every evil word I had spoken once,  
And every evil thought I had thought of old,  
And every evil deed I ever did,  
Awoke and cried, ‘ This quest is not for thee.’

. . . . .

“ And on I rode, and when I thought my thirst  
Would slay me, saw deep lawns, and then a brook,  
With one sharp rapid, where the crisping white  
Play’d ever back upon the sloping wave  
And took both ear and eye; and o’er the brook  
Were apple trees, and apples by the brook  
Fallen, and on the lawns. ‘ I will rest here,’

---

Wandering fires: The *ignis fatuus*, which plays over swamps, often leads travelers into the swamps.

I said, ' I am not worthy of the quest ' ;  
But even while I drank the brook, and ate  
The goodly apples, all these things at once  
Fell into dust, and I was left alone  
And thirsting in a land of sand and thorns.

“ And on I rode, and greater was my thirst.  
Then flash'd a yellow gleam across the world,  
And where it smote the plowshare in the field  
The plowman left his plowing and fell down  
Before it; where it glitter'd in her pail  
The milkmaid left her milking, and fell down  
Before it, and I knew not why, but thought  
' The sun is rising,' tho' the sun had risen.  
Then was I ware of one that on me moved  
In golden armor with a crown of gold  
About a casque all jewels, and his horse  
In golden armor jeweled everywhere:  
And on the splendor came, flashing me blind,  
And seem'd to me the lord of all the world,  
Being so huge. But when I thought he meant  
To crush me, moving on me, lo! he, too,  
Open'd his arms to embrace me as he came,  
And up I went and touch'd him, and he, too,  
Fell into dust, and I was left alone  
And wearying in a land of sand and thorns.

“ And I rode on and found a mighty hill,  
And on the top a city wall'd: the spires  
Prick'd with incredible pinnacles into heaven.  
And by the gateway stirr'd a crowd; and these

Cried to me climbing, ' Welcome, Percivale!  
'Thou mightiest and thou purest among men! '  
And glad was I and clomb, but found at top  
No man, or any voice. And thence I past  
Far thro' a ruinous city, and I saw  
That man had once dwelt there; but there I found  
Only one man of an exceeding age.  
' Where is that goodly company,' said I,  
' That so cried out upon me? ' and he had  
Scarce any voice to answer, and yet gasp'd,  
' Whence and what art thou? ' and even as he spoke  
Fell into dust and disappear'd, and I  
Was left alone once more, and cried in grief,  
' Lo, if I find the Holy Grail itself  
And touch it, it will crumble into dust! '

" And thence I dropt into a lowly vale,  
Low as the hill was high, and where the vale  
Was lowest found a chapel, and thereby  
A holy hermit in a hermitage,  
To whom I told my phantoms, and he said:

" ' O son, thou hast not true humility,  
The highest virtue, mother of them all;  
For when the Lord of all things made himself  
Naked of glory for his mortal change,  
" Take thou my robe," she said, " for all is thine,"  
And all her form shone forth with sudden light  
So that the angels were amazed, and she  
Follow'd Him down, and like a flying star



Led on the gray-hair'd wisdom of the east;  
But her thou hast not known: for what is this  
Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins?  
Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself  
As Galahad.' When the hermit made an end,  
In silver armor suddenly Galahad shone  
Before us, and against the chapel door  
Laid lance and enter'd, and we knelt in prayer.  
And there the holy hermit slaked my burning thirst  
And at the sacring of the mass I saw  
The holy elements alone; but he,  
'Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw the Grail,  
The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine:  
I saw the fiery face as of a child  
That smote itself into the bread and went;  
And hither am I come; and never yet  
Hath what thy sister taught me first to see,  
This holy thing, fail'd from my side, nor come  
Cover'd but moving with me night and day,  
Fainter by day, but always in the night  
Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh  
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top  
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below  
Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,  
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,  
And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,  
And clashed with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,

---

**Wisdom of the east:** See Matthew ii. 1-12.

**sacring of the mass :** the consecration.

**Pagan :** here means country people. The people in the country districts were not converted to Christianity so soon as were the townspeople; the country people were therefore heathen or pagan.

And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this  
Come victor. But my time is hard at hand,  
And hence I go; and one will crown me king  
Far in the spiritual city; and come thou, too,  
For thou shalt see the vision when I go.'

“ While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine,  
Drew me, with power upon me, till I grew  
One with him, to believe as he believed.  
Then when the day began to wane, we went.

“ There rose a hill that none but man could climb,  
Scarr'd with a hundred wintry water-courses—  
Storm at the top, and when we gain'd it, storm  
Round us and death; for every moment glanced  
His silver arms and gloom'd: so quick and thick  
The lightnings here and there to left and right  
Struck, till the dry old trunks about us, dead,  
Yea, rotten with a hundred years of death,  
Sprang into fire: and at the base we found  
On either hand, as far as eye could see,  
A great black swamp and of an evil smell,  
Part black, part whiten'd with the bones of men,  
Not to be crost, save that some ancient king  
Had built a way, where, link'd with many a bridge,  
A thousand piers ran into the great Sea.  
And Galahad fled along them bridge by bridge,  
And every bridge as quickly as he crost  
Sprang into fire and vanish'd, tho' I yearn'd  
To follow; and thrice above him all the heavens  
Open'd and blazed with thunder such as seem'd

Shoutings of all the sons of God: and first  
At once I saw him far on the great Sea,  
In silver-shining armor starry-clear;  
And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung  
Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.  
And with exceeding swiftness ran the boat,  
If boat it were—I saw not whence it came.  
And when the heavens open'd and blazed again  
Roaring, I saw him like a silver star—  
And had he set the sail, or had the boat  
Become a living creature clad with wings?  
And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung  
Redder than any rose, a joy to me,  
For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.  
Then in a moment when they blazed again  
Opening, I saw the least of little stars  
Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star  
I saw the spiritual city and all her spires  
And gateways in a glory like one pearl—  
No larger, tho' the goal of all the saints—  
Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot  
A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there  
Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,  
Which never eyes on earth again shall see.  
Then fell the floods of heaven drowning the deep,  
And how my feet recrost the deathful ridge  
No memory in me lives; but that I touch'd  
The chapel doors at dawn I know; and thence  
Taking my war-horse from the holy man,  
Glad that no phantom vexed me more, return'd  
To whence I came, the gate of Arthur's wars."

## LXXXVII

## THE HOLY GRAIL

## PART III

“ And there sat Arthur on the dais-throne,  
And those that had gone out upon the quest,  
Wasted and worn, and but a tithe of them,  
And those that had not, stood before the King,  
Who, when he saw me, rose and bade me hail,  
Saying: ‘ A welfare in thine eyes reproves  
Our fear of some disastrous chance for thee  
On hill or plain, at sea or flooding ford.

. . . . .  
This vision—hast thou seen the Holy Cup,  
That Joseph brought of old to Glastonbury? ’

“ So when I told him all thyself hast heard,  
Ambrosius, and my fresh but fixt resolve  
To pass away into the quiet life,  
He answer’d not, but, sharply turning, ask’d  
Of Gawain, ‘ Gawain, was this quest for thee? ’

“ ‘ Nay, lord,’ saith Gawain, ‘ not for such as I.’  
“ He ceased; and Arthur turn’d to whom at first  
He saw not, for Sir Bors, on entering, push’d  
Athwart the throng to Lancelot, caught his hand,  
Held it, and there, half-hidden by him, stood,  
Until the King espied him, saying to him,  
‘ Hail, Bors! if ever loyal man and true  
Could see it, thou hast seen the Grail ’: and Bors,

‘ Ask me not, for I may not speak of it:  
I saw it ’: and the tears were in his eyes.

“ Then there remained but Lancelot.  
‘ Thou, too, my Lancelot,’ ask’d the King, ‘ my  
friend,  
Our mightiest, hath this quest avail’d for thee? ’  
“ ‘ Our mightiest! ’ answer’d Lancelot, with a groan;  
‘ O King! ’—and when he paused methought I spied  
A dying fire of madness in his eyes—  
‘ O King, my friend, if friend of thine I be,  
Happier are those that welter in their sin,  
Swine in the mud that cannot see for slime,  
Slime of the ditch; but in me lived a sin  
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,  
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung  
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower  
And poisonous grew together, each as each,  
Not to be pluck’d asunder; and when thy knights  
Swore, I swore with them only in the hope  
That could I touch or see the Holy Grail  
They might be pluck’d asunder. Then I spake  
To one most holy saint, who wept and said  
That, save they could be pluck’d asunder, all  
My quest were but in vain; to whom I vow’d  
That I would work according as he will’d.  
And forth I went, and while I yearn’d and strove  
To tear the twain asunder in my heart,  
My madness came upon me as of old,  
And whipt me unto waste fields far away.  
There was I beaten down by little men,

Mean knights, to whom the moving of my sword  
And shadow of my spear had been enow  
To scare them from me once; and then I came  
All in my folly to the naked shore,  
Wide flats, where nothing but coarse grasses grew;  
But such a blast, my King, began to blow,  
So loud a blast along the shore and sea,  
Ye could not hear the waters for the blast,  
Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all the sea  
Drove like a cataract, and all the sand  
Swept like a river, and the clouded heavens  
Were shaken with the motion and the sound.  
And blackening in the sea-foam sway'd a boat,  
Half-swallow'd in it, anchor'd with a chain;  
And in my madness to myself I said,  
"I will embark and I will lose myself,  
And in the great sea wash away my sin."  
I burst the chain, I sprang into the boat:  
Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,  
And with me drove the moon and all the stars;  
And the wind fell, and on the seventh night  
I heard the shingle grinding in the surge,  
And felt the boat shock earth, and looking up,  
Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,  
A castle like a rock upon a rock,  
With chasm-like portals open to the sea,  
And steps that met the breaker!

. . . . .

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**Carbonek.** This castle was the one which, according to the legends, was built as the resting-place for the Holy Grail in the time of Alain, grandson of Joseph of Arimathea.

And up into the sounding hall I past;  
But nothing in the sounding hall I saw,  
No bench nor table, painting on the wall  
Or shield of knight, only the rounding moon  
Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.  
But always in the quiet house I heard,  
Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,  
A sweet voice singing in the topmost tower  
To the eastward. Up I climb'd a thousand steps  
With pain; as in a dream I seem'd to climb  
For ever: at the last I reach'd a door,  
A light was in the crannies, and I heard,  
"Glory and joy and honor to our Lord  
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail!"  
Then in my madness I essay'd the door;  
It gave, and thro' a stormy glare, a heat  
As from a seven-times-heated furnace, I,  
Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,  
With such a fierceness that I swoon'd away—  
O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,  
All pall'd in crimson samite, and around  
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes!  
And but for all my madness and my sin,  
And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw  
That which I saw; but what I saw was veil'd  
And cover'd, and this quest was not for me.'

"So speaking, and here ceasing, Lancelot left  
The hall long silent, till Sir Gawain—nay,  
Brother, I need not tell thee foolish words,—  
A reckless and irreverent knight was he,

Now bolden'd by the silence of his King,—  
Well, I will tell thee: 'O King, my liege,' he said,  
'Hath Gawain fail'd in any quest of thine?  
When have I stinted stroke in foughten field?  
But as for thine, my good friend Percivale,  
Thy holy nun and thou have driven men mad,  
Yea, made our mightiest madder than our least.  
But by mine eyes and by mine ears I swear,  
I will be deafer than the blue-eyed cat,  
And thrice as blind as any noonday owl,  
To holy virgins in their ecstasies,  
Henceforward.'

“ ‘Deafer,’ said the blameless King,  
'Gawain, and blinder unto holy things,  
Hope not to make thyself by idle vöws,  
Being too blind to have desire to see.  
And spake I not too truly, O my knights?  
Was I too dark a prophet when I said  
To those who went upon the Holy Quest,  
That most of them would follow wandering fires,  
Lost in the quagmire?  
And some among you held that if the King  
Had seen the sight he would have sworn the vow:  
Not easily, seeing that the King must guard  
That which he rules, and is but as the hind  
To whom a space of land is given to plow,  
Who may not wander from the allotted field  
Before his work is done, but, being done,  
Let visions of the night or of the day  
Come as they will; and many a time they come,



Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,  
This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,  
This air that smites his forehead is not air  
But vision—yea, his very hand and foot—  
In moments when he feels he cannot die,  
And knows himself no vision to himself,  
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One  
Who rose again: ye have seen what ye have seen.'

“ So spake the King: I knew not all he meant.”

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LXXXVIII

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

THOMAS MOORE

Oft in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me:  
The smiles, the tears  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken!  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

## LXXXIX

## THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Adopted by the Continental Congress, July 4, 1776

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress Assembled.

One of the prominent statesmen and patriots of our country was THOMAS JEFFERSON, the author of the Declaration of Independence. He was third president of the United States. He was born in Virginia in 1743. He died on Independence Day, 1826, in Monticello, Virginia, on the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration. This immortal document was received with general rejoicing. It was read to the army, and aided the patriots in the struggle for liberty.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice by

refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our Legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:—

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States;

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury;

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses;

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies;

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the powers of our governments;

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring himself invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages; and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands. He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British

brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity; and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war; in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

## XC

## THE SONG OF DAVID

CHRISTOPHER SMART

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born in Kent in 1722. He died in 1771. His most admired piece of work is the "Song of David." To his affliction, insanity, is perhaps due the greater freedom that characterizes his work, done in the times when special attention was given to form.

He sang of God, the mighty source  
Of all things, the stupendous force  
On which all strength depends:  
From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes,  
All period, power, and enterprise  
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,  
The glorious light, the soothing shade,  
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill:  
The multitudinous abyss,  
Where secrecy remains in bliss,  
And wisdom makes her skill.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said  
To Moses: while earth heard in dread,  
And, smitten to the heart,  
At once, above, beneath, around,  
All nature, without voice or sound,  
Replied, "O Lord, THOU ART."



## XCI

THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF ABRAHAM  
LINCOLN. (March 4, 1865)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and was assassinated in Washington on April 15, 1865, while serving his second term as President of the United States. In spite of poverty he managed to educate himself and to gain the highest office in the country. His speeches ring out with an earnest vigor and a high simplicity.

"The kindly, earnest, brave,  
foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading  
praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the  
first American."—LOWELL.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

## Fellow-Countrymen:

At this second 'appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly

depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it with war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came. One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude nor the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease when, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His

aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. Neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purpose. Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern there any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all

which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

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## XCII

## OF STUDIES

FRANCIS BACON

FRANCIS BACON was born in London in 1561. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper under Elizabeth. Francis was ambitious ; and he rose finally to the dignity of the Chancellorship, an office which he held for three years. In March, 1626, he caught cold while making an experiment to arrest decay, and died at Lord Arundel's house near Highgate. Ben Jonson says of him, somewhat too generously, "No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him

FRANCIS BACON.

without loss." Of his "Essays," some widely known and quoted are "Studies," "Gardens," and "Great Places." His works, "The Advancement of Learning" and "Novum Organum," are too difficult for your present consideration.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for

ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation..

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need

have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. "Studies become habits"; nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. So, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

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At last divine Cecilia came,  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
; old Timotheus yield the prize  
Or both divide the crown;  
raised a mortal to the skies;  
She drew an angel down!

DRYDEN.

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ant : ready.

otheus : a celebrated musician of Athens. He lived in the fourth  
y before Christ.

## XCIII

## IMMORTALITY

ORESTES A. BROWNSON

ORESTES A. BROWNSON (1803-1876) was born in Vermont. In 1844 he entered the Catholic Church, after having been a member of several sects. In 1838 he founded the "Boston Quarterly," which was afterward merged into the "Democratic Review." In 1844 he began the magazine with which his name was identified for so many years — "Brownson's Quarterly Review." The Review was the first American periodical to be republished in England. Besides the Review, Brownson wrote a few volumes on political and religious matters, among them "The American Republic" and "Liberalism and the Church."

ORESTES A. BROWNSON

He was one of the most philosophical minds this country has produced.

I lingered several weeks around the grave of my mother, and in the neighborhood where she had lived. It was the place where I had passed my own childhood and youth. It was the scene of those early associations which become the dearer to us as we leave them the farther behind. I stood where I had sported in the freedom of early childhood; but I stood alone, for no one was there with whom I could speak of its frolics. One feels singularly desolate when he sees only strange

faces and hears only strange voices in what was the home of his early life.

I returned to the village where I had resided for many years; but what was that spot to me now? Nature had done much for it, but Nature herself is very much what we make her. There must be beauty in our souls, or we shall see no loveliness in her face; and beauty had died out of my soul. She who might have recalled it to life and thrown its hues over all the world was—but of that I will not speak.

It was now that I really needed the hope of immortality. The world was to me one vast desert, and life was without end or aim. The hope of immortality! We want it when earth has lost its gloss of novelty; when our hopes have been blasted, our affections withered, and the shortness of life and the vanity of all human pursuits have come home to us and made us exclaim, “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!” We want then the hope of immortality to give to life an end, an aim.

We all of us at times feel this want. The infidel feels it in early life. He learns all too soon, what to him is a withering fact, that man does not complete his destiny on earth. Man never completes anything here. What, then, shall he do if there be no hereafter? With what courage can I betake myself to my task? I may begin; but the grave lies between me and the completion. Death will come to interrupt my work and compel me to leave it unfinished.

This is more terrible to me than the thought of ceasing to be. I could almost (at least I think I could)



consent to be no more, after I had finished my work, achieved my destiny; but to die before my work is completed, while that destiny is but begun—this is the death which comes to me indeed as a “King of Terrors.”

The hope of another life to be the complement of this, steps in to save us from this death, to give us the courage and the hope to begin. The rough sketch shall hereafter become the finished picture; the artist shall give it the last touch at his easel; the science we had just begun shall be completed, and the incipient destiny shall be achieved. Fear not, then, to begin; thou hast eternity before thee in which to end!

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#### XCIV

#### CHARLEMAGNE

One of the ablest men that ever lived was Charles the Great, son of Pepin the Short, a man who has left his mark on history for all time. Charles (called by the French Charlemagne) was great in many ways, whereas most great men are great in one or two. He was a great warrior, a great political genius, an energetic legislator, a lover of learning, and a lover also of his native language and poetry at a time when it was the fashion to despise them. And he united and displayed all these merits in a time of general and monotonous barbarism, when, save in the Church, the minds of men were dull and barren.

From 769 to 813 Charlemagne conducted fifty-three campaigns, among which those he undertook against the Saxons, the Lombards, and the Arabs were long and difficult wars.

The kingdom of Charles was vast; it comprised nearly all Germany, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and the north of Italy and of Spain. He had, in ruling this mighty realm, to deal with different nations, and to grapple with their various institutions and bring them into system.

The first great undertaking of Charles was against the Saxons. They were still heathen, and were a constant source of annoyance to the Franks, for they made frequent inroads to pillage and destroy their towns and harvests.

In the line of mountains which forms the step from lower into upper Germany, above the Westphalian plains, is one point at which the river Weser breaks through and flows down into the level land about three miles above the town of Minden. This rent in the mountain is called the Westphalian Gate. The hills stand on each side like red sandstone door-posts, and one is crowned by some crumbling fragments of a castle; it is called the Wittekindsberg, and takes its name from Wittekind, a Saxon king, who had his castle there. Wittekind was a stubborn heathen, and a very determined man.

In 772 Charles convoked a great assembly at Worms, at which it was unanimously resolved to march against

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the Saxons and chastise them for their incursions. Charles advanced along the Weser, through the gate, destroyed Wittekind's castle, pushed on to Paderborn, where he threw down an idol adored by the Saxons, and then was obliged to return and hurry to Italy to fight the Lombards, who had revolted. Next year he invaded Saxony again. He built himself a palace at Paderborn, and summoned the Saxon chiefs to come and do homage. Wittekind alone refused and fled to Denmark.

No sooner had Charles gone to fight the Moors in Spain than Wittekind returned, and the Saxons rose at his summons and, bursting into Franconia, devastated the land up to the walls of Cologne. Charles returned and fought them in two great battles, defeated them, erected fortresses in their country, and carried off hostages. Affairs seemed to prosper, and Charles deemed himself as securely master of Saxony as Varus had formerly in the same country, and under precisely the same circumstances. Charles then quitted the country, leaving orders for a body of Saxons to join his Franks and march together against the Slavs. The Saxons obeyed the call with alacrity, and soon outnumbered the Franks. One day, as the army was crossing the mountains from the Weser, at a given signal the Saxons fell on their companions and butchered them.

When the news of this disaster reached Charles, he resolved to teach the Saxons a terrible lesson. Cross-

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**Varus** : A Roman general, whose army was entirely destroyed by the Germans.

ing the Rhine, he laid waste their country with fire and sword. At Detmold, Wittekind led the Saxons in a furious battle, in which neither gained the victory. In another battle, on the Hase, the Saxons were completely routed.

Then Wittekind submitted, came into the camp of Charles, and asked to be baptized. A little ruined chapel stands on the Wittekindsberg, above the Westphalian Gate, and there, according to tradition, near the overturned walls of his own castle, the stubborn heathen bowed the neck to receive the yoke of Christ.

Charles's two nephews, the sons of Karlomann, were with Desiderius, the Lombard king, and Desiderius tried to force the Pope to anoint them kings of the Franks, to head a revolt against Charles. When the great king heard this he came over the Alps into Italy, dethroned Desiderius, and shut him up in a monastery. Then he crowned himself with the iron crown of the Lombard kings, which was said to have been made out of one of the nails that fastened Our Lord to the cross.

When we consider what continuous fighting Charles had, it is a wonder to us that he had time to govern and make laws; but he devoted as much thought to arranging his realm and placing it under proper governors as he did to extending its frontiers.

Charles constituted the various parts of his vast empire—kingdoms, duchies, and counties. He was himself the sovereign of all these united, but he managed

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**Lombards :** Longbeards, a people of northern Germany, who had invaded Italy and settled in the northern part of it.

them through counts and vice-counts. The frontier districts were called marches, and were under march-counts, or margraves. Count is not a German title; the German equivalent is Graf, and the English is earl. The counties were divided into hundreds; a hundred villages went to a vice-count. Charles had also counts of the palace, who ruled over the crown estates, and send-counts (*missi*), whom he sent out yearly through the country to see that his other counts did justice, and did not oppress the people. If people felt themselves wronged by the counts they appealed to these send-counts; and if the send-counts did not do them justice, they appealed to the palatine-counts.

Every year Charles summoned his counts four times, when he could, but always once, in May, to meet him in council, and discuss the grievances of the people. As the great dukes were troublesome, because so powerful, Charles tried to do without them, and to keep them in check. He gave whole principalities to bishops, hoping that they would become supporters of him and the crown against the powerful dukes.

He was also very careful for the good government of the Church. He endowed a number of monasteries to serve as schools for boys and girls. He had also a collection of good, wholesome sermons made in German, and sent copies about in all directions, requiring them to be read to the people in church. He invited singers and musicians from Italy to come and improve the performance of divine worship, and two song-schools were established, one at Gall, another at Metz. His Franks, he complained, had not much aptitude for

music; their singing was like the howling of wild beasts or the noise made by the squeaking, groaning wheels of a baggage-wagon over a stony road!

Charles was particularly interested in schools, and delighted in going into them and listening to the boys at their lessons. One day when he had paid such a visit he was told that the noblemen's sons were much idler than those of the common citizens. Then the great king grew red in the face and frowned, and his eyes flashed. He called the young nobles before him and said in thundering tones: "You grand gentlemen! You young puppets! You puff yourselves up with the thoughts of your rank and wealth, and suppose you have no need of letters! I tell you that your pretty faces and your high nobility are accounted nothing by me. Beware! beware! Without diligence and conscientiousness not one of you gets anything from me."

Charles dearly loved the grand old German poems of the heroes, and he had them collected and copied out. Alas! they have been lost. His stupid son, thinking them rubbish, burned them all. The great king also sent to Italy for builders, and set them to work to erect palaces and churches. His favorite palaces were at Aix and at Ingelheim. At the latter place he had a bridge built over the Rhine. At Aix he built the cathedral with pillars taken from Roman ruins. It was quite circular, with a colonnade going round it; inside, it remains almost unaltered to the present day.

He was very eager to promote trade, and so far in advance of the times was he that he resolved to cut a canal so as to connect the Main with the Regnitz, and

thus make a water-way right across Germany from the Rhine to the Danube, and so connect the German Ocean with the Black Sea. The canal was begun, but wars interfered with its completion, and the work was not carried out till the nineteenth century by Louis I. of Bavaria.

Charles was a tall, noble-looking man, nearly seven feet high. He was so strong that he could take a horse-shoe in his hands and snap it. He ate and drank in moderation, and was grave and dignified in his conduct.

In the year 800, an insurrection broke out in Rome against Pope Leo III. While he was riding in procession his enemies fell upon him, threw him from his horse, and an awkward attempt was made to put out his eyes and cut out his tongue. Thus, bleeding and insensible, he was put into a monastery. The Duke of Spoleto, a Frank, hearing of this, marched to Rome and removed the wounded Pope to Spoleto, where he was well nursed and recovered his eyesight and power of speech. Charles was very indignant when he heard of the outrage, and he left the Saxons, whom he was fighting, and went to Italy to investigate the circumstance. He assumed the office of judge, and the guilty persons were sent to prison in France.

Then came Christmas-day, the Christmas of the last year in the eighth century. Charles and all his sumptuous court, the nobles and people of Rome, the whole clergy of Rome, were present at the high services of the birth of Our Lord. The Pope himself chanted the mass; the full assembly were rapt in profound devo-

tion. At the close the Pope arose, advanced toward Charles with a splendid crown in his hands, placed it upon his brow, and proclaimed him Caesar Augustus. "God grant life and victory to the great emperor!" His words were lost in the acclamations of the soldiery, the people, and the clergy.

When Charles felt that his end was approaching, he summoned all his nobles to Aix into the church he had erected. There, on the altar, lay a golden crown. Charles made his son Ludwig, or Louis, stand before him, and, in the audience of his great men, gave him his last exhortation: to fear God and to love his people as his own children, to do right and to execute justice, and to walk in integrity before God and man. With streaming eyes Louis promised to fulfill his father's command. "Then," said Charles, "take this crown, and place it on your own head, and never forget the promise you have made this day."

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I mean by a heroic age and race, one the course of whose history, and the traits of whose character, and the extent and permanence of whose influences are of a kind and power not merely to be recognized in after time as respectable or useful, but of a kind and of a power to kindle and feed the moral imagination, move the capacious heart, and justify the intelligent wonder of the world.



## XCV

## THE VISION OF MIRZA

JOSEPH ADDISON

Everybody knows the hale old English squire, Sir Roger de Coverley, created in "The Spectator" by the English essayist, JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719). In collaboration with Steele, Addison made famous two periodicals, "The Tatler" and "The Spectator." These papers, especially "The Spectator," with which Addison's name is more distinctly associated, taught the people of the eighteenth century the art of writing, besides manners and morals. Many writers, notably Benjamin Franklin, have formed their style on that of Addison. He wrote a copious polished prose.

JOSEPH ADDISON

When reading it you feel that he smiled, but not broadly nor unkindly, at the follies of his countrymen.

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows:

On the fifth day of the moon—which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy—

after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, “ Surely,” said I, “ man is but a shadow, and life a dream.”

While I was musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasure of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies. Follow me!"

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water running through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it attentively."

Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were

entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

“But tell me further,” said he, “what thou discoverest on it.” “I see multitudes of people passing over it,” said I, “and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.” As I looked more attentively I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some

were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight.

Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved in compassion toward me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect.

“Look no more,” said he, “on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.” I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or not the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end and spreading forth into an immense ocean that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts.

The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. “The islands,” said he, “that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see,

are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself.

“ These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives the opportunity of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.” I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.

At length said I: “ Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.” The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

## XCVI

## THE OLD MASTERS

KENELM HENRY DIGBY

KENELM HENRY DIGBY (1800–1880), though the son of a Protestant clergyman, belonged to an ancient Catholic family of Leicestershire. He was graduated from Cambridge, and about that time became a Catholic. His studies were principally in the literature and antiquities of the middle ages. His works are voluminous. They contain a vast amount of information obtained during a long life of research in the great libraries of Europe. His principal works are “*Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith*”; “*Compitum, or Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church*”; and “*The Broad Stone of Honor*” (from which our selection comes), which Julius Hare calls “that noble manual for gentlemen, which, had I a son, I would place in his hands, charging him to love it next his Bible.” All Digby’s writings are instinct with religious feeling. His favorite amusement was painting. He painted for one hundred and thirty churches altar-pieces copied chiefly from the ancient masters.

But if we find the same simplicity, and as it were timidity of design in the old masters, who were coeval with the poetry of the Middle Ages, how lovely and sublime were the forms which they produced. Witness St. Michael weighing the souls, in the great picture at Dantzic. How awfully serene a countenance! Such as might be a ministering spirit from the throne of God, and how majestic a figure! In the great cross of the old chasubles the history of each day’s gospel used to be represented in embroidery, and these are still affecting from their devout and majestic air.

“In general,” says a German writer, “our ancient

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Dantzic: in Prussia.



artists gladly overlooked the form of expression, in attending to the spirit of the subject. Painting at first, after its invention by John of Leyden, was cultivated almost exclusively by monks in their cells. The monasteries of Vallombrosa and Camaldoli contained many painters. In the hands of these devout men, who used to perform devotional exercises previous to painting portraits of our Savior, or of the Blessed Virgin, an account of which is given by Orlandi, painting had a peculiar charm, though removed perhaps from the perfection which appeared in the works of Dürer, Lucas von Leyden, and Raphael, who were contemporaries. Spirituality was the chief feature of these early masters, mostly unencumbered with a close correspondence of parts, or a rigid adherence to right perspective and artificial grouping, which the understanding first invented, after long comparison. These masters resigned themselves much more to the devout and inward sentiment of their souls, and rather desired to cherish and express a holy feeling than to perform a work of sensual beauty; though this is only to be understood in general, for there remain works of this age which for every kind of perfection continue to astonish the beholder."

This spiritual tendency appears in the disposition of these masters to choose in their coloring, not the warm and living tints which nature exhibits, but they painted

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**Vallombrosa:** near Florence, Italy.

**Dürer :** Albert Dürer (1471–1528), a German painter.

**Lucas von Leyden :** a Dutch painter and engraver (1494–1533).

**Sanzio d'Urbino Raphael :** an Italian painter (1483–1520.)

with softer, I might say, with heavenly colors. Hence many of their figures seem aërial, fragrant, and lovely, as if the artist had dipped his pencil in purity and brightness itself. The colors are like a light, transparent medium, in which the corporeal almost disappears. But above all, the deep-feeling artist thought that these soft-colored forms came forth, and seemed endued with light, when they were painted on a cold ground; the eyes were not diverted by the confused and earthly nature of the surrounding parts, but the beams of gold directed them ever back to the principal figure as their center.

There was also an emblem in these old paintings: all the separate parts, even the most trivial and obscure, are in spiritual and mystical relation with the principal subject of the picture. These secondary ideas are indeed often deeply concealed, and many Germans who have acquired a taste for foreign arts reject these, the meaning of which is beyond them; but those who, full of devotional faith, turn to the arts of their fathers with zeal and love, perceive with silent delight the tender mysteries which the profound soul of the master had laid down. Many condemn these old pictures, in which the history of the principal figure is represented complete in the distance, as the heartless French critic ridicules Shakespeare for comprising a number of years in his tragedy. One cannot be too cautious in approaching the old works of art, with a view to judge them. Life had then a form so different from what it has now, and art was so entwined with it. In observing the splendid robes with which the artist adorns

holy persons, we should remember the intention which prompted his hand, that as the poor as well as the rich, in these times, often and gladly gave their best and most beautiful vestments to ornament altars and holy images, the painter, with similar piety, expended his utmost skill in adorning these saints whom he painted and honored with religious fervor; by means of the wide and flowing drapery, it was the intention not only to clothe the body, but also to keep it completely out of the view and thought of the observer, and to confine the attention solely to the spiritual countenances of the heavenly.

He who would feel and understand what I have now attempted to describe, as belonging to our old Christian paintings, should view the great altar-piece in the Cathedral of Cologne, and he will behold a figure of Mary which deserves a heaven, an infant Jesus which will remind him of the most masterly production of Raphael, and an old worshiping king, worthy of being ranked with the masterpiece of Domenichino.

“It is common,” says Grote, “to censure this epoch of the arts as indicating a depraved and childish taste; but we find at this time the one great object of art clearly understood and happily pursued; it is ever the elevating of the earthly existence to its heavenly destination; it is still ever the holy land of poetry; the unearthly, the world of faith, in which the world of sin, of sorrow, and of wretchedness disappears, and is forgotten as in a joyful dream. O happy the people

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**Domenichino** : a Bolognese painter (1581–1641).

**Grote** : an English historian (1794–1871), author of *History of Greece*.

who still are found in this tranquil, innocent, blessed childhood of faith and art; to them everywhere the forms of the holy and the divine are near, and they are raised from earth to heaven.”

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## XCVII

## DIES IRAE

TRANSLATED BY REV. EDWARD CASWELL

“Dies Irae,” Day of Wrath, is an old chant written in all probability by Thomas of Celano, a monk and a friend of St. Francis of Assisi. The composer of the old ecclesiastical melody to which it was set at the time of its writing is not known. Is it not strong testimony to his singleness of purpose in serving God that neither composer nor poet sought recognition? Of this great hymn there exist numerous versions and translations, at least seventy German translations and fifteen English. It has been an inspiring subject for composers; it is employed with magnificent effect in Mozart’s Requiem. If you ever visit the Church of St. Francesco in Mantua, look at the marble tablet on which the original text is engraved. In the missal the “Dies Irae” is appointed to be sung between the Epistle and the Gospel in masses for the dead. Saintsbury calls the “Dies Irae” “the greatest of all hymns and one of the greatest of all poems.” He is among those who “hold these wonderful triplets to be nearly or quite the most perfect wedding of sense to sound that they know.” He speaks, of course, of the original Latin, the full force of which translators find it impossible to convey.

Nigher still, and still more nigh  
Draws the Day of Prophecy,  
Doom’d to melt the earth and sky.

✧ Oh, what trembling there shall be,  
When the world its Judge shall see,  
Coming in dread majesty!

Hark! the trump, with thrilling tone,  
From sepulchral regions lone,  
Summons all before the throne:

Time and Death it doth appall,  
To see the buried ages all  
Rise to answer at the call.

Now the books are open spread;  
Now the writing must be read,  
Which condemns the quick and dead:

✓ Now, before the Judge severe  
Hidden things must all appear;  
Naught can pass unpunish'd here.

✓ What shall guilty I then plead?  
Who for me will intercede,  
When the saints shall comfort need?

King of dreadful Majesty!  
Who dost freely justify!  
Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

✓ Recollect, O Love divine!  
'Twas for this lost sheep of thine  
Thou thy glory didst resign:

Satest wearied seeking me;  
Sufferedst upon the Tree:  
Let not vain thy labor be.

Judge of Justice, hear my prayer!  
Spare me, Lord, in mercy spare!  
Ere the Reckoning-day appear.

Lo! the gracious face I seek;  
Shame and grief are on my cheek;  
Sighs and tears my sorrow speak.

Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive;  
Didst the dying thief receive;  
Hence doth hope within me live.

✓ Worthless are my prayers, I know;  
Yet, oh, cause me not to go  
Into everlasting woe.

Sever'd from the guilty band,  
Make me with thy sheep to stand,  
Placing me on thy right hand.

When the cursed in anguish flee  
Into flames of misery;  
With the Blest then call Thou me.

Suppliant in the dust I lie;  
My heart a cinder, crush'd and dry;  
Help me, Lord, when death is nigh!

Full of tears, and full of dread,  
Is the day that wakes the dead,  
Calling all, with solemn blast,  
From the ashes of the past.

Lord of mercy! Jesus blest!  
Grant the Faithful light and rest.

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Fain would my thoughts fly up to Thee,  
Thy peace, sweet Lord, to find;  
But when I offer, still the world  
Lays clogs upon my mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way  
And thence look down below;  
How nothing, there, do all things seem,  
That here make such a show.

Then round about I turn my eyes  
To feast my hungry sight;  
I meet with Heaven in everything,  
In everything delight.

## XCVIII

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

CARDINAL NEWMAN

## PART I

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born in the year 1801, in London. After attending a private school he went to Trinity College, Oxford. At the age of twenty-five he became Vicar of St. Mary's, the University Church. For some twenty years Newman occupied this pulpit. Professor Shairp eloquently recalls his feelings at hearing no longer Mr. Newman's voice in St. Mary's. "On these things,

looking over an interval of five and twenty years, how vividly comes back the remembrance of the aching blank, the awful pause which fell on Oxford when that voice had ceased, and we knew that we should hear it no more. It was as when to one kneeling by night in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still. . . . Since then many voices of powerful teachers may have been heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like his." Shortly after his resignation from St. Mary's Newman became a Catholic. His "Letters" show how deep were the convictions that led to his change of religion. In the Catholic Church he rose to the cardinalate. He died August 11, 1890. Among his many writings may be mentioned the "Apologia," the novel "Callista,"

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

tions that led to his change of religion. In the Catholic Church he rose to the cardinalate. He died August 11, 1890. Among his many writings may be mentioned the "Apologia," the novel "Callista,"



the "Historical Sketches," his essays—two famous ones of which are "Aristotle's Poetics" and the "Idea of a University."

## GERONTIUS

JESU, MARIA—I am near death,  
And thou art calling me; I know it now—  
Not by the token of this faltering breath,  
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,  
(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)  
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,  
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)  
That I am going, that I am no more.  
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,  
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee,)  
This emptying out of each constituent  
And natural force, by which I come to be.  
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant  
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,  
The like of whom, to scarce me and to daunt,  
Has never, never come to me before;  
'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers!—  
'tis he! . . .

As though my very being had given way,  
As though I was no more a substance now,  
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,  
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou,)  
And turn no whither, but must needs decay  
And drop from out the universal frame  
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,  
That utter nothingness, of which I came:

This is it that has come to pass in me;  
O horror; this it is, my dearest, this;  
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to  
pray.

#### ASSISTANTS

Kyrie eleïson, Christe eleïson, Kyrie eleïson.  
Holy Mary, pray for him.  
All holy Angels, pray for him.  
Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.  
Holy Abraham, pray for him.  
St. John Baptist, St. Joseph, pray for him.  
St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John,  
All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.  
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.  
All holy Innocents, pray for him.  
All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,  
All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,  
All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

#### GERONTIUS

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;  
And through such waning span  
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,  
Prepare to meet thy God.  
And while the storm of that bewilderment  
Is for a season spent,  
And, ere afresh the ruin on thee fall,  
Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.  
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.  
From the sins that are past;  
From Thy frown and Thine ire;  
    From the perils of dying;  
    From any complying  
    With sin, or denying  
    His God, or relying  
On self, at the last;  
    From the nethermost fire;  
From all that is evil;  
From power of the devil;  
Thy servant deliver,  
For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,  
Rescue him from endless loss;  
By Thy death and burial,  
Save him from a final fall;  
By Thy rising from the tomb,  
    By Thy mounting up above,  
    By the Spirit's gracious love,  
Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,

Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.  
Firmly I believe and truly  
God is Three, and God is One;  
And I next acknowledge duly  
Manhood taken by the Son.  
And I trust and hope most fully  
In that Manhood crucified;  
And each thought and deed unruly  
Do to death, as He has died.  
Simply to His grace and wholly  
Light and life and strength belong,  
And I love, supremely, solely,  
Him the holy, Him the strong.  
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.  
And I hold in veneration,  
For the love of Him alone,  
Holy Church, as His creation,  
And her teachings, as His own.  
And I take with joy whatever  
Now besets me, pain or fear,  
And with a strong will I sever  
All the ties which bind me here.  
Adoration aye be given,  
With and through the angelic host,  
To the God of earth and heaven,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more; for now it comes again,  
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,  
That masterful negation and collapse  
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent  
Over the dizzy brink  
Of some sheer infinite descent;  
Or worse, as though  
Down, down for ever I was falling through  
The solid framework of created things,  
And needs must sink and sink  
Into the vast abyss. And crueler still,  
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill  
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,  
Some bodily form of ill  
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse  
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps  
Its hideous wings,  
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.

O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!  
Some Angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee  
In Thine own agony. . . .  
Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me.  
Mary, pray for me.

## ASSISTANTS

Rescue him O Lord in this his evil hour.  
As if he were by Thy gracious power:—

Amen.

David and Elias from the common doom:—

Amen.

Noe from the waters in a saving hour:

Amen.

Abraham from the alarming guilt of Heathenry:

Amen.

Job from all his affliction and fell distress:

Amen.

Isaac, when his father's knife was raised to slay:

Amen.

Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment-day;

Amen.

Moses from the land of bondage and despair;

Amen.

Daniel from the hungry Lions in their lair;

Amen.

And the Children Three amid the furnace-flame;

Amen.

Chaste Susanna from the slander and the shame;

Amen.

David from Golia and the wrath of Saul;

Amen.

And the two Apostles from their prison-thrall;

Amen.

Thecla from her torments; (Amen.)

—so, to show Thy power,

Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

## GERONTIUS

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep,  
The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands,  
O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

## THE PRIEST

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo!  
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!  
Go from this world! Go, in the name of God  
The omnipotent Father, who created thee!  
Go, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
Son of the living God, who bled for thee!  
Go, in the name of the Holy Spirit, who  
Hath been poured out on thee! Go, in the name  
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name  
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name  
Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name  
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!  
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;  
And of Apostles and Evangelists,  
Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name  
Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name  
Of holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,  
Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;  
And may thy place to-day be found in peace,  
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount  
Of Sion:—in the name of Christ, our Lord.

## XCIX

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

## PART II

## SOUL OF GERONTIUS

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.  
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me  
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense  
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,  
And ne'er had been before. How still it is?  
I hear no more the busy beat of time,  
No, nor my fluttering breath, no struggling pulse;  
Nor does one moment differ from the next.  
I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said  
“ He's gone ”; and then a sigh went round the room.

And then I surely heard a priestly voice  
Cry “ Subvenite ”; and they knelt in prayer.  
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,  
And fainter and more faint the accents come,  
As at an ever-widening interval.  
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?  
This silence pours a solitariness  
Into the very essence of my soul;  
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,  
Hath something too of sternness and of pain,  
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring  
By a strange introversion, and perforce  
I now begin to feed upon myself,  
Because I have nought else to feed upon.



Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,  
But in the body still; for I possess  
A sort of confidence which clings to me,  
That each particular organ holds its place  
As heretofore, combining with the rest  
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,  
And makes me man; and surely I could move,  
Did I but will it, every part of me.  
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,  
By very trial, that I have the power.  
'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,  
I cannot make my fingers or my lips  
By mutual pressure witness each to each,  
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke  
Assure myself I have a body still.  
Nor do I know my very attitude,  
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,  
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,  
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.  
Or I or it is rushing on the wings  
Of light or lightning on an onward course,  
And we e'en now are million miles apart.  
Yet. . . . is this peremptory severance  
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,  
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?  
Or am I traversing infinity  
By endless subdivision, hurrying back  
From finite towards infinitesimal,  
Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel: some one has me fast  
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp  
Such as they use on earth, but all around  
Over the surface of my subtle being,  
As though I were a sphere, and capable  
To be accosted thus, a uniform  
And gentle pressure tells me I am not  
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.  
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth  
I cannot of that music rightly say  
Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones.  
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

ANGEL

My work is done,  
My task is o'er,  
And so I come,  
Taking it home,  
For the crown is won,  
Alleluia,  
For evermore.

My Father gave  
In charge to me  
This child of earth  
E'en from its birth,  
To serve and save,  
Alleluia,  
And saved, is he.

This child of clay  
To me was given,  
To rear and train  
By sorrow and pain  
In the narrow way,  
Alleluia,  
From earth to heaven.

## SOUL

It is a member of that family  
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were made,  
Millions of ages back, have stood around  
The throne of God:—he never has known sin;  
But through those cycles all but infinite,  
Has had a strong and pure celestial life,  
And bore to gaze on th' unveiled face of God  
And drank from the eternal Fount of truth,  
And served Him with a keen ecstatic love  
Hark! he begins again.

## ANGEL

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,  
But most in man, how wonderful Thou art!  
With what a love, what soft persuasive might  
Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,  
Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,  
To fill the thrones which angels lost through pride!

He lay a groveling babe upon the ground,  
Polluted in the blood of his first sire,

With his whole essence shattered and unsound,  
And, coiled around his heart, a demon dire,  
Which was not of his nature, but had skill  
To bind and form his opening mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right  
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,  
And I have waged a long relentless fight,  
Resolved that death-environed spirit to win,  
Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,  
Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh what a shifting parti-colored scene  
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,  
Of recklessness and penitence, has been  
The history of that dreary, lifelong fray!  
And, oh, the grace to nerve him and to lead,  
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!  
Majesty dwarfed to baseness! fragrant flower  
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth  
Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering power!  
Who never art so near to crime and shame,  
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name;—

How should ethereal natures comprehend  
A thing made up of spirit and of clay,  
Were we not tasked to nurse it and to tend,  
Linked one to one throughout its mortal day?

More than the Seraph in his height of place,  
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed  
race.

## SOUL

Now know I surely that I am at length  
Out of the body: had I part with earth,  
I never could have drunk those accents in,  
And not have worshiped as a god the voice  
That was so musical; but now I am  
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,  
With such a full content, and with a sense  
So apprehensive and discriminant,  
As no temptation can intoxicate.  
Nor have I even terror at the thought  
That I am clasped by such a saintliness.

## ANGEL

All praise to Him, at whose sublime decree  
The last are first, the first become the last;  
By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free,  
By whom proud first-borns from their thrones are  
cast;  
Who raises Mary to be Queen of heaven,  
While Lucifer is left, condemned and unforgiven.

## PART III

## SOUL

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,  
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

## ANGEL

All hail, my child!  
My child and brother, hail! what wouldest thou?

## SOUL

I would have nothing but to speak with thee  
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee  
Conscious communion; though I fain would know  
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,  
And not a curiousness.

## ANGEL

You cannot now  
Cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

## SOUL

Then I will speak. I ever had believed  
That on the moment when the struggling soul  
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell  
Under the awful Presence of its God,  
There to be judged and sent to its own place.  
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

## ANGEL

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed  
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge:

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lets: prevents.

For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.  
Divide a moment, as men measure time,  
Into its million-million-millionth part,  
Yet even less than that the interval  
Since thou didst leave the body; and the priest  
Cried "Subvenite," and they fell to prayer;  
Nay scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

For spirits and men by different standards mete  
The less and greater in the flow of time.  
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances—  
By stars which rise and set harmoniously—  
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,  
This way and that, of the suspended rod  
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,  
Equal, continuous, for their common use.  
Not so with us in the immaterial world;  
But intervals in their succession  
Are measured by the living thought alone,  
And grow or wane with its intensity.  
And time is not a common property;  
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,  
And near is distant, as received and grasped  
By this mind and by that, and every one  
Is standard of his own chronology.  
And memory lacks its natural resting-points  
Of years, and centuries, and periods.  
It is thy very energy of thought  
Which keeps thee from thy God.

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The suspended rod: the pendulum.

## SOUL

Dear Angel, say,  
Why have I now no fear at meeting Him?  
Along my earthly life, the thought of death  
And judgment was to me most terrible.  
I had it aye before me, and I saw  
The Judge severe e'en in the crucifix.  
Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;  
And at this balance of my destiny,  
Now close upon me, I can forward look  
With a serenest joy.

## ANGEL

It is because  
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.  
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so  
For thee the bitterness of death is past.  
Also, because already in thy soul  
The judgment is begun. That day of doom,  
One and the same for the collected world—  
That solemn consummation for all flesh,  
Is, in the case of each, anticipate  
Upon his death; and, as the last great day  
In the particular judgment is rehearsed,  
So now too, ere thou comest to the Throne,  
A presage falls upon thee, as a ray  
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.  
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul  
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,  
And heaven begun.



C

**THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS**

PART IV

SOUL

But hark! upon my sense  
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear,  
Could I be frightened.

ANGEL

We are now arrived  
Close on the judgment court; that sullen howl  
Is from the demons who assemble there.  
It is the middle region, where of old  
Satan appeared among the sons of God,  
To cast his jibes and scoffs at holy Job.  
So now his legions throng the vestibule,  
Hungry and wild, to claim their property,  
And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry!

SOUL

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

DEMONS

Low-born clods  
Of brute earth,  
They aspire  
To become gods,

By a new birth,  
And an extra grace,  
And a score of merits.  
    . . . As if aught  
Could stand in place  
    Of the high thought,  
    And the glance of fire  
Of the great spirits,  
The powers blest,  
The lords by right,  
    The primal owners,  
    Of the proud dwelling  
And realm of light,—  
Dispossessed,  
Aside thrust,  
    Chucked down,  
By the sheer might  
Of a despot's will,  
    Of a tyrant's frown.  
Who after expelling  
Their hosts, gave,  
Triumphant still,  
And still unjust,  
    Each forfeit crown  
To psalm-droners,  
And canting groaners,  
    To every slave,  
And pious cheat,  
    And crawling knave,  
Who licked the dust  
    Under his feet.

ANGEL

It is the restless panting of their being;  
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,  
In a deep hideous purring have their life,  
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

DEMONS

The mind bold  
And independent,  
The purpose free,  
So we are told  
Must not think  
To have the ascendant.  
What's a saint?  
One whose breath  
Doth the air taint  
Before his death;  
A bundle of bones,  
Which fools adore,  
Ha! ha!  
When life is o'er,  
Which rattle and stink,  
E'en in the flesh.  
We cry his pardon!  
No flesh hath he;  
Ha! ha!  
For it hath died,  
'Tis crucified  
Day by day,

Afresh, afresh,  
                    Ha! ha!  
That holy clay,  
                    Ha! ha!  
This gains guerdon,  
So priestlings prate,  
                    Ha ha!  
Before the Judge,  
                    And pleads and atones  
For spite and grudge,  
                    And bigot mood,  
And envy and hate,  
                    And greed of blood.

## SOUL

How impotent they are! and yet on earth  
They have repute for wondrous power and skill;  
And books describe, how that the very face  
Of the Evil One, if seen, would have a force  
Even to freeze the blood, and choke the life  
Of him who saw it.

## ANGEL

In thy trial-state  
Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at home,  
Connatural, who with the powers of hell  
Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the keys,  
And to that deadliest foe unlocked thy heart.  
And therefore, is it, in respect of man,

Those fallen ones show so majestic.  
But, when some child of grace, angel or saint,  
Pure and upright in his integrity  
Of nature, meets the demons on their raid,  
They scud away as cowards from the fight.  
Nay, oft hath holy hermit in his cell,  
Not yet disburdened of mortality,  
Mocked at their threats and warlike overtures;  
Or, dying, when they swarmed, like flies, around,  
Defied them, and departed to his Judge.

## DEMONS

Virtue and vice,  
A knave's pretense.  
    'Tis all the same;  
        Ha! ha!  
Dread of hell-fire,  
Of the venomous flame,  
    A coward's plea.  
Give him his price,  
    Saint though he be,  
        Ha! ha!  
From shrewd good sense  
    He'll slave for hire;  
        Ha! ha!  
And does but aspire  
To the heaven above  
    With sordid aim,  
And not from love.  
        Ha! ha!

## SOUL

I see not those false spirits; shall I see  
My dearest Master, when I reach His throne;  
Or hear, at least, His awful judgment-word  
With personal intonation, as I now  
Hear thee, not see thee, Angel? Hitherto  
All has been darkness since I left the earth;  
Shall I remain thus sight bereft all through  
My penance time? If so, how comes it then  
That I have hearing still, and taste, and touch,  
Yet not a glimmer of that princely sense  
Which binds ideas in one, and makes them live?

## ANGEL

Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now;  
Thou livest in a world of signs and types,  
The presentations of most holy truths,  
Living and strong, which now encompass thee.  
A disembodied soul, thou hast by right  
No converse with aught else beside thyself;  
But, lest so stern a solitude should load  
And break thy being, in mercy are vouchsafed  
Some lower measures of perception,  
Which seem to thee, as though through channels  
brought,  
Through ear or nerves, or palate, which are gone.  
And thou art wrapped and swathed around in dreams,  
Dreams that are true, yet enigmatical;  
For the belongings of thy present state,

Save through such symbols, come not home to thee.  
And thus thou tell'st of space, and time, and size,  
Of fragrant, solid, bitter, musical,  
Of fire, and refreshment after fire;  
As (let me use similitude of earth,  
To aid thee in the knowledge thou dost ask) —  
As ice which blisters may be said to burn.  
Nor hast thou now extension, with its parts  
Correlative,—long habit cozens thee,—  
Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to move.  
Hast thou not heard of those, who, after loss  
Of hand or foot, still cried that they had pains  
In hand or foot, as though they had it still?  
So it is now with thee, who hast not lost  
Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man;  
So will it be, until the joyous day  
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain  
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified.  
How, even now, the consummated Saints  
See God in heaven, I may not explicate.  
Meanwhile let it suffice thee to possess  
Such means of converse as are granted thee,  
Though, till that Beatific Vision thou art blind;  
For e'en thy purgatory, which comes like fire,  
Is fire without its light.

## SOUL

His will be done!  
I am not worthy e'er to see again  
The face of day; far less His countenance

Who is the very sun. Nathless, in life,  
When I looked forward to my purgatory,  
It ever was my solace to believe  
That, ere I plunged amid th' avenging flame,  
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.

ANGEL

Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment;  
Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.  
Thus will it be: what time thou art arraigned  
Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot  
Is cast for ever, should it be to sit  
On His right hand among His pure elect,  
Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight,  
As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee,  
And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,  
Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach,—  
One moment; but thou knowest not, my child,  
What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most Fair  
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

SOUL

Thou speakest darkly, Angel! and an awe  
Falls on me, and I fear lest I be rash.

ANGEL

There was a mortal, who is now above  
In the mid glory: he, when near to die,  
Was given communion with the Crucified,—



Such, that the Master's very wounds were stamped  
Upon his flesh; and, from the agony  
Which thrilled through body and soul in that embrace  
Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love  
Doth burn ere it transform. . . .

## CI

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

## PART V

Hark to those sounds!  
They come of tender angelical,  
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

## FIRST CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways!

To us His elder race He gave  
To battle and to win,  
Without the chastisement of pain,  
Without the soil of sin.

The younger son he willed to be  
A marvel in his birth:  
Spirit and flesh his parents were;  
His home was heaven and earth.

The Eternal blessed His child, and armed  
And sent him hence afar,  
To serve as champion in the field  
Of elemental war.

To be his Viceroy in the world  
Of matter, and of sense;  
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,  
A resolute defense.

#### ANGEL

We now have passed the gate, and are within  
The House of Judgment; and whereas on earth  
Temples and palaces are formed of parts  
Costly and rare, but all material,  
So in the world of spirits nought is found,  
To mold withal and form into a whole,  
But what is immaterial; and thus  
The smallest portions of this edifice,  
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,  
The very pavement is made up of life—  
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,  
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

#### SECOND CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways!

Woe to thee, man! for he was found  
A recreant in the fight;  
And lost his heritage of heaven,  
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,  
Around the tempest's din;  
Who once had angels for his friends,  
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man! a savage kindred they;  
To flee that monster brood  
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb  
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,  
With aids which chance supplied,  
From youth to eld, from sire to son,  
He lived, and toiled, and died.

He dreed his penance age by age;  
And step by step began  
Slowly to doff his savage garb,  
And be again a man.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath,  
And chastened by His rod,  
And taught by Angel-visittings,  
At length he sought his God:

And learned to call upon His name,  
And in His faith create  
A household and a fatherland,  
A city and a state.

Glory to Him who from the mire,  
In patient length of days,  
Elaborated into life  
A people to His praise!

### SOUL

The sound is like the rushing of the wind—  
The summer wind among the lofty pines;  
Swelling and dying, echoing round about,  
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful;  
While, scattered from the branches it has stirred,  
Descend ecstatic odors.

### THIRD CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways!

The angels, as beseemingly  
To spirit-kind was given,  
At once were tried and perfected,  
And took their seats in heaven.

For them no twilight or eclipse;  
No growth and no decay:  
'Twas hopeless, all-ingulfing night,  
Or beatific day.

But to the younger race there rose  
A hope upon its fall;  
And slowly, surely, gracefully,  
The morning dawned on all.

And ages, opening out, divide  
The precious and the base,  
And from the hard and sullen mass,  
Mature the heirs of grace.

O man! albeit the quickening ray,  
Lit from his second birth,  
Makes him at length what once he was,  
And heaven grows out of earth;

Yet still between that earth and heaven—  
His journey and his goal—  
A double agony awaits  
His body and his soul.

A double debt he has to pay—  
The forfeit of his sins.  
The chill of death is past, and now  
The penance-fire begins.

Glory to Him, who evermore  
By truth and justice reigns;  
Who tears the soul from out its case,  
And burns away its stains!

## ANGEL

They sing of thy approaching agony,  
Which thou so eagerly didst question of:  
It is the face of the Incarnate God  
Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain;

And yet the memory which it leaves will be  
A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound;  
And yet withal it will the wound provoke,  
And aggravate and widen it the more.

## SOUL

Thou speakest mysteries; still methinks I know  
' To disengage the tangle of thy words;  
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice,  
Than for myself be my interpreter.

## ANGEL

When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,  
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart,  
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.  
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,  
And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,  
That one so sweet should e'er have placed Himself  
At disadvantage such, as to be used

So vilely by a being so vile as thee.  
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes  
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.  
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for, though  
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,  
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire  
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight  
And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell  
Within the beauty of His countenance.  
And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—  
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;  
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—  
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

## SOUL

My soul is in thy hand: I have no fear,—  
In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.  
But hark! a grand mysterious harmony:  
It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound  
Of many waters.

## ANGEL

We have gained the stairs  
Which rise towards the Presence-chamber there  
A band of mighty Angels keep the way  
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

## ANGELS OF THE SACRED STAIR

Father, whose goodness none can know, but they  
Who see Thee face to face,

By man hath come the infinite display  
Of Thy victorious grace;  
But fallen man—the creature of a day—  
Skills not that love to trace.  
It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast wrought,  
An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach of thought.

It needs that very Angel, who with awe,  
Amid the garden shade,  
The great Creator in His sickness saw,  
Soothed by a creature's aid,  
And agonized, as victim of the law  
Which He Himself had made;  
For who can praise Him in His depth and height  
But he who saw Him reel amid that solitary fight?

### SOUL

Hark! for the lintels of the presence-gate  
Are vibrating and echoing back the strain.

### FOURTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways!

The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord,  
As if it reckoned ill,  
In that He placed His puppet man  
The frontier place to fill.



For, even in his best estate,  
With amplest gifts endued,  
A sorry sentinel was he,  
A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help  
Must needs possess a wife,  
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts,  
Who had angelic life.

And when, by blandishment of Eve,  
That earth-born Adam fell,  
He shrieked in triumph, and he cried,  
“ A sorry sentinel;

The Maker by His word is bound,  
Escape or cure is none;  
He must abandon to his doom,  
And slay His darling son.”

ANGEL

And now the threshold, as we traverse it,  
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful;  
Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace  
Should flesh and blood refine,  
God's Presence and His very Self,  
And Essence all divine.

O generous love! that He who smote  
In man for man the foe,  
The double agony in man  
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,  
Should teach His brethren and inspire  
To suffer and to die.

PART VI

ANGEL

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come  
Into the veiled presence of our God.

## SOUL

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

## ANGEL

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,  
Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.  
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne  
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,  
The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt  
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.  
That Angel best can plead with Him for all  
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

## ANGEL OF THE AGONY

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;  
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;  
Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;  
Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;  
Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;  
Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;  
Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;  
Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;  
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee,  
Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee.  
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,  
To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on  
Thee.

## SOUL

I go before my Judge. Ah! . . .

## ANGEL

. . . Praise to His Name!

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,  
And, with the intemperate energy of love,  
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;  
But ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,  
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes  
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,  
And scorched and shriveled it; and now it lies  
Passive and still before the awful Throne.  
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,  
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

## SOUL

Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
There let me be,  
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep  
Told out for me.  
There, motionless and happy in my pain,  
Lone, not forlorn,—  
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,  
Until the morn.  
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,  
Which ne'er can cease  
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess  
Of its Sole Peace.  
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—  
Take me away,  
That sooner I may rise, and go above,  
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

## PART VII

## ANGEL

Now let the golden prison ope its gates,  
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves  
Upon its ready hinge. And ye great powers,  
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me  
My charge, a precious soul, until the day,  
When, from all bond and forfeiture released,  
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

## SOULS IN PURGATORY

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every generation;
2. Before the hills were born, and the world was:  
from age to age thou art God.
3. Bring us not, Lord, very' low: for Thou hast said,  
Come back again, ye sons of Adam.
4. A thousand years before Thine eyes are but as  
yesterday: and as a watch of the night which  
is come and gone.
5. The grass springs up in the morning: at evening-  
tide it shrivels up and dies.
6. So we fail in Thine anger: and in Thy wrath we  
are troubled.
7. Thou hast set our sins in Thy sight: and our  
round of days in the light of Thy countenance.
8. Come back, O Lord! how long: and be entreated  
for Thy servants.

9. In Thy morning we shall be filled with Thy mercy:  
we shall rejoice and be in pleasure all our  
days.
  10. We shall be glad according to the days of our  
humiliation: and the years in which we have  
seen evil.
  11. Look, O Lord, upon Thy servants and on Thy work;  
and direct their children.
  12. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon  
us: and the work of our hands, establish Thou  
it.
- Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the  
Holy Ghost.
- As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be:  
world without end. Amen.

### ANGEL

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,  
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,  
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,  
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.  
And carefully I dip thee in the lake,  
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,  
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,  
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.  
Angels, to whom the willing task is given,  
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;  
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,  
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;  
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,  
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

## CII

## THE ARCHERY CONTEST

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832) was born in Edinburgh. As a boy he took keen interest in border ballads. His first publication (1802) was "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." In 1805 appeared his first work of note, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Then followed for several years a rapid succession of poems, among them "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." In 1814 "Waverley," a novel, appeared anonymously and had immediate success. During the next ten years other novels followed at the rate of a volume and a half a year, among them "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy" and "Ivanhoe."

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of

skill, was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle horn, mounted with silver; and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was well known for many miles round.

The diminished list of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

“Fellow,” said Prince John, “I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder.”

“Under favor, sir,” replied the yeoman, “I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace.”



“ And what is thy other reason? ” said Prince John, who for some cause, which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

“ Because,” replied the woodsman, “ I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and besides, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure.”

Prince John colored as he put the question, “ What is thy name, yeoman? ”

“ Locksley,” answered the yeoman.

“ Then, Locksley,” said Prince John, “ thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for wordy and insolent braggart.”

“ And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager? ” said the yeoman. “ Your Grace’s power, supported as it is by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow.”

“ If thou refusest my fair proffer,” said the Prince, “ the Provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven.”

“ This is no fair chance to put on me, proud Prince,”

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**Locksley:** Robin Hood.

**Lincoln green:** a color produced in Lincoln, England; garment of this color worn by woodsmen.

said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he should attempt to escape the trial."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their stations in turn at the foot of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The shots were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric and quiver to the Provost of the sports?"

“Sith it be no better,” said Locksley, “I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert’s he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose.”

“That is but fair,” answered Prince John, “and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill thy bugle with silver pennies for thee.”

“A man can do but his best,” answered Hubert; “but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory.”

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full length of his left arm, till the center, or grasping-place, was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

“You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert,” said his antagonist, bending his bow, “or that had been a better shot.”

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance

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**Hastings:** on the Strait of Dover, nine miles from Hastings, was fought, in 1066, the great battle in which the Normans conquered England.

as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center, than that of Hubert.

Said Prince John to Hubert, "An thou suffer that renegade knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——"

"Shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted upon that of his competitor,

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**Clout:** the centre of the target; probably once a piece of white cloth, or a nail head.

which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. For his own part, he said, and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but,"

added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill,

lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley, but I have vowed that if ever I take service, it shall be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

FROM "IVANHOE."

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CHII

THANKFULNESS

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

My God, I thank Thee who hast made  
 The earth so bright;  
 So full of splendor and of joy,  
 Beauty and light;  
 So many glorious things are here,  
 Noble and right!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more,  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest—  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy  
Is touched with pain;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours;  
That thorns remain;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
Yet all with wings,  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things!







